The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 25, 1956

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PRICE 9d

The Prime Minister's first grand-daughter

WIN A CAR in our Color Contest, p. 33

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THE ANZAC TRADITION

IF you calculate a generation as historians do, making it a span of 30 years, then it's more than a generation ago now since that bleak April dawn on the Dardanelles when Australian and New Zealand soldiers fought their way through blood and mud into history and fame.

Slowly, as the years go by, Anzac Day is passing out of the realms of a remembered event.

Each year sees fewer of the original Anzacs marching through the streets on the day set aside to commemorate their ordeal and their glory.

Each year the girls who were young wives and sweethearts, and who knew the heart-breaking anguish of waiting for news after that first April 25, are growing a little more grey and a little more tired.

The years have softened the pain they felt so long ago. Though their eyes are dimmed with tears as they line the streets in gradually decreasing numbers to watch their "boys" march by, their tears are the healing ones of proud memory—the tears of women who know they played their part in making their country great.

It's a greatness that doesn't lie in military glory. The Anzac campaign, as any history book will tell you, was a military failure.

But it was a glorious failure. It gave a challenge of death, heartbreak, and discipline to two young countries.

In their manner of taking up that challenge the Anzacs not only proved their manhood to the world.

They also created for their homelands a tradition of courage and self-sacrifice—a tradition which has inspired this country for a generation and will continue to inspire it for untold generations yet to come.

Our cover:

● The sleepy cover-girl in the cot is Edwina Catherine Henderson, watched over by her proud mother, who was formerly Miss Heather Menzies. Born in Canberra on March 6, and named Edwina because her mother likes the name, the baby is the first child for Mr. and Mrs. Peter Henderson, and the first grand-daughter for the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies. Edwina has not yet met her father, a career diplomat in Djakarta, but as soon as she is big enough to travel safely (probably in a couple of months' time) she will go with her mother to Indonesia. She will be christened in Canberra later in the year. Staff photographer Clive Thompson took the picture.

This week:

● The color pictures of the French Exhibition (pages 16 and 17) give you a good idea of why the £1,000,000 display from France was one of the main attractions at the recent Sydney Show. They don't give you much idea, though, of the difficulties staff reporter and photographer Helen Gordon and Frank Gardner had in getting the pictures. The volatile French are, according to Helen and Frank, the most delightful people in the world—till you try to take their pictures. "Then," said Helen, "no one ever stands still. There was so much waving of hands and gesticulating that I'll swear even the Eiffel Tower started shrugging its shoulders when we tried to get a shot of the moon of Paris."

● Don't miss page 33 for the announcement of our new contest, with cars for prizes.

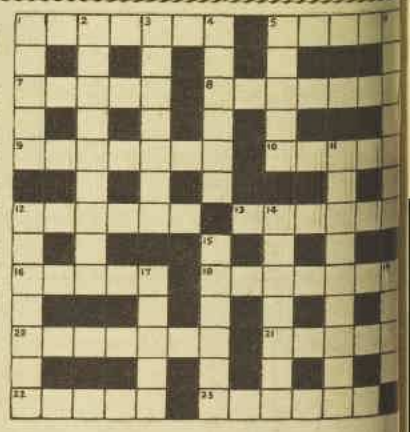
Next week:

● With winter and the dancing season coming on, thousands of girls will be making their debut. In a six-page section next week we've a comprehensive coverage of this all-important event, with fashion pictures, etiquette points, and accounts of the debutante season in London and New York.

● Recently there were four weddings in one week at the lonely Mitchell River Anglican Mission for Aborigines in the Gulf of Carpentaria country. Color pictures of the week of gaiety in the far outback make an unusual feature.

● Another entry form and drawing for the car to color will give you another chance to enter the Gay Look Contest.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Useful medicine though its head has a poisonous bite (7).
5. Large to turn a dogmatiser (5).
7. No cut pear performed on the stage (5).
8. One turn (Anagr. 7).
9. Such lessons are given on a motorcar (7).
10. On the neck and shoulders of my lady or may be madame (5).
12. You get it with a mixed but pure centre when you get a raspberry (6).
13. Threaten human beings with a high card (6).
16. The winner of it supports a family (5).
18. Disclose one's secret feelings for Uno's mob (7).
20. A trigonometrical ratio and not a sunburnt small gentleman (7).
21. Garment worn by bishop and butcher (5).
22. Scolded Edward who followed a traitor (5).
23. Smoothly (6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Shun an empty space (5).
2. Fullness due in pelt (9).
3. Convert into money with zeal and ire (7).
4. Minority of one nag (6).
5. Outspoken, often applied to Henry VIII (5).
6. Heavy weight with certain haircut (7).
11. Cull a star (Anagr. 9).
12. One skilled in argument (7).
14. Clasp me turned and two tap together (7).
15. Marine reptile disliked by sailors when turned (6).
17. Era in a doctor of divinity causes fear (5).
19. Source of abundant supply of aromatic plant (4).

K	I	N	G	F	I	S	H	E	R	D
	N		L		N		A		E	R
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	S		I		E		E		E	R
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Solution of last week's crossword.

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Never Leave Me

A complete short story

BY LOTTIE DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

ANN TABOR believed that people in general have three major failings. First, very few people know or care about the value of a minute. Second, perhaps only one person out of ten is keenly observant. And third, almost no one has a wholly dependable memory.

On the strength of these three human failings, plus the element of chance and her own poisonous hatred, Ann Tabor had planned for weeks now the murder of her room-mate, Thelma Collins.

In her mind she had rehearsed, planned, and timed the murder until she had every detail clear. While she waited for the right moment, which she knew would come eventually, she went about her business more calmly and efficiently than usual.

Ann Tabor was thirty-three years old, with gleaming black hair highlighted with wisps of premature white. Dark lashes framed her eyes. She weighed ten stone, but she was five feet ten inches tall and her weight was well distributed. She had a quick, lithe walk and her grooming was meticulous; she looked like a successful career woman, which she was.

But she had always been ashamed of her hands. They were large and strong, almost mannish with their large knuckles and short, blunt nails. As a young girl she had dreamed of becoming a concert pianist, but had given up the dream after years of watching her stubby, ugly fingers move across the keyboard.

Nothing, not even expensive lotions and creams, seemed to help the rough redness of her skin. She always wore expensive gloves when she went out, removing them only when it was absolutely necessary.

Ann Tabor had gone to work for Thomas L. Smith soon after the war, when he had left the F.B.I. to establish his own office. Even then Tom Smith had had a reputation as one of New York City's most brilliant criminologists. He had gained greater success almost immediately as a special prosecutor on investigating committees and as a consultant to the police in crime analysis. And Ann had become invaluable to him.

Often Ann had marvelled at the slip-ups made by the smartest criminals under Tom's soft-spoken, relentless questioning. He had an uncanny ability for developing a slight suspicion into a complete set of facts. He was perhaps most ruthless when there was a hint of premeditated murder. Aware of this, Ann knew that her crime must be perfect, without a single clue pointing her way.

She had loved Tom Smith for six of the seven years she had worked for him. No other man existed for her, and none would. No one—least of all Tom—remotely suspected how much she loved him, or how fiercely jealous and possessive she had become. As she worked with him, calmly taking notes, her mind often created alibis for the criminal he was questioning, but she felt a certain pride when Tom's adroit interrogation brought forth the admission he sought.

Yet she felt a kind of sorrow, too, knowing that if the criminal could have used the alibis she had created for him Tom might have been thwarted. If just once Tom Smith could know defeat, Ann thought, then he might turn to her—and really see her.

If she wore a new suit or a new hat, they were lost on Tom. While he might raise his head from the papers on his desk when she walked in, he would only say, "Now about the Lewis case, Miss Tabor . . ."

And she would reply, "I'll get the papers, Mr. Smith." But her heart always said: Some day you'll notice me. You've got to, when I love you so much.

She had never quite dared call him Tom, except at night sometimes before she went to sleep. She would then hold her pillow close in her strong arms, pretending that it was Tom's head, and she would whisper his name and think: Some day,

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Ann worked swiftly, pulling out drawers and dumping their contents on the floor.

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THE QUALITY FABRIC

FABRIC BY INGOT MILLS

LONDON'S most sought-after bachelor, handsome SIR GARETH LUDLOW, has taken in good part LADY HESTER THEALE'S refusal of his proposal of marriage, but by no means has given up hope of an eventual assent. The next problem for him is to trace the wayward AMANDA SMITH, whom he has taken in his care while endeavoring to return her to the charge of her grandfather. She has run away from home in order to get consent to her marriage to a young Army officer, NEIL.

Amanda has disappeared from Brancaster Park, the home of Lady Hester, with LORD BRANCASTER'S brother, FABIAN THEALE. However, as they journey on she discovers that Theale's good intentions are not as disinterested as they had seemed. Pretending that she has become ill in the carriage they stop at an inn.

Amanda goes to rest in a bedroom and when the coast is clear slips out of the inn and persuades a farm-boy, JOE NINFIELD, to take her in his cart to his parents' farm, where she intends to hide.

Meanwhile, an angry Sir Gareth is hot on her trail and finally comes upon the rakish Mr. Theale dining alone at another inn. When Sir Gareth upbraids him for letting Amanda run away Theale says he is glad to see the last of her and considers Sir Gareth mad to continue the search. But Sir Gareth hurries on to the Red Lion inn at Bythorne. NOW READ ON:

Sprig Muslin

Fourth part of our light-hearted serial by GEORGETTE HEYER

MR. SHEET, summoned for the second time in one day to attend to a member of the Quality, was gratified but flustered. He owned a snug little property in the Red Lion, but he had never aspired to cater for carriage-people. His cellars were well stocked with beer and spirits, but he could see at a glance that if this tall exquisite in the awe-inspiring driving-coat and the gleaming top-boots meant to dine in his house he would infallibly call for a bottle of wine.

Furthermore, notable cook though Mrs. Sheet was, it was doubtful if the sort of fancy dishes such an out-and-outer would demand lay within the boundaries of her skill. Then Sir Gareth disclosed his errand, and Mr. Sheet became still more flustered.

He had naturally discussed with his wife the extraordinary affair of the young lady with the bandboxes, and at great length; and the more he had considered the matter the stronger had become his uneasy conviction that they had not heard the last of it. He did not think that blame could possibly attach to anything he had done, but still he had had a presentiment that there was trouble in store for him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "there was a young lady come here this morning with a stout gentleman, but she up and ran away, and more than that I can't tell your honor, not if I was to be hung for it!"

He found that the visitor's grey eyes were uncomfortably penetrating, but he met them squarely enough, if a trifle nervously.

Sir Gareth said, "I think I should tell you that I am that young lady's guardian. I have been looking for her all day, with what anxiety you may guess! I haven't found her, but I did find the stout gentleman, and what I learned from him made me hope with all my heart that I should find Miss Smith here."

The landlord shook his head. "No, sir. I'm sure, if we'd known—but she never said nothing, and being as the stout gentleman said as she was a relation of his——"

"What's all this?"

The voice came from behind Sir Gareth, and he turned quickly to find himself confronting a buxom dame in a neat cap, tied under her plump chin in a starched bow, and with her hands folded over her ample stomach. She had a comely, good-humored face, which yet held much determination, and there was a martial light in her eye. She was regarding Sir Gareth, if not with hostility, certainly with suspicion.

"The gentleman was asking for that young lady, Mary," explained Mr. Sheet. "Him being her guardian, by what he tells me."

"That's as may be," said Mrs. Sheet cryptically.

"I beg you will tell me, ma'am, did you, as I suspect, come to her rescue?" asked Sir Gareth. "Have you got her here, in safety?"

By this time she had taken him in thoroughly, from his booted heels to his ordered brown locks. Her gaze came to rest on his face; and after a thoughtful moment her own face relaxed a little.

"No, sir, I have not—which isn't to say that I don't wish I had, for dear knows there was no call for her to run off like she did, if she'd only told me the trouble she was in! And who might you be, if I might make so bold, sir?"

Sir Gareth gave her his card. "That is my name, and my direction, ma'am."

She studied the card, and then favored him with another long stare. "And by what you was saying to Sheet, sir, you're the young lady's guardian?"

"I am," replied Sir Gareth, reflecting that this at least was true, even though he was self-appointed. A sudden and rueful smile flashed in his eyes.

"For my sins!" he added. "I will be perfectly frank with you, ma'am, and tell you that Miss Smith is the most willful little monkey it has ever been my ill-fortune to have to do with. Her latest exploit is to run away from the seminary where she was a parlor-boarder. I imagine I need not tell you that I am in considerable anxiety about her. If you can assist me to find her, I shall be very much in your debt."

Mr. Sheet, watching his wife with some misgiving, was relieved to see that she had apparently decided in the gentleman's favor.

The belligerent expression had vanished, and it was with cordiality that she replied: "'Deed, and I wish I could, sir, for such a sweet, pretty young creature I never did see! But it's true what Sheet was saying to you; she never said a word to either of us, but slipped off unbeknownst. Run away from school, had she? But however did she come to take up with that dressed-up old fidget? Sheet got the notion into his head he was her uncle, but that I'll be bound he's not!"

"No—the dancing-master!" said Sir Gareth, with a certain vicious satisfaction.

Her jaw dropped. "What, and run off with one of the young ladies at the school? Well, I never did in all my life!"

"Miss Smith," said Sir Gareth, rivalling Amanda in inventiveness, "is a considerable heiress. By what means the fellow inserted himself into her good graces, I know not, but there can be little doubt that his object was to possess himself of her fortune. She is not yet seventeen, but had he succeeded in reaching Gretna Green with her, and making her his wife, what could I have done?"

Her eyes were as round as crown-pieces, but she nodded her head understandingly.

"Ay, a pretty kettle of fish that would have been, sir! Well, I never liked him, not from the start, and what has me in a puzzle is what made her take a fancy to him! Why, he's old enough to be her grandpa!"

"I am very sure she had no fancy for him at all," said Sir Gareth. "If I know her, she encouraged his pretentions only to win his aid in escaping from the school! Once she believed herself to be beyond the reach of—er—Miss Hitchin, she wouldn't hesitate to give him the bag. For that at least I may be thankful. But where is she?"

"Ah, that's the question!" said Mr. Sheet profoundly.

"Well, surely to goodness, sir, she wouldn't run away without she had some place to go to!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheet. "Hasn't she any relations, or maybe some friend that would be glad to have her?"

"She's an orphan. She would certainly not seek refuge with relations, for she knows very well that they would instantly tell me where she was. Nor do I know of any of her acquaintances who would do anything so improper as to conceal her whereabouts from me. What I suspect is that she means to hire herself out as an abigail, or something equally foolish."

"Whatever for, sir?" gasped Mrs. Sheet. "A young lady like her? Good gracious, she must be fair desperate to think of such a thing! Seems to me, begging your pardon, sir, that this school you've sent her to must be a very bad sort of place!"

"Oh, no, on the contrary!" he replied. "Pray don't imagine

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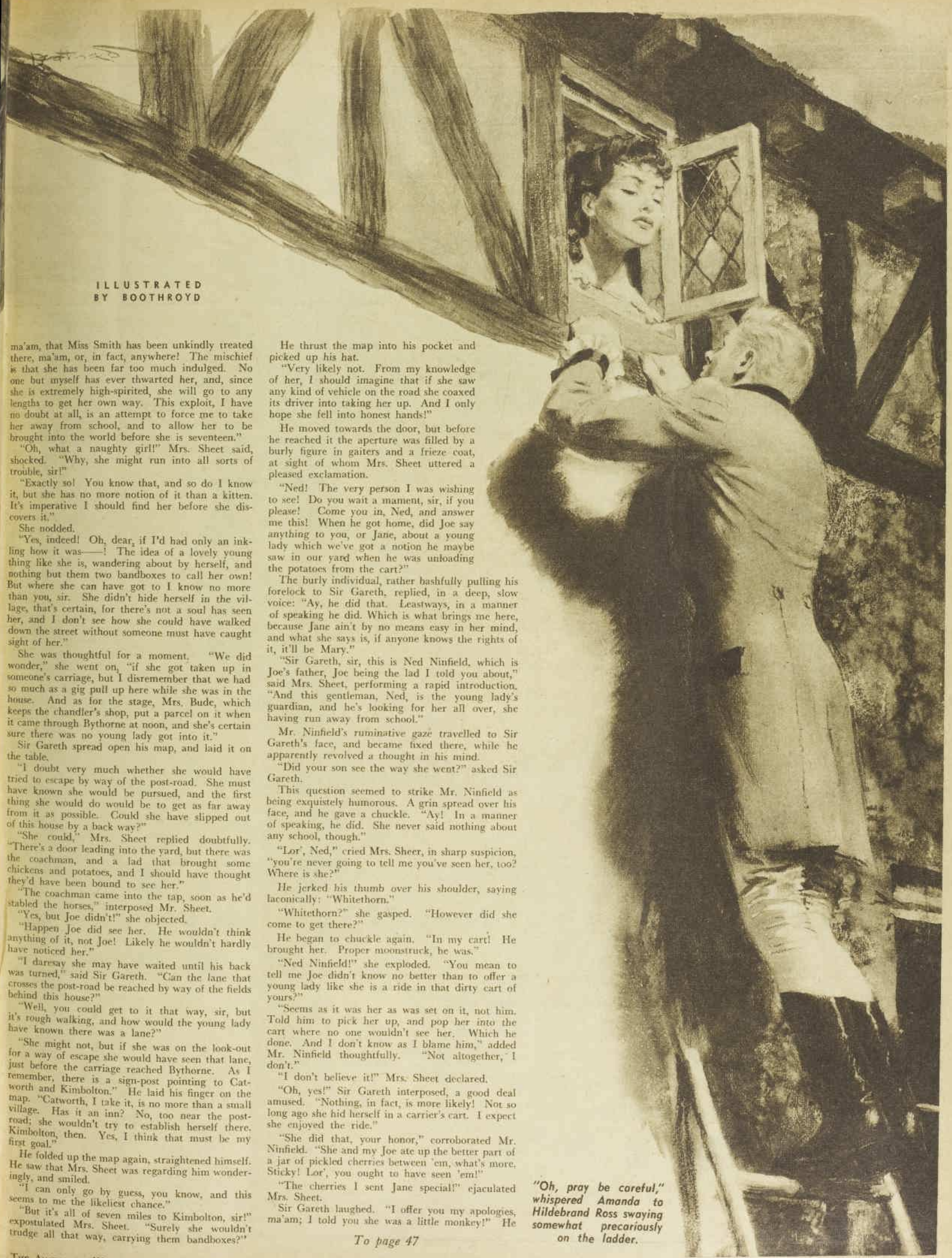

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

ma'am, that Miss Smith has been unkindly treated there, ma'am, or, in fact, anywhere! The mischief is that she has been far too much indulged. No one but myself has ever thwarted her, and, since she is extremely high-spirited, she will go to any lengths to get her own way. This exploit, I have no doubt at all, is an attempt to force me to take her away from school, and to allow her to be brought into the world before she is seventeen."

"Oh, what a naughty girl!" Mrs. Sheet said, shocked. "Why, she might run into all sorts of trouble, sir!"

"Exactly so! You know that, and so do I know it, but she has no more notion of it than a kitten. It's imperative I should find her before she discovers it."

She nodded.

"Yes, indeed! Oh, dear, if I'd had only an inkling how it was——! The idea of a lovely young thing like she is, wandering about by herself, and nothing but them two bandboxes to call her own! But where she can have got to I know no more than you, sir. She didn't hide herself in the village, that's certain, for there's not a soul has seen her, and I don't see how she could have walked down the street without someone must have caught sight of her."

She was thoughtful for a moment. "We did wonder," she went on, "if she got taken up in someone's carriage, but I disremember that we had so much as a gig pull up here while she was in the house. And as for the stage, Mrs. Bude, which keeps the chandler's shop, put a parcel on it when it came through Bythorne at noon, and she's certain sure there was no young lady got into it."

Sir Gareth spread open his map, and laid it on the table.

"I doubt very much whether she would have tried to escape by way of the post-road. She must have known she would be pursued, and the first thing she would do would be to get as far away from it as possible. Could she have slipped out of this house by a back way?"

"She could," Mrs. Sheet replied doubtfully. "There's a door leading into the yard, but there was the coachman, and a lad that brought some chickens and potatoes, and I should have thought they'd have been bound to see her."

"The coachman came into the tap, soon as he'd stabled the horses," interposed Mr. Sheet.

"Yes, but Joe didn't!" she objected.

"Happen Joe did see her. He wouldn't think anything of it, not Joe! Likely he wouldn't hardly have noticed her."

"I daresay she may have waited until his back was turned," said Sir Gareth. "Can the lane that crosses the post-road be reached by way of the fields behind this house?"

"Well, you could get to it that way, sir, but it's rough walking, and how would the young lady have known there was a lane?"

"She might not, but if she was on the look-out for a way of escape she would have seen that lane, just before the carriage reached Bythorne. As I remember, there is a sign-post pointing to Catworth and Kimbolton." He laid his finger on the map. "Catworth, I take it, is no more than a small village. Has it an inn? No, too near the post-road; she wouldn't try to establish herself there. Kimbolton, then. Yes, I think that must be my first goal."

He folded up the map again, straightened himself. He saw that Mrs. Sheet was regarding him wonderingly, and smiled.

"I can only go by guess, you know, and this seems to me the likeliest chance."

"But it's all of seven miles to Kimbolton, sir!" expostulated Mrs. Sheet. "Surely she wouldn't trudge all that way, carrying them bandboxes?"

He thrust the map into his pocket and picked up his hat.

"Very likely not. From my knowledge of her, I should imagine that if she saw any kind of vehicle on the road she coaxed its driver into taking her up. And I only hope she fell into honest hands!"

He moved towards the door, but before he reached it the aperture was filled by a burly figure in gaiters and a frieze coat, at sight of whom Mrs. Sheet uttered a pleased exclamation.

"Ned! The very person I was wishing to see! Do you wait a mament, sir, if you please! Come you in, Ned, and answer me this! When he got home, did Joe say anything to you, or Jane, about a young lady which we've got a notion he maybe saw in our yard when he was unloading the potatoes from the cart?"

The burly individual, rather bashfully pulling his forelock to Sir Gareth, replied, in a deep, slow voice: "Ay, he did that. Leastways, in a manner of speaking he did. Which is what brings me here, because Jane ain't by no means easy in her mind, and what she says is, if anyone knows the rights of it, it'll be Mary."

"Sir Gareth, sir, this is Ned Ninfield, which is Joe's father, Joe being the lad I told you about," said Mrs. Sheet, performing a rapid introduction. "And this gentleman, Ned, is the young lady's guardian, and he's looking for her all over, she having run away from school."

Mr. Ninfield's ruminative gaze travelled to Sir Gareth's face, and became fixed there, while he apparently revolved a thought in his mind.

"Did your son see the way she went?" asked Sir Gareth.

This question seemed to strike Mr. Ninfield as being exquisitely humorous. A grin spread over his face, and he gave a chuckle. "Ay! In a manner of speaking, he did. She never said nothing about any school, though."

"Lor', Ned," cried Mrs. Sheet, in sharp suspicion, "you're never going to tell me you've seen her, too? Where is she?"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, saying laconically: "Whitethorn."

"Whitethorn?" she gasped. "However did she come to get there?"

He began to chuckle again. "In my cart! He brought her. Proper moonstruck, he was."

"Ned Ninfield!" she exploded. "You mean to tell me Joe didn't know no better than to offer a young lady like she is a ride in that dirty cart of yours?"

"Seems as it was her as was set on it, not him. Told him to pick her up, and pop her into the cart where no one wouldn't see her. Which he done. And I don't know as I blame him," added Mr. Ninfield thoughtfully. "Not altogether, I don't."

"I don't believe it!" Mrs. Sheet declared.

"Oh, yes!" Sir Gareth interposed, a good deal amused. "Nothing, in fact, is more likely! Not so long ago she hid herself in a carrier's cart. I expect she enjoyed the ride."

"She did that, your honor," corroborated Mr. Ninfield. "She and my Joe ate up the better part of a jar of pickled cherries between 'em, what's more, Sticky! Lor', you ought to have seen 'em!"

"The cherries I sent Jane special!" ejaculated Mrs. Sheet.

Sir Gareth laughed. "I offer you my apologies, ma'am; I told you she was a little monkey!" He

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"Oh, pray be careful," whispered Amanda to Hildebrand Ross swaying somewhat precariously on the ladder.

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Cupid in disguise

A short short story

By Eugenia Stein

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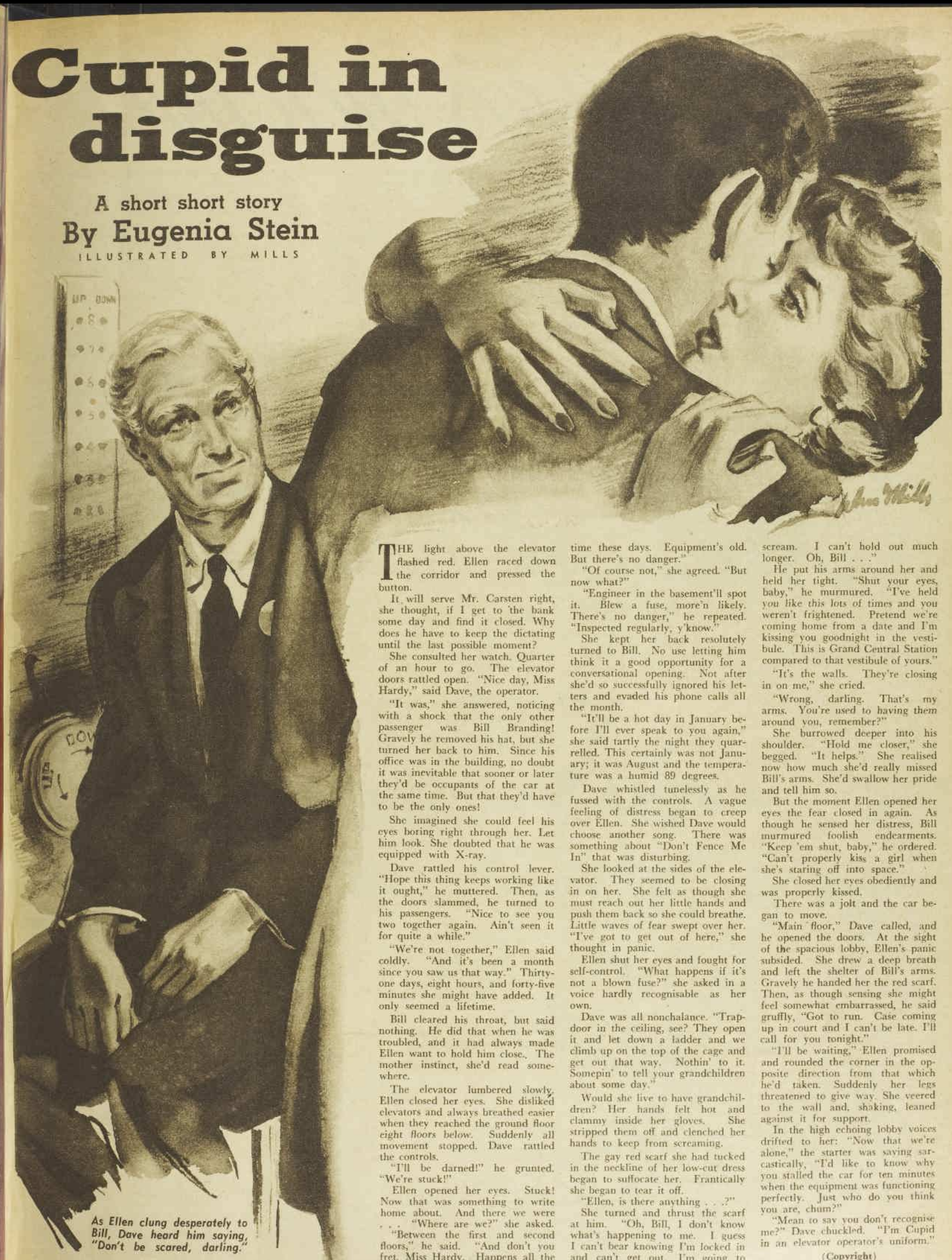

As Ellen clung desperately to Bill, Dave heard him saying, "Don't be scared, darling."

THE light above the elevator flashed red. Ellen raced down the corridor and pressed the button.

It will serve Mr. Carsten right, she thought, if I get to the bank some day and find it closed. Why does he have to keep the dictating until the last possible moment?

She consulted her watch. Quarter of an hour to go. The elevator doors rattled open. "Nice day, Miss Hardy," said Dave, the operator.

"It was," she answered, noticing with a shock that the only other passenger was Bill Branding! Gravely he removed his hat, but she turned her back to him. Since his office was in the building, no doubt it was inevitable that sooner or later they'd be occupants of the car at the same time. But that they'd have to be the only ones!

She imagined she could feel his eyes boring right through her. Let him look. She doubted that he was equipped with X-ray.

Dave rattled his control lever. "Hope this thing keeps working like it ought," he muttered. Then, as the doors slammed, he turned to his passengers. "Nice to see you two together again. Ain't seen it for quite a while."

"We're not together," Ellen said coldly. "And it's been a month since you saw us that way." Thirty-one days, eight hours, and forty-five minutes she might have added. It only seemed a lifetime.

Bill cleared his throat, but said nothing. He did that when he was troubled, and it had always made Ellen want to hold him close. The mother instinct, she'd read somewhere.

The elevator lumbered slowly. Ellen closed her eyes. She disliked elevators and always breathed easier when they reached the ground floor eight floors below. Suddenly all movement stopped. Dave rattled the controls.

"I'll be darned!" he grunted. "We're stuck!"

Ellen opened her eyes. Stuck! Now that was something to write home about. And there we were . . . "Where are we?" she asked.

"Between the first and second floors," he said. "And don't you fret, Miss Hardy. Happens all the time these days. Equipment's old. But there's no danger."

"Of course not," she agreed. "But now what?"

"Engineer in the basement'll spot it. Blew a fuse, more'n likely. There's no danger," he repeated. "Inspected regularly, y'know."

She kept her back resolutely turned to Bill. No use letting him think it a good opportunity for a conversational opening. Not after she'd so successfully ignored his letters and evaded his phone calls all the month.

"It'll be a hot day in January before I'll ever speak to you again," she said tartly the night they quarrelled. This certainly was not January; it was August and the temperature was a humid 89 degrees.

Dave whistled tunelessly as he fussed with the controls. A vague feeling of distress began to creep over Ellen. She wished Dave would choose another song. There was something about "Don't Fence Me In" that was disturbing.

She looked at the sides of the elevator. They seemed to be closing in on her. She felt as though she must reach out her little hands and push them back so she could breathe. Little waves of fear swept over her. "I've got to get out of here," she thought in panic.

Ellen shut her eyes and fought for self-control. "What happens if it's not a blown fuse?" she asked in a voice hardly recognisable as her own.

Dave was all nonchalance. "Trapdoor in the ceiling, see? They open it and let down a ladder and we climb up on the top of the cage and get out that way. Nothin' to it. Somepin' to tell your grandchildren about some day."

Would she live to have grandchildren? Her hands felt hot and clammy inside her gloves. She stripped them off and clenched her hands to keep from screaming.

The gay red scarf she had tucked in the neckline of her low-cut dress began to suffocate her. Frantically she began to tear it off.

"Ellen, is there anything . . .?"

She turned and thrust the scarf at him. "Oh, Bill, I don't know what's happening to me. I guess I can't bear knowing I'm locked in and can't get out. I'm going to scream. I can't hold out much longer. Oh, Bill . . ."

He put his arms around her and held her tight. "Shut your eyes, baby," he murmured. "I've held you like this lots of times and you weren't frightened. Pretend we're coming home from a date and I'm kissing you goodnight in the vestibule. This is Grand Central Station compared to that vestibule of yours."

"It's the walls. They're closing in on me," she cried.

"Wrong, darling. That's my arms. You're used to having them around you, remember?"

She burrowed deeper into his shoulder. "Hold me closer," she begged. "It helps." She realised now how much she'd really missed Bill's arms. She'd swallow her pride and tell him so.

But the moment Ellen opened her eyes the fear closed in again. As though he sensed her distress, Bill murmured foolish endearments. "Keep 'em shut, baby," he ordered. "Can't properly kiss a girl when she's staring off into space."

She closed her eyes obediently and was properly kissed.

There was a jolt and the car began to move.

"Main floor," Dave called, and he opened the doors. At the sight of the spacious lobby, Ellen's panic subsided. She drew a deep breath and left the shelter of Bill's arms. Gravely he handed her the red scarf. Then, as though sensing she might feel somewhat embarrassed, he said gruffly, "Got to run. Case coming up in court and I can't be late. I'll call for you tonight."

"I'll be waiting," Ellen promised and rounded the corner in the opposite direction from that which he'd taken. Suddenly her legs threatened to give way. She veered to the wall and, shaking, leaned against it for support.

In the high echoing lobby voices drifted to her: "Now that we're alone," the starter was saying sarcastically, "I'd like to know why you stalled the car for ten minutes when the equipment was functioning perfectly. Just who do you think you are, chum?"

"Mean to say you don't recognise me?" Dave chuckled. "I'm Cupid in an elevator operator's uniform."

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Getting his own back

MOONLIGHT silhouetted the pale limbs of the white gums, splashing light on branches spread like fans against the sky. The big car glided silently round the bend, two big staring eyes, a long, shadowy monster purring softly down into Binnabin, along the white road from the upper hills.

White iris in a rushy roadside hollow, a few fringe lilies, delicately mauve, shone almost as plain as in the daylight. The hush of night was like a finger at the lips.

The man at the wheel put up a hand to brush the dark hair back from a broad, damp forehead. His brown eyes stared ahead from a blunt, determined face. The night was warm, and he had come a long way. Good-looking, studious, still quite young, he was drawn on by memories of the past.

He had never really expected to see Binnabin again. But the sight of a small paragraph in his morning paper a couple of days ago had suddenly decided him. Binnabin was having a "Back Home" celebration, lasting a full weekend. The man badly needed something to take his mind off his own thoughts and to fill in these long, empty hours. Not even his work could compensate just now.

Once, as a child, he had scuffled barefooted to school along these same white roads, without care or responsibility, or even conscious ambition. Unhampered, wild as the wedge-tailed eagles that soared high overhead. It would be a great thing to return for a while to that lost freedom.

Fraser Beaumont, now an industrial chemist wrapped up in his own particular line of research, felt the years drop away from him as he drove down into the open triangle about which were grouped the few community buildings of Binnabin, surrounded by the hamlet's farms and orchards on the green outlying slopes.

Nothing, so far as he could judge, had changed in the past decade or so. Except that there were a lot more cars and trucks about tonight, parked in all directions near the old wooden hall. Not a pony-trap to be seen, a buggy or a jinker, such as he remembered in childhood.

He decided to leave his car in the shadow of an immense pine-tree growing beside the grounds of the little yellow church. Switching off lights and ignition, he sat there for a moment or so, staring towards the lighted hall. It sat like a stranded fish, he thought, all gaping mouth and gleaming eyes. Figures passed in at the doorway; he heard music and the thud of dancing feet. He was conscious of loneliness, isolation. Boyhood's surging excitement gone forever into the past.

Queer how, looking back, he could remember only summer in this place. Days of happy activity in hayfield and orchard, cutting bracken in the paddocks or fishing for yabbies in the creek. Long yellow noons in the barn, stripping maize, gristing corn. And silver nights adream out on the headlands, feeling his own manhood calling him away to an unknown future.

He could remember even the scent of gumleaves burning, of sweating horses patient behind the plough. And he thought if he could only recapture a fragment of that remembered magic, when over the valley the sky was a big blue bowl of endless light, he could go on again content.

He entered the hall during a brief lull in the music. The stage at the far end was bowered in blossom, bunches of balloons and streamers were strung across the ceiling. Gaily dressed girls clustered round the walls, and men in hot, dark suits like his own knotted round the doorways. He paid his money with a wry smile, amused at his own temerity.

He was hardly inside before someone had slapped him on the back with a heavy farmer's hand. "Look who's here!" a voice shouted, silencing the hum of conversation. "If it isn't 'Lucky' Beaumont! Get yourself a girl, Lucky. There's an old-time waltz coming up!"

Fraser had forgotten his boyhood nickname, and inwardly he flinched at the irony of the choice. Sandy-haired Tom Bickett pump-handled him joyfully, a stoutish man going thin on top and grey at the edges. Yet it was good to be remembered, to see a familiar face. Others came crowding round. Men who were boys when he was a boy, and women who had been slim slips of girls.

The music recommenced with a flourish. Partners joined, moving forward into the centre of the floor. Up on the stage a white-haired lady hammered industriously at the piano, a perspiring gentleman played a piano-accordion, and a speckly youth did his bit on the drums.

Fraser Beaumont, slightly built, and tall even among these muscular men, looked over the heads of the throng in search of a remembered woman's face. Not that he really expected to see one. Yet, to his astonishment, his quick eye picked out at a glance a slim girl with a cap of wavy gold hair, and his hurt heart missed a beat. He thought his secret thoughts were playing tricks on him. Stella Mitcham was the last person on earth who could be expected to be in Binnabin in a crowd like this.

But when he had moved round for a better view, there she sat, wedged between two gossiping grandmothers, her smoky-blue eyes dreamily watching the moving pattern of the waltz. She wore a little cotton frock with a pattern of cornflowers and wheat-ears, and a tiny blue cornflower clung to the lobes of her ears. She was beautiful and all that he desired, and he thought he must be dreaming. He stood there, not daring to approach.

A month ago she had been beside him every day. His assistant, but much more than that. He had been madly, jealously in love with her as well. Now that was all in the past. They had agreed there could be no future in it. They had quarrelled all the time, with the devastating bitterness and finality only possible to two headstrong, vital people each bent on proving the other wrong.

His bitter thoughts were interrupted by Daisy Summers, a stout grandmother now, who was apparently some kind of hostess at this affair. Fraser remembered how she used to hand out apple turnovers to all the hungry lads—himself among them—who clustered round the door of her farmhouse kitchen after school, along with her own. A born mother, she still regarded all males as small boys, no matter how tall they might grow. Taking Fraser by the arm, she thrust him forward.

"Come along, my lad, we can't have you boys standing round and letting the girls sit! I'll introduce you to Stella Mitcham. She's staying up with the Jessup girl for the celebrations."

Gravely, he submitted to the introduction. As gravely Stella responded. She rose like a flower on its stem and came to the circle of his arms, their hands joining. He had never expected to find himself dancing with Stella again. He thought of the last time he had seen her, when she had walked out of the glamorous exclusiveness of the "Peacock's Feathers" to take a taxi back to her flat, leaving him standing there biting his lips. She had worn a fabulous sheer gown like a flame to match the gold of her hair, a white-fox stole and pearls at her throat. His mind still flinched from the

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Stella, lovely in the fresh light of morning, was hard put to it to keep up with Lucy, who was expertly scything the crop with long strokes.

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A romantic Australian story

BY ENID BOULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best general letter of the week, 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writer's original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY is it that some parents persist in interfering with their children's lives? Speaking as a parent myself, we bring them up to be self-reliant, capable, and confident, and then feel hurt when they launch out on their own and get ideas which we hadn't thought of ourselves.

I know many parents who tell me that their children never keep anything from them. No, because the details are usually forced out of them. I also know many parents (and I was one until I learnt differently) who wait up for their children in order to know exactly where they have been and what they have been doing.

How much nicer it would be for them to come home from a happy party and not have to face an indignant parent. If only we could grasp it, we would realise that by not asking we would be told more.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Stagatich, Alberton, S.A.

IT seems a pity that aboriginal folklore is not part of our children's school lessons. The first Australians had stories to explain the origin of almost every creature and plant in the country. There is charm and interest in hearing why the waratah is red, why the kookaburra laughs, and even how mosquitoes began. With an explanation for everything, the aborigines' legends are every bit as fascinating as the old Greek myths.

10/6 to "Mandy" (name supplied), Woody Point, Qld.

I HAVE known of several women who have replaced their rather humble engagement rings with more expensive ones when they could afford it. I know it's only human to want the best, but an engagement ring, a symbol of love and faith, seems to me something to be cherished for all time, not just a trophy to be flaunted for its material value.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Sheehy, Mt. Isa, Qld.

HOW quickly children grow up these days! Speaking to the young mother of four small children who has recently come to live near me, I asked her, "How is the baby?" "What baby?" she wanted to know. "Why, your baby, of course," I replied. "But I haven't got a baby," she insisted. "My youngest is 15 months old."

10/6 to Mrs. M. J. Carroll, Margaret River, W.A.

I SHOULD like to know why cafes cannot serve a smaller-than-adult-size meal for children. It is so wasteful and expensive to have to order a meal for them larger than they are used to eating. I have four small children and I know.

10/6 to Mrs. C. White, Gordonvale, North Qld.

BEING one of those creatures called a "hoarder" I am constantly in strife with my family over this issue. Yet I always seem able to find whatever it is my daughters are looking for and then, of course, the "hoarder" is forgiven.

10/6 to Mrs. M. J. Williamson, Roma, Qld.

HOW many women like shopping on a miserable, rainy da I always enjoy it. Shopkeepers welcome customers mo heartily on these days, when trade is slack, and assistan have more time. The attention I get is always a tonic to m

10/6 to Mrs. I. Smyth, Nunawading, Vic.

Friendships take time

IN reply to "Very Hopeful" (The Australian Wome Weekly, 14/3/'56) I would suggest that it takes a ve long time for anyone starting life in a strange place to rea get to know neighbors or workmates and be on friendly ter with them. When people grow up in the same environme they have so much in common it is inevitable that a newcom should sometimes feel an outsider. If "Very Hopeful" mak herself pleasant and interesting to her companions, perha tells them interesting things about her homeland, they w in time find she is a nice person to know and later, I tru she will find she has many true and loving friends.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Walton, Tarnagulla, Vic.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MANY young mothers have to contend with jealousy from a toddler when a second baby comes into the family. I successfully overcame this with my young daughter, who was three when my second child was expected, by preparing her well in advance and promising her a doll as soon as the baby arrived.

The doll was to be her "baby" and she was to care for it, as I did our little one. During the waiting months I provided her with doll's clothes similar to those being made for baby, and so the doll's "layette" was collected, even to a suitable bath and cot.

When baby finally arrived, and a good durable doll which would take bathing, etc. was produced for my little daughter, she was too busy copying mother to think of jealousy.

£1/1/- to "Proud Mother" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Ross Campbell writes...

EVERY period has its over-privileged dogs.

There was one owned by a Prince of Wales, I think, that wore a collar inscribed:

I am His Highness' dog at Kew.
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

As the luckiest dog of today I would nominate Grace Kelly's poodle, Oliver.

For the sea-trip to her wedding he had an air-conditioned kennel on her private sun-deck.

His air-conditioned kennel will excite the envy of many home-hungry people.

But to have all this and Grace Kelly, too!

Newspaper correspondents on board, who were barred from contact with Miss K., must have been bitterly envious of Oliver.

The maddening thing about these top dogs is that they probably don't realise how lucky they are.

If Oliver could talk, I imagine he would give a blase kind of interview, like this:

"I suppose you are very excited about the wedding, Oliver?"

"Not particularly. I'm used to the social whirl."

LUCKY DOG!

"But surely you're pleased?"

"Oh, yes. I'm glad it's going to be a big wedding. Most film stars, you know, have a small wedding,

followed by a big divorce. This will be different."

"And how do you like the idea of living at Monte Carlo?"

"It should be nice. As a poodle, I like hearing French spoken. I hope to meet lots of interesting poodles there."

"Will you and Miss Kelly miss the Hollywood life?"

"A little, perhaps. There's no business like show business. But we've decided to give up our career for the moment."

"Do you think it will take long to get used to being owned by a Princess?"

"Oh, dear, no. I've known plenty of princesses. I rather welcome the change of name. It will stop humorous people saying: 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' But I must ask you to excuse me. It's a bit stuffy here—I think I'll get back to my air-conditioned kennel."

So Oliver trots off to a life of luxury, where fleas and mange are unknown.

I wouldn't mind changing places with him for a while.

I can see myself lounging in that air-conditioned kennel, strolling out occasionally to be stroked by Grace Kelly (or Princess Grace, to be exact).

Nice work if you can get it, as they say.

It would do Oliver good to rough it for a while, too.

He mightn't be so smug if he knew what it was like to lead a human's life.

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA

MAN-MADE COLOR. Great scientific advances in the post-war era have resulted in a wide variety of synthetic materials. This picture shows the first stage in the manufacture of plastic at the Imperial Chemical Industries factory, Deer Park, in Melbourne. A compound — containing poly-vinyl-chloride, color pigment, and plasticiser — is poured on to a triple roller mill and emerges as clear, unstreaked color. From the mill, the compound passes through another machine to become a fine film called unsupported plastic. Most people own some, in the form of a raincoat (which takes about eight ounces of the original compound), shower-curtains, tablecloths, aprons, etc. Other entirely different processes bring plastic on to the commercial market as kitchen equipment, electrical fittings, car and furniture upholstery. The factory at Deer Park is one of the most modern in the Southern Hemisphere, with men making up 80 per cent. of the staff. This picture, showing Ken Dixon (left) and Harry Proust, was taken by staff photographer John Askew.

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The Queen's birthday...

IN 1948. From a portrait by Margaret Lindsay Williams.

1949. A miniature by Stella Marks.

Reigning monarch still remains the champion of her subjects

Most people are apt to have mental pictures of great public figures whom they seldom, if ever, see in the flesh.

POPULAR English fiction writer Nina Warner Hooke, whose name often appears on short stories in our fiction section, has written this article to mark the thirtieth birthday of Queen Elizabeth II, which falls on April 21. It is illustrated with some of the most notable portraits of Her Majesty.

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

PERSONALLY, whenever I think of the Queen, my mind conjures up for me that justly famous portrait of her by the Italian painter Annigoni, a reproduction of which I have before me as I write.

As a work of art it aroused much controversy; as a portrait study of a young and beautiful woman who is also a reigning monarch it is a masterpiece.

Unusually posed in half profile, dressed in the velvet and satin of her Garter robes, she fills the foreground of the picture.

Behind and below her lie the soft sweet hills, the fields and streams and birch groves, of the land over which she rules.

The small head is held high, as befits the daughter of a long line of kings. There is pride of race in it and at the same time humility and a touching awareness of youth. Above all, there is challenge.

If I had the titling of this picture I would have called it "Defender of the Faith."

Never, in my opinion, has the Royal sitter so positively identified herself with one of her most ancient titles.

It is as though she stands at the gateway of her realm — as though she is saying to her subjects, "I am your Symbol and your Champion. I will serve and protect and keep faith with you and with all that you hold dear.

"I am one with this green and lovely land, this English earth from which, like the humblest of you, I came — and to which when my time comes I will gladly return."

The portrait is a year old now and its subject is aged 30.

Her youth is passed — although, unlike her great predecessor Elizabeth I, she can expect to go on looking much as she does now for another 20 years.

She will not be an old woman at 40, like her Victorian forebears, swaddled in unbecoming garments and relegated to the nursery and the drawing-room to relive her youth in the lives of her children.

She has better health, a greater expectation of life, and all the advantages of modern science to help her retain her good looks and her slender figure.

When, in 10 or 12 years' time, she stands beside her teenage daughter, she will probably be the more attractive of the two, and with the birth of a third generation she will be a youthfully glamorous grandmother.

She has more domestic comfort and more freedom in her daily life than any former Queen knew.

She can attend concerts, visit cinemas and theatres when she feels inclined.

When Elizabeth I wished to see a play, it had to be privately performed for her at one of her palaces.

With her husband, the Queen can drive about the countryside in a sports car, with the minimum of attendance. She has travelled abroad by sea and air to visit her dominions. Elizabeth I never left her native shore.

So much for the credit side of this balance-sheet of past and present. What of debits?

Was anything enjoyed by Elizabeth I that is denied to Elizabeth II? Temporal power, certainly.

The first Elizabeth was a law unto herself, ruling by divine right. Elizabeth II is sovereign in name only.

She signs decrees, but she cannot make them. She takes no active part in politics or in the government of the country.

Her Prime Minister advises her what he has done, or is about to do; she cannot order him to do what she wishes.

Since the Restoration the monarch does not summon Parliament; Parliament summons the monarch.

I am reminded of a conversation I overheard between a small boy and his mother at the time of the Coronation, who in a group watching the crowning ceremony on television.

"Is that lady a queen now?"

"Yes, dear."

"Could she have my head chopped off?"

"No, dear, she couldn't. And even if she could, she wouldn't, because she's much too nice."

"Oh. Well, I'm glad she's nice. But she's not a real queen, then."

The conversation was "shushed" at that point to enable us to hear what was going on in Westminster Abbey.

But it left me pondering the thought that the Queen's inability to have anyone's head chopped off, although it does not make her less of a queen by modern standards, brings her that much nearer to common mortals like you and me.

Official publicists, the radio, and the national Press combine to keep her close to her people, and them to her, in a way that the first Elizabeth—for all her network of agents and spies—could never achieve.

There are few levels on which the two queens could be said to meet, save this — that both of them at the age of 30 faced tremendous national and international issues.

Elizabeth I had inherited a kingdom whose financial credit and military strength were at their lowest ebb. England, torn by religious dissension, was to all practical purposes at the mercy of Spain, whose power was formidable and whose goal was world dominion.

By the time she was 30, in addition to her other am

FAMOUS PORTRAIT by Annigoni, discussed in this article, was our cover picture on May 4 last year.

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..Elizabeth II is thirty

1952. By Douglas Chandor.

1954. By Australian William Dargie.

1955. By Flora Lion.

eties she was engaged in a struggle with Mary Queen of Scots and the Catholic Party for her very throne.

She was threatened with intrigue, assassination, rebellion, invasion.

And in the midst of this sea of troubles she stood alone save for a few trustworthy counsellors, without a consort to comfort and guide her, without children to bring her solace.

Britons may be thankful for the sake of the Queen, who is so much loved today, that she is no such lonely figure. Nor is she called upon to steer her way through the treacherous morass of politics or to make decisions of fearful and far-reaching magnitude.

All the same, within their limits, her responsibilities are heavy. The prospect before her is one that might well daunt a lesser spirit than the one looking out through the steadfast eyes of Annigoni's portrait.

The world she knows — and there is a deal more of it than was known to the earlier Elizabethans — stands on the edge of self-destruction.

She has already lived through great events. She has seen her realm survive difficulties and perils that seemed insurmountable, and she sees it now preparing to face even greater problems and worse perils.

The "wooden walls" of Tudor times that saved England from Philip of Spain; the Channel — that providential "ditch" — that saved her from Napoleon and later from Hitler; the steel wall of her modern navy; none of these can protect her from the atomic bomb.

Now that science has discovered how to harness the forces of nature, the wars the nation has survived hitherto seem no more dangerous than nursery scrimmages.

An age of suspense

The enemy of the present is a cold, impersonal, incalculably monstrous power that, once unleashed for destructive ends, carries with it the threat of total annihilation.

The nation's sole compensation for living in the shadow of complete extinction is the knowledge that this same power, if harnessed for peaceful ends, can bring inestimable benefits to all mankind.

Which way will the balance fall? On the side of evil, or of good? At this stage no one can prophesy with safety.

The nation can but pray reason and commonsense will prevail over fear, distrust, and ideological barriers.

If this happens—as, please God, it will—then the Queen may live to see a new Golden Age.

She may be as fortunate as her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who, when she was 30, had before her two decades of peace and prosperity broken only by the Crimean War.

The industrial unrest which marred the early years of her reign was receding. Everywhere trade expanded like the waistcoats of the rich manufacturers.

That there was abject poverty as well as rich living was a matter for regret, but not for legislation.

In this epoch, whatever its drawbacks, at least no one need starve.

Unless there should happen to be a long inflationary period the Queen will not see the hunger marches of the unemployed which, coupled with the inanities of the Bright Young Things, must have so distressed her mother at the same age.

Nor will she taste the bitterness of a war of attrition, as did her grandmother, Queen Mary, who was in her early 30's at the time of the struggle with South Africa.

Elizabeth II stands, so to speak, at the crossroads of the future. She may see the banding together of great nations in sincerity and friendship for the common good.

She may even, if the present rate of female "emancipation" is maintained, approve one day the appointment of her first woman Prime Minister.

She will certainly see tremendous advances in scientific development—the conquest of space, and possibly the first trip to the moon.

It is a fearful but also perhaps a glorious time to have reached maturity. What are her thoughts, her hopes, her birthday wishes?

Women share hope

I think they are much the same as my own. I think she hopes, and desperately, for many years in which to enjoy the simple happiness of her home and family, and for the right to watch her children grow up in a safe, sane world.

There can be no one among us who does not pray that these wishes will come true.

I find myself harking back to my own 30th birthday, and hearing an echo of the selfsame words.

World War II was just over and London was a sorry mess. Out of the ruins of innumerable homes the victors were painfully picking out the pieces and preparing to build a brave new world.

It was a time that might, and in many cases did, inspire a writer to pour forth the most important work of his career.

I cannot recall writing anything at all. I was too dazed with wonder at being alive, unharmed, able to sleep through the night once more unawakened by sirens and the drone of enemy aircraft.

I could even enjoy shopping, cooking, and the drudgery of housework, because of my joy at still having a home in which to do it.

And I had more than a home. I still had a husband, both parents, and most of my old friends. My only brother had been saved from the hell of Dunkirk.

I remember futilely wondering what I had done to deserve these blessings when so many others had suffered such misery and loss — and then ceasing to worry about the mystical workings of providence and yielding to a great wave of thankfulness that lasted a long, long while, and is often with me now.

The only other thing I can recall with any clarity about being 30 years old is that I seldom admitted it!

There was, or so I thought, an ominous finality about the end of the 20's, a beginning-of-middle-age feeling that had to be postponed as long as possible.

Whenever it suited me to do so, I put the calendar back a couple of years, thus exercising a privilege available to all my sex except its most illustrious member.

What ever else the Queen may or may not do, she cannot hide her age. It is spotlighted in a blaze of publicity every time her birthday comes round.

I doubt whether this worries her. As a sex women are not so sensitive on this point as they used to be. They are less concerned to keep up appearances, to pretend to be anything but what they are.

The Queen, bless her, has never even tried. She is what she has always been, her Royal and lovely self—now a mature and gracious woman, not afraid to face the passing of youth, but openly and proudly 30 years old this month.

EDWARD V. SEAGO'S PORTRAIT of the Queen in uniform as the Colonel-in-Chief, Coldstream Guards, in 1956.

TRADE ENQUIRIES: H. S. JOYCE & CO. PTY. LTD., 583 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY — MX 1100

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To foil tooth decay brush your teeth right after eating, as your dentist recommends, with IPANA. Have your teeth checked by the dentist every six months.

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Laconia

This season, Laconia Blankets in new patterns and new designs have been created to please every taste and harmonize delightfully in any bedroom . . . including those still in the "glory box" stage. Be sure you ask for Laconia Blankets — you'll be pleasantly surprised at the low price.

PLAIN . . . CHECK . . . COLOURED . . . RIBBON BOUND

Pure Lamb's Wool

BLANKETS

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY

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Family first for Margo Lee

She turned down a Hollywood career

● A well-known Australian actress surprised Hollywood recently by saying a polite "No, thank you" to enticing film and TV offers. "A woman's place is in the home and my home is where my husband is," she said.

ACTRESS MARGO LEE, just back from Hollywood, where she turned down tempting offers, brought son Richard, aged four, a trombone and Derek, aged nine, a toy radio station.

THE actress is glamorous golden-haired Margo Lee, winner of the first Lux Hollywood Award, who spent four weeks in Hollywood and won much applause for her appearance in the Lux Video Theatre over the largest TV network in the world.

Sitting in her attractive flat at Double Bay, Sydney, the day after her return, Margo was emphatic about her reasons for resisting these offers.

"This is my home," she said, giving the thumbs down sign, "and here I intend to stay."

She was sitting beside her husband, Frank Brooks, and their two young sons, Derek, aged nine, and Richard, four.

"Derek takes after his father and wants to make money, while Richard shows definite signs of being lured to the footlights," said Margo of her children.

Among Margo's luggage were a dacron and linen suit for Frank, which can be washed and dried and needs no ironing, a radio station, complete with speakers and receivers for Derek, and a trombone for Richard.

"It's not a question of having either a happy home or a successful career," she explained.

"I'm not a terribly ambitious person. I have a wonderful husband and two lovely sons, and they come first and foremost.

"This doesn't mean I've turned my back on their offers," Margo added.

"There is some talk of arranging a series of TV shows which I would do quite readily. I'd fly to America or England for a month, as I did this time, or even for six weeks . . . but no longer.

"It's not fair to Frank, and it's bad for the children to be separated from their mother for any length of time.

"Frank and I have spent years planning our modern dream home overlooking Middle Harbor, which should be finished early in June.

"It has three floors with a garage on top and stairs leading down to a patio and living quarters.

By PAT SOBEY
staff reporter

"We've planned it for plenty of outside entertaining, with wide plateglass windows looking over the water."

Perhaps, too, it was her upbringing in the country which is responsible for Margo's love of simple home life.

She appeared on the Youth Show with Joy Nichols and Michael Pate, and later played in Sydney's now extinct Minerva Theatre.

She married but continued with touring through country districts with travelling shows. She filled in the winter months by modelling.

Her big success came a few years later with performances over the Lux Radio Theatre.

It was through her role with Hollywood star Vincent Price in the play "1984" that she won the coveted Lux Hollywood Award.

In her American TV play, Margo co-starred with Howard Duff as the unsuspecting wife of a bank clerk who absconded with a million dollars.

Margo's make-up for the show was personally attended by Perc Westmore, Hollywood's make-up king, who presented her with a full make-up kit.

This is an honor usually reserved for Hollywood's top stars.

"TV is the hardest thing I've ever had to do," said Margo.

"For example in radio work you have a script in your hand.

"On stage you have a prompt and the audience to help you through.

"In films, a scene can always be reshot . . . but in TV you're really on your own and one mistake is transmitted instantly to millions of viewers.

Pace is terrific

"The pace is terrific. I was given the script eight days before the show.

"We had three rehearsals and two runs-through before the cameras. The last, a full-dress rehearsal, was held three hours before the show went on at 7 p.m.

"During one rehearsal, the producer, Stanley Quinn — he was in Australia during the war — decided none of the clothes I was wearing were suited to my role. A complete new wardrobe had to be bought in Beverly Hills, 30 miles away.

"Some of the clothes had to be altered and I was sewn into one frock 10 minutes before the show started. Another for a later scene was being sewn during the show!

"Changes between scenes took a matter of seconds. I had to run 30 feet from one studio to the dressing-room, stand with arms akimbo while four women stripped me of a costume, hat, gloves, earrings, and shoes and dressed me in a dinner gown, shoes, earrings, and a bathrobe.

"Then I had to run 30 feet to the other studio for a short bathroom scene, and dash 60 feet back to the first studio, discarding the bathrobe en route for the next scene.

"That's TV!

"When the next scene opened the camera showed me calm and composed with not a hair out of place.

"The TV staff, from the director down to the technicians, are the most wonderful people I've ever worked with.

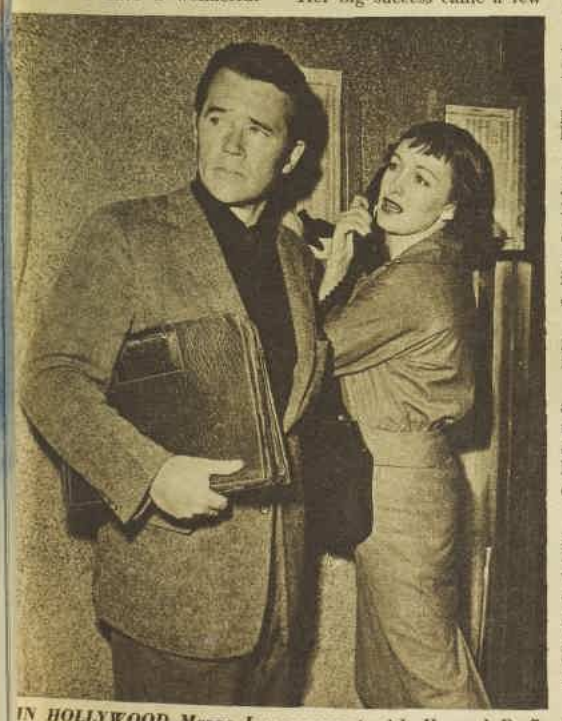
"The organisation and co-operation are something wonderful."

Just then there was a terrific blast from the kitchen, starting with a loud roar and gradually diminishing to a reedy squeal. It was Richard, tuning up on his trombone.

Margo's only disappointment in the trip was that fellow Australian actor Rod Taylor, tipped as a future "big name," was unable to obtain a release from M.G.M. studios to co-star opposite her in her TV appearance.

"Everyone was wonderful to me, and very friendly. Interest in Australia is terrific there, absolutely terrific. I liked Hollywood, and the shops at Beverly Hills were wonderful, but it's not for me.

"I'm happiest here, working in radio plays and serials. I work on the scripts here at home, and spend a few days at the studio a week recording them."



IN HOLLYWOOD Margo Lee appeared with Howard Duff in the Lux Video Theatre on TV. Here she rehearses a scene with Duff.

Guard your natural loveliness all over with

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Specially medicated to help skin blemishes disappear . . . and now in thrifty bath size

You can't forever hide skin blemishes with make-up. Clear them right out of your life by deep cleansing your skin with Rexona Soap. Rexona gives your skin that fresh natural loveliness through the gentle corrective help of Cadyl, a special medication of five rare beauty oils exclusive to Rexona.

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PAY-LATER PLAN

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GLAMOR PRODUCTS IN FRENCH DISPLAY

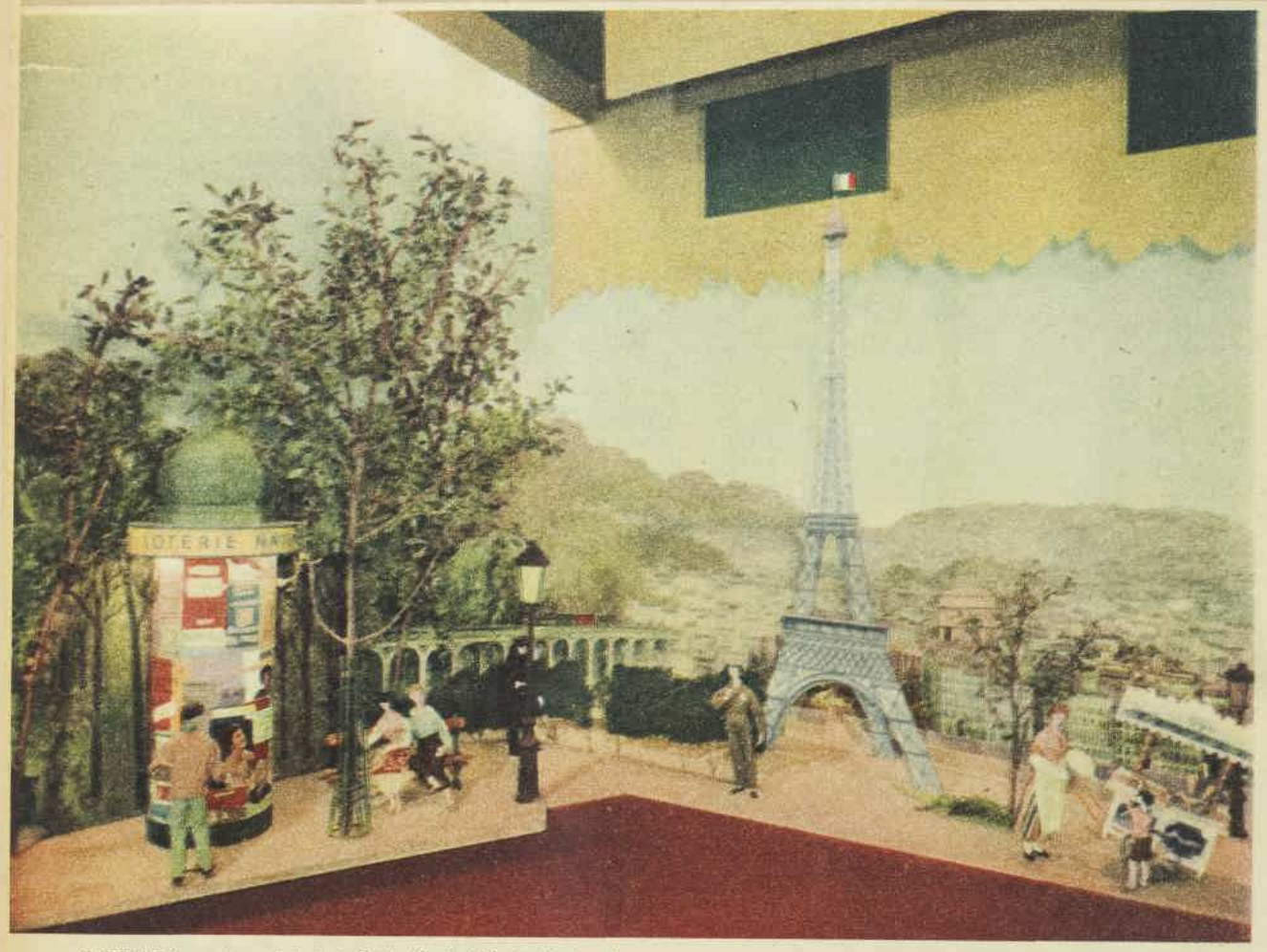

TABLEAU from the model of the Right Bank of Paris, displayed at the French Exhibition in Sydney. Lovers sit on a bench by the Seine, and a long-haired young man reads theatre advertisements in the vicinity of the Eiffel Tower. French music and an English commentary on the daily life, industry, and cultural life of Paris were broadcast to crowds inspecting the model.

● France came to Sydney for ten days at Eastertime. The usual dense crowds which attended this year's Royal Easter Show at the Sydney Showground found a new attraction — a neat grey, red, white, and blue pavilion specially built for the occasion.

It housed a representative collection of the products of French industry—from jet engines and heavy machinery to delicate perfumes and fragile crystal.

The aim of the exhibition, which cost nearly £2 million to present, was to encourage Australia to buy more goods from France.

At present Australia buys only £10 million worth of French goods annually, compared with French purchases from Australia worth £75 million.

GLASSWARE and china in modern designs and vivid colorings occupied a small, simply decorated display space on the ground floor of the French Pavilion. The crystal, glass, and china ware displays were among the most popular with the women visitors.

BACCARAT crystal ware, named originally after a French village, is famed for its purity of line. Here four gilded wine glasses are grouped round a 19th-century-style candelabra upon a snowy satin-striped dinner cloth caught up in a festoon. The ice bucket, also made of Baccarat crystal, and the red, white, and gold dinner plates of fine china complete the formal table setting. Pictures by staff photographer Frank Gardner.

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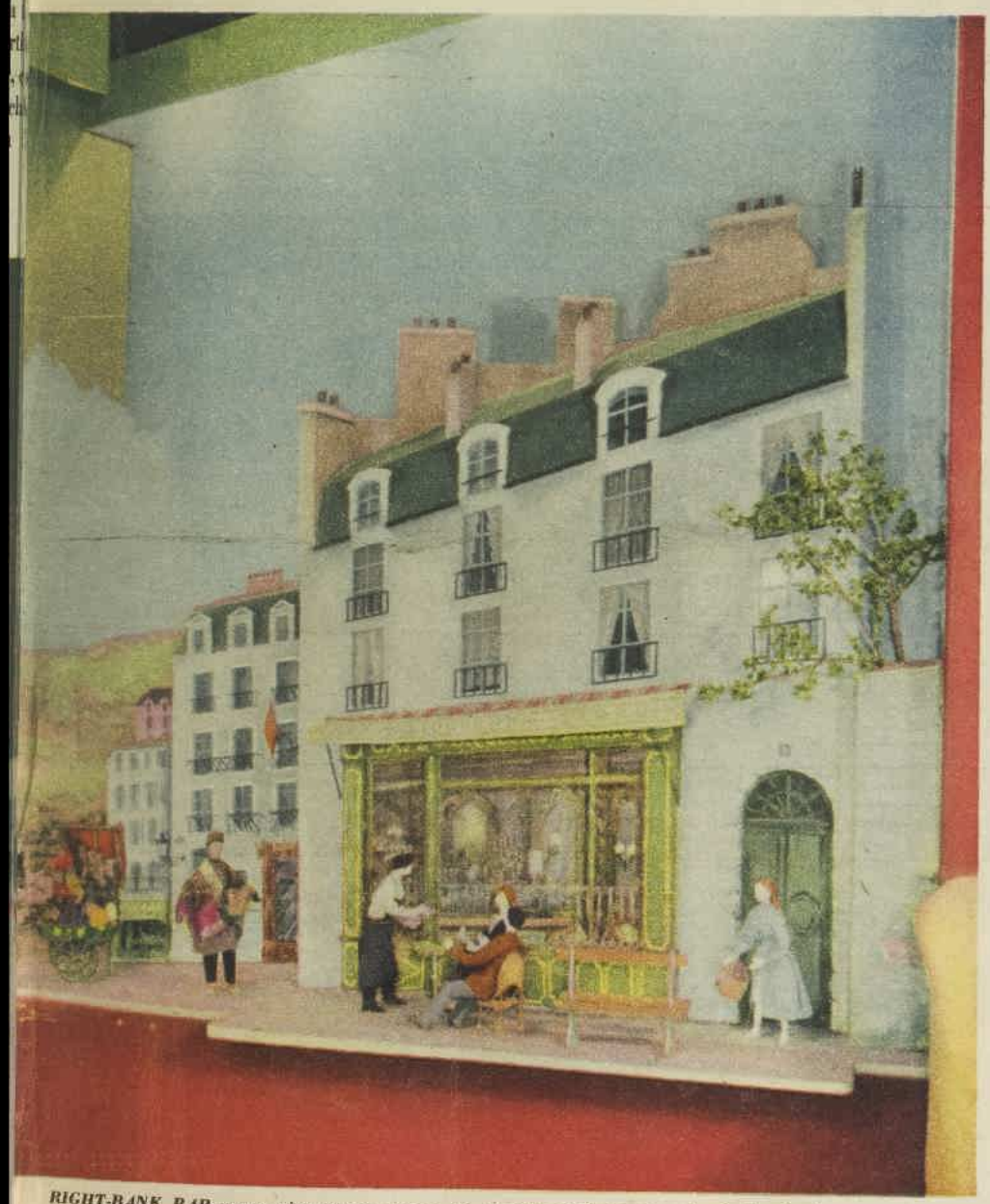
PRIME MINISTER of Australia, Mr. Menzies, formally opened the Exhibition. Here he inspects a car exhibit with M. Hubert Rousselier, a member of the French Government delegation.

VIVID silks, displayed on specially imported models, formed the biggest splash of color in the Exhibition. Here models display some of the most beautiful cloths in the collection.

ABOVE: Two of the flesh-and-blood mannequins modelling clothes at the French Exhibition were Bambi Smith and Diane Martes.

MODELS displaying striped French cottons revolved on a circular stage inside a perspex cage on the French Cotton Industry's stand.



RIGHT-BANK BAR was a picturesque section of a model of Paris. A mechanical waiter bent to serve his customers' drinks, straightened up, bent again all day long, while crowds of Australians watched, and one of the "sidis" — Arab carpet sellers — plied his trade nearby, and a flower vendor stood by with her blossom-laden hand-cart. The model of Paris was one of the most popular attractions.

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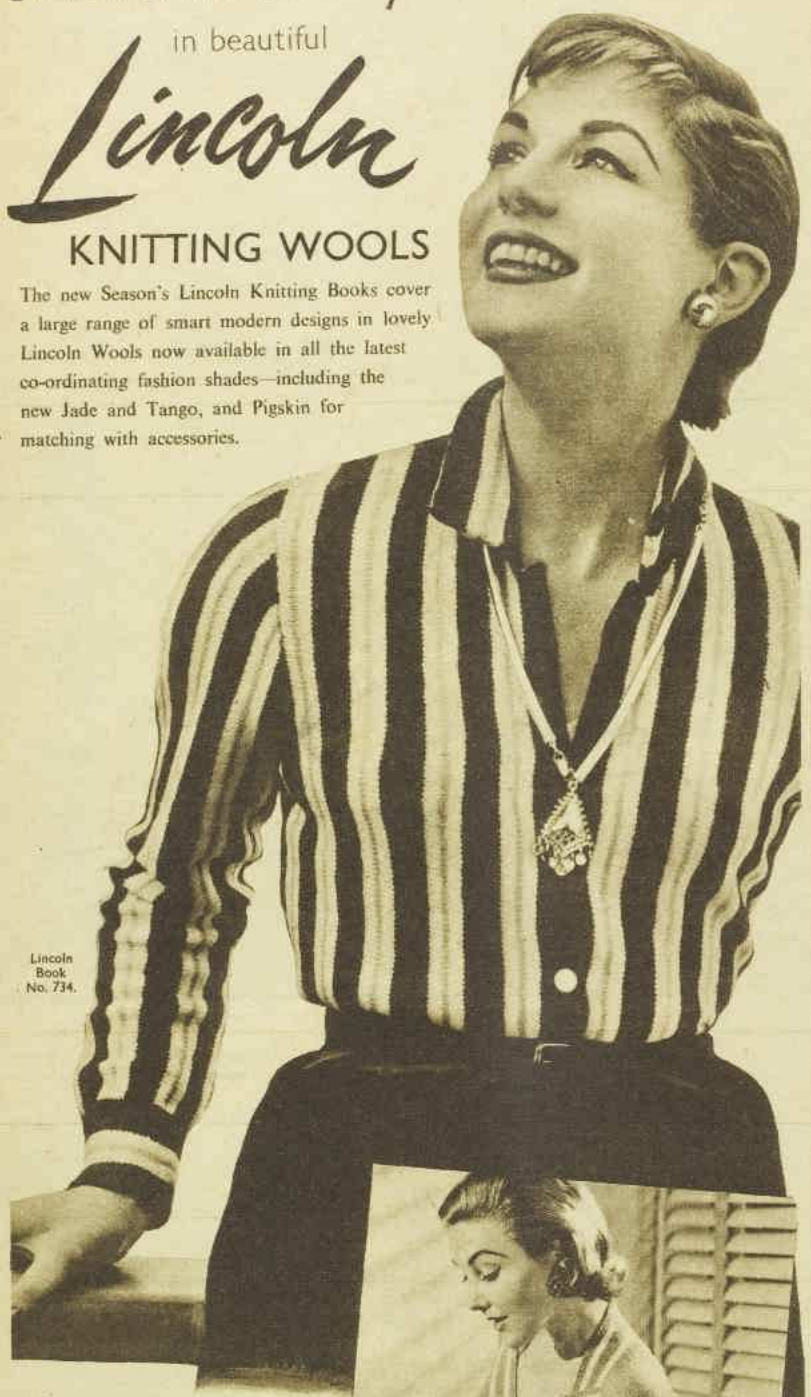
Smart New Easy-to-Knit Fashions

in beautiful

Lincoln

KNITTING WOOLS

The new Season's Lincoln Knitting Books cover a large range of smart modern designs in lovely Lincoln Wools now available in all the latest co-ordinating fashion shades—including the new Jade and Tango, and Pigskin for matching with accessories.



Lincoln Book No. 734.

To the quality range of Lincoln Wools — Daphne Crochet, Triple Twist, Merino Baby and Golden Wattle has now been added these **NEW WOOLS by Lincoln.**
Buffalo Sports . . . 6 ply for bulky styles or fashioned garments
Crepetta . . . 4 ply all purpose wool with crepe finish specially twisted to reduce rubbing and balling.

Lincoln Book No. 734.

Lincoln Book No. 733.

Lincoln Book No. 734.

All LINCOLN Wools are now in 1 oz. balls

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Wait'll you meet my son, boss; a bit of a roughneck, but he's all boy."

MOTHER

"They're the dearest, sweetest, best little children in the world . . . at the moment."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Draun

THE first sunny week-end in Sydney's living memory affected the residents in a variety of ways.

Some rushed for the great outdoors. Others were inspired to bouts of autumn cleaning.

I was among the second group. The seasons don't really affect my bursts of domestic activity. These are often caused by a visit to one of those glossy films where the heroine lives in an elegant apartment and wears clothes to match.

It isn't the clothes the heroine wears which disturb me so much as the obvious fact that she has no cupboards full of old ones. You can bet your bottom dollar there isn't an ancient sandshoe in the place.

No footwear is so appropriate to walking on wet rocks as old sandshoes, and none is so unattractive in the long spells of life which come between opportunities to walk on wet rocks.

Another thing this heroine would never do is to keep a heap of sordid-looking old lipsticks in the mistaken belief that she might use up the ends some time.

You can gather from the foregoing the mood that overcame me at the weekend. My zeal extended not only to throwing out, but to scrubbing and polishing. I won't bore you with the details. I merely offer a household hint:

Never try to scrub a lampshade with soap and water without first studying what it is made of. Mine was made of oiled paper.

★ ★ ★

NATURE notes from the heart of the city, or wild life in the concrete canyons:

Recently I have suffered an invasion of ants.

I am rather pleased about this. One gets tired of hearing of nature in the suburbs and having no stories to tell in return.

Usually only a few adventurous ants bother to travel as high as the floor I live on, but this month they are arriving in battalions.

They are eccentric ants. They eat green peas and toothpaste. They could, for all I know, be Argentine ants, but I prefer to think not, as I have formulated a theory based on their peculiar tastes.

It is well known that many humans bred in the country develop a sophisticated palate after a few years of city life, rejecting Irish stew and demanding goulash.

Why shouldn't the same thing happen to ants? In a harborside kitchen the other day I saw some very large black ones eating the remains of grilled fish.

A friend in an outer suburb goes one better. She says that every morning when she picks up her paper from the garden there is a fairly big ant inside it.

"It's a sort of half-size bull ant," she says, "with a long head. He looks a clubman type of ant, or perhaps an intellectual. The question is, does he read printer's ink or eat it?"

MY favorite news item of the week was the one about the housewife at Tottenham, N.S.W., who put a jelly on top of the tank to set and next morning found a large green frog encased in it.

I supposed this dismayed the housewife, but think of the pleasure it must have given the children!

City children don't know what they're missing without a rainwater tank and the frogs that usually live round about.

Thinking about tanks makes me, for the minute, quite sentimental. Youthful heroines in the romances I read in my childhood were wont to retreat to the summer house or behind the rhododendrons when they wanted to be alone.

The impressionable child reader, lacking a summer house or rhododendrons, found that the corner of the tankstand next to the house was the nearest approach to a solitary retreat.

But let's not be too sentimental. If you've ever lived where somebody thumps the tank ominously, counts the rings, and says, "Be careful of the water," you're forever after grateful to be able to turn on a tap without heed.

★ ★ ★

SUGGESTIONS in an English newspaper that the Duke of Edinburgh may have his title changed could be mere speculation, or they could be in the realm of kite-flying.

It is said that the Duke doesn't want to be called Prince Consort and there is a suggestion that he should be called Prince of the Commonwealth.

There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with the title Duke of Edinburgh.

Everybody knows who he is. It's up to a man, even a prince, to make his name distinguished, rather than choosing a new name to give him extra distinction.

★ ★ ★

FROM an advertisement in an American magazine devoted to the home: "A teaset under glass is just the beginning of many a conversation in your home when you use it to dress up your mantelpiece or cover the bare spot on your shelves."

"Please note my teaset under glass!"
"How cute. How too delightful!"
(To speak the truth? Or let it pass?
Or yawn and say: "How frightful!")

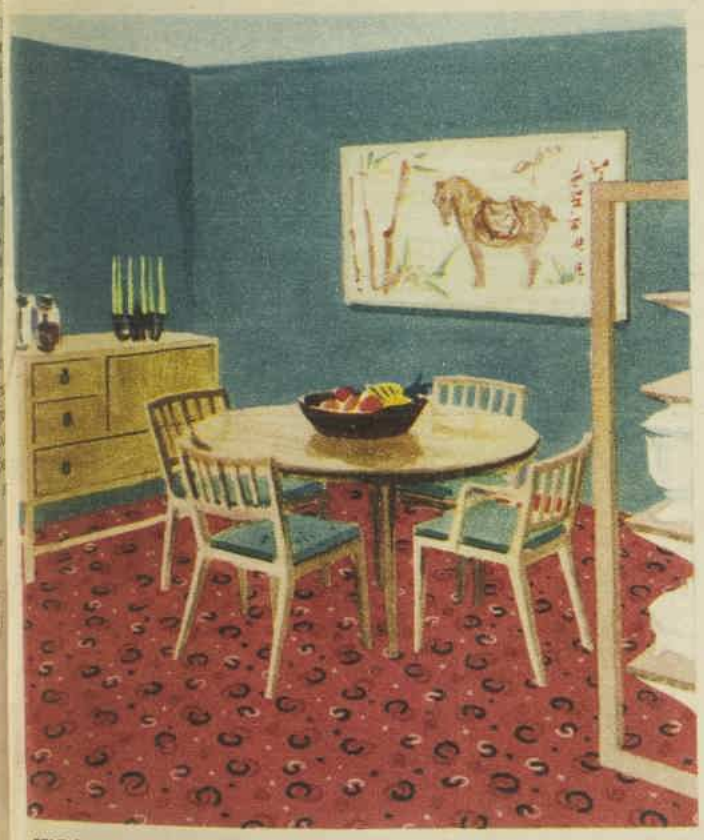
Oh what a fearful fate is this,
To land at such a party.
Be brave, and to your escort hiss:
"Let's go some place less arty."

"And let's relax with topics that
Are easier to handle.
Enjoy with friends a cosy chat
On weather and on scandal."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4930752

New Feltex Contemporary Patterns are thrilling inspiration for modern decor

says **RUTH SLOANE**, M.S.I.D.



We present with pride and pleasure our new contemporary fiord grey Feltex, which we sincerely feel has given an entirely new note in modern floor coverings.

This room we have planned is an example of co-related design, teaming floor, furniture and accessories in one harmonious picture. Interesting new colours were used for the scheme: one wall was painted deep silver grey to tone with the floor, and the other walls that new and exciting colour, tango.

A deeper shade called persimmon was used for the curtains, which created a vivid contrast to the fiord grey floor. Burnt orange and black, lime yellow and peacock blue in textured materials were the colours used on the furniture. Black glass table tops, a black door and a black wrought iron lamp with a burnished copper shade completed this unusual colour scheme. Though this room is in the contemporary vein, I do feel fiord grey Feltex can be used most successfully with many other types of furniture.

Our dining room shows you another one of the new contemporary floor coverings. This is arctic sunset in a beautiful and vital red toning. Red, to my mind, is a most suitable colour for a dining room, instantly creating a gay and inviting approach to the function of the room. Again a brilliant contrast in colour was used, with walls of deep cornflower blue and ceiling arctic sky, which is a much lighter colour but in complete harmony with the deeper tone on the walls. Duck-egg blue was used on the chair seats to blend with the ceiling and create a cooling effect against the red floor. Lemon yellow for candles, picking up the yellow in the fruit, gave just that odd note which I think nearly every room needs.

FELTEX

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL FLOOR COVERING

NEW FELTEX COLOUR PLANNING SERVICE

FELTEX COLOUR PLANNING BUREAU, 261 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Please send me, without obligation, the Free Feltex Colour Planning Service brochure with complete colour-guide chart, which will explain to me this new and fully comprehensive floor-wall-ceiling-*furnishing* colour advisory service.

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ADDRESS .....

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FELT & TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD., Manufacturers of Marbled, Plain & Patterned Feltex

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OPTRONICS

the Better Look in HEARING AIDS

The Bonochord "Optronic" Spectacle Hearing Aid represents a complete breakaway from convention and, in more than one sense, a significant further stride towards the ideal aid. The entire aid is built into spectacle frames designed to take modern optically prescribed or clear lenses, with the sound source at last in the logical place—adjacent to the ear, away from all distracting clothing noises. This is literally a complete and self-contained instrument with nothing left for the self-conscious to conceal.

Illustration shows an "Optronic" aid in use. The entire Hearing Aid is contained in the spectacles. Styles for both men and women.

Bonochord

For those who prefer the conventional type of aid, Bonochord present "Bijou," the smallest multi-transistor Hearing Aid in the world.
The "Bijou" may be slipped unnoticeably into a man's tie or lady's hair.

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When accidents happen—
DON'T RISK INFECTION

You can make certain that your son's cuts and scratches never get infected. Bathe them in a solution of Solyptol, the powerful, safe antiseptic. Keep a bottle in your home, and be ready for any emergency.

Solyptol
antiseptic
IF IT'S FAULDING'S —— IT'S PURE

MONACO REJOICES

THE BRIDEGROOM, Prince Rainier III of Monaco, whose wedding to beautiful Hollywood actress Grace Kelly has caused a carnival of rejoicing in his principality, which is now filled with thousands of overseas visitors.

THE BRIDE, film star Grace Kelly, beautiful daugh of American millionaire builder John B. Kelly, fam in her own right as a leading Hollywood actress and Her Serene Highness Princess Gracia Patricia de Mona

Bride has won everyone, even in-laws with her poise and beauty

After the strain of Grace Kelly's first couple of days in Monaco wore off, she seemed to become gayer. Not even the rain and mist which rolled over the little principality could dampen her spirits.

From SIMON RAMSAY, our special representative in Monaco.

WHEN Grace first arrived here and drove around with Prince Rainier she looked like any bride-to-be the world over — radiantly happy, nervous, and excited almost to the point of tears.

But later she seemed far more relaxed than her Prince, who clashed with Press photographers, especially those from the more sensational Paris newspapers.

Grace, who has had more experience with photographers, remained supremely unruffled, and never forgot to wave when the photographers asked her to—perhaps the automatic reflex of a movie star who has not yet become used to being a princess.

I was fortunate enough to get a close look at Miss Kelly and confirmed the opinion which I formed when I saw her sail on board the liner Constitution from New York a fortnight ago—that she is without doubt one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen and has poise which would do credit to the late Queen Mary.

Meeting family

IT took several days for the members of the Kelly party to meet all the Prince's relatives, courtiers, and old retainers.

Prince Rainier drew up all the palace servants to meet their new mistress, and they stood in a long line, ranging from weatherbeaten old butlers to rosy-cheeked Monagasque housemaids, all shaking hands with Grace.

The Royal relatives Grace has seen most of are Prince Charlotte, the Prince's mother, Prince Pierre, his father, and Princess Antoinette, his sister.

They've all taken Grace to their hearts and are said to be captivated not only by her looks but by her poise and personality.

Beautiful as Grace is, her married sister is almost a match for her. Everywhere she went, people recognised the family likeness and stopped to stare. So she took to wearing dark glasses in public.

Among the fashionable French and Italian women who thronged the luxury hotels of the Cote d'Azur there was outspoken disappointment at the dressing of the American guests who came over for the wedding.

The general opinion was that their clothes were too bright, that they did not wear enough black to be really chic, and that they inclined to cocktail garments too early in the day.

Film actress Rita Gam, one of Grace's bridesmaids, was voted the most unusual-looking girl in Monaco. She dressed with more flair than the rest of the American party, and as she swept through the lobbies of Monaco's luxury hotels all eyes turned in her direction.

There was general relief that Grace did not produce any more hats like the one in which she landed, which, though fashionable, did not become her.

Grace has had many unusual gifts since she came to Monaco. One of the most unusual was a poem written for her by author Robert Service, now 75, and living in Monaco.

Father Tucker, the Prince's spiritual adviser, took Grace to meet Service, who presented her with the poem. It went:

To G.K.

Princess, what magic pen was dipped
In radiant colors of romance
To write the wonder of your script,
Your fairy-tale of chance?
Bring us Beauty, Art, and Grace,
Be welcome to this land of ours,
And with our homage take your place
'Mid song and flowers.
Long may you play your golden part,
Not only to en-sky your name,
But to be throned in every heart
With hearth-fire fame.
A people we, proud of past,
From modern urgency
Long have we hoped
faith steadfast
To hail with ecstasy a
Sweet Princess, may our dr
come true—
Our Star be You.

New home

THE palace in which Gr will make her home lo like a gingerbread castle every child's dreams.

There are turrets and batt ments, small peepholes, anci cannons, and huge piles cannon balls in great heaps anachronistic splendor, see ing in their antiquity almo to symbolise the curr peacetime role of quaint lit Monaco.

The decorations for t wedding are quite beautifu

There are arches, festoon bridges, hanging crowns, illuminated figures of Prince and his bride.

From every building hu hundreds of flags in red and white of Monaco, scattered among them British, American, Fren German, Spanish, and Sc dinavian flags.

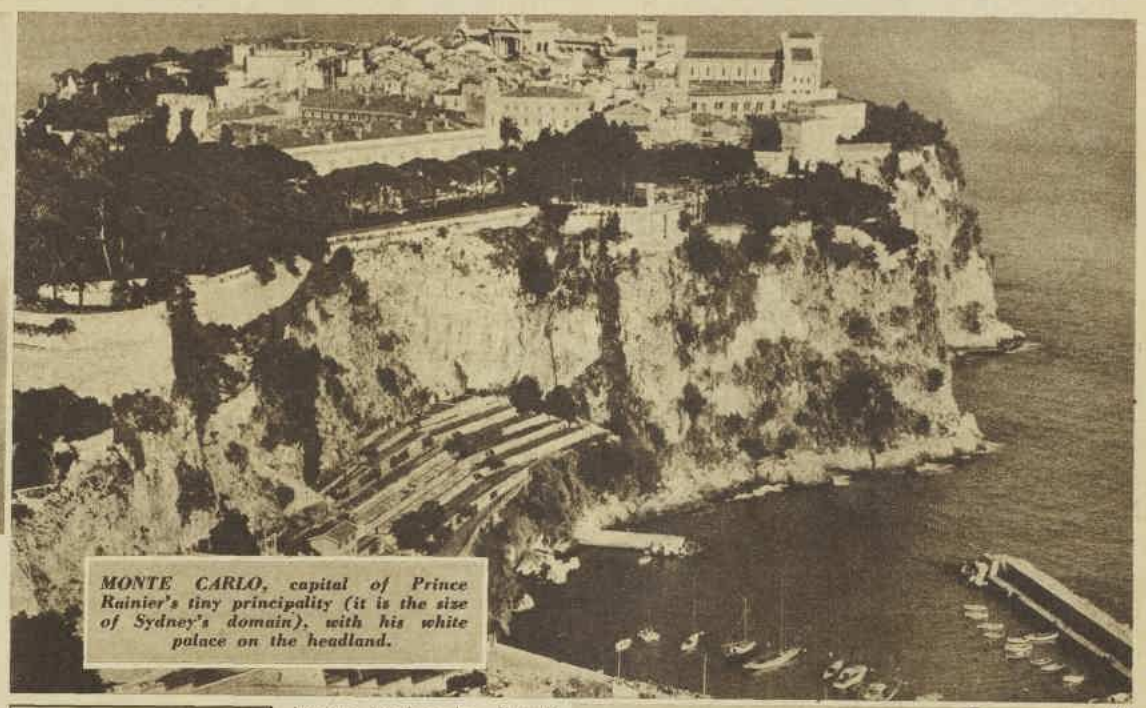
People most excited ab this wedding are those cerned with the econo future of Monaco.

Although, like everyone they are very pleased to their Prince marry, they overjoyed that his bride someone as famous and beautiful as Grace Kelly.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4930754

Citizens welcome new Princess

WEDDING GIFT from Prince Rainier to his bride is this lovely jacket of champagne mink, made to his order by a firm in Bond Street, London. Grace will add it to the wardrobe of furs in her trousseau.



MONTE CARLO, capital of Prince Rainier's tiny principality (it is the size of Sydney's domain), with his white palace on the headland.

A wonderful girl, says Mr. Onassis

From ART BUCHWALD, in Monaco

"WONDERFUL," was the reply by Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis when I asked his opinion of Prince Rainier's wedding to Grace Kelly. And I can substantiate that. To begin with, Grace is a wonderful girl."

Onassis, shipping magnate and majority stockholder in the company that controls the gambling casinos and best hotels in Rainier's tiny principality of Monaco, said in further praise of Grace, "She's one of the few movie actresses I know who has diver's shoes."

"Diver's shoes?" I asked.

"Yes, not only has she her feet on the ground but she has lead in them. She'll do a lot of good for the Prince.

"He has been a terribly unhappy fellow to date. He's been living alone for four years in a palace, surrounded by executives. What fellow wants to live with executives?

"After the sun sets you want a wife and friends. You want to forget you have a sense of duty. I think she'll give him the home life he has missed."

Onassis, who was invited to the wedding, said the Prince has asked him for a wedding present. "The best gift you can give me," the Prince wrote, "would be to stop the sport of pigeon-shooting in Monte Carlo."

An old custom

SHOOTING at live pigeons is an old European custom and apparently the Prince would like to abolish it in his tiny kingdom, where even the pigeon population is at a premium.

"All right," Onassis said. "I am going to give the Prince his wedding present.

"I have already given his bride a diamond bracelet and my company has given her a diamond and ruby tiara as wedding gifts, but if the Prince wants to stop our pigeon-shooting contests, they will stop.

"Frankly, I didn't know until I came down here that they shoot live pigeons. I thought they used clay ones."

"Will the marriage help business in Monaco?" I asked.

"We have all the business we can handle now," he said. "But it will make the place a little more romantic.

"It will make it a little warmer and more human, especially if there are children.

"It would be a blessing for all of us if Grace lived a normal life here. Until now the Prince hasn't been seen much in Monaco. But perhaps she will change this."

Gay greeting

ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, cabled that the Prince, a week before his wedding, brought his lovely film-star bride into his kingdom to the noise of popping champagne corks and firing cannon.

Grace, having just disembarked from the liner Constitution that brought her from America, surveyed her new domain from the deck of the Prince's yacht, Deo Juvante.

Monaco's seldom - used cannon saluted Grace, echoing across the calm, blue surface of the harbor. For three ear-shattering minutes every yacht at anchor blared a welcome.

For her arrival, Grace wore the biggest, widest, whitest hat. Her wonderful smile, with which she greeted her new kingdom, could just be seen under the brim.

Behind her the Prince beamed handsomely. French photographers called to him to wave, and rather shyly he smiled and waved, too.

Thousands of people lined the route as Grace and her Prince drove in a Kelly-green Cadillac up the zig-zag hill to the palace, 200 feet above the Mediterranean, where Grace was staying until the day of her wedding.

The day that Monaco and Hollywood had waited for began when the Constitution dropped anchor outside the harbor bar.

Planes, helicopters, and seaplanes flew over the Constitution as the Deo Juvante glided alongside it, while dozens of smaller craft played cops and robbers with a police launch that was powerless to keep them away.

Prince Rainier's personal standard was fired by rockets at the harbor entrance, and hung suspended by a parachute in the still air.

A very formal luncheon for 25 followed Grace's arrival.

Grace's sister, pretty Mrs. Margaret Davis—called Peggy for short—said, "It was formal but friendly at that luncheon. We were all there, the whole Kelly family and the Grimaldis, the Prince's family, and we got along just fine.

"I was sitting opposite Grace and thought, 'Well, there's my kid sister and she's going to be a princess,' and I said to myself as I watched her, 'She really belongs here.' "

The luncheon was very happy and Grace appeared cool and queenly, not disturbed by the whole solemn business of becoming a princess.

But sister Peggy, bronzed and bubbling over with excitement, is having a wonderful time doing much that her younger sister Grace seems to consider unfitting in a person about to become Royal.

Peggy is going to try her luck at the gaming tables. She feels sorry Grace can't do so.

Grace has certainly impressed on everyone in the pocket-sized kingdom the fact that this is where she belongs.

But there are a few things the American film star has yet to learn about being Royal that Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer apparently didn't teach her.

Hat too big

THESE things include not wearing a large hat—Royal ladies always wear off-the-face hats so that they can be seen — not keeping the crowds waiting one hour, and not waving as though saying "Hiya." A Royal wave is something quite special, friendly but dignified.

In Paris the couturiers are busy with last-minute fittings, because Her Serene Highness Grace isn't going to have it all her own way when it comes to dressing.

M.G.M. has done all it promised for Grace Kelly in presenting her with a beautiful trousseau, but there are rivals in Monaco and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis will steal some of the picture.

She has ordered from Fath a cornflower-blue organza that has set millionaire Aristotle back a bit.

Prince Rainier's mother, Princess Charlotte, has at least a dozen new dresses from Jean Desses, and as many again from Balmain.

Five guests in the Hotel de Paris have taken out a total of more than £2,500,000 worth of insurance on their jewels.

But it is doubtful if any of their gems will match the £30,000 necklace made in Paris from what are rumored to be jewels formerly owned by King Farouk.

This is the gift of Monaco's citizens — the Monagasques — who collected money for the necklace, officially described as "River of Diamonds."

The necklace will be part of the Crown Jewels of Monaco, and this means that if the Kelly-Rainier romance goes the way of so many Hollywood marriages, Grace must hand it back, but nobody thinks this marriage is likely to break up.

PARADE OF FLOWERS in Monaco was an early celebration of the Prince's wedding, which is taking place at a civil ceremony on April 18, followed by a religious ceremony at the cathedral the next day.

TWO MONAGASQUE CHILDREN, wearing their picturesque national costumes, welcome Grace Kelly on her arrival in Monte Carlo after disembarking from Monaco's Royal yacht, the Deo Juvante. Thousands packed the streets.

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NOW IN THE NEW 1/- PACK, TOO!

...theyre delightful
...theyre delicious
...you'll love them!

Crisp crunchy centres coated with s-m-o-o-t-h milk chocolate — and now you can get them in two packs; the large family size 2/- cartons or the new handy 1/- cellophane snack packs.

Everyone's sweet on **ALLEN'S** *sweets*

ALLEN'S COCOANUT QUIVERS
Rich, creamy caramel, covered with fresh, wholesome Ceylon cocoanut. Delicious centres blended from milk, honey, butter and glucose. ***Taste that cocoanut! Taste that caramel! So nice! 2/- everywhere.***

STEAMROLLERS
The perfect peppermint for taste-refreshing coolness. 3d.

HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH
Made from pure creamy butter, glucose and pure cane sugar. Fresh and enticing as the heather of Scotland. In handy 7d. roll packs.

ALLEN'S SWEETS ARE *Good Sweets!*

POPETTES — Q.T.'s — STEAM ROLLERS — COCOANUT QUIVERS — TOOTY FROOTY — FRUIT TINGLES — HAVAPAK — BARLEY SUGAR — HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH — MINT MINORS
IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES — BUTTER MENTHOLS — TARZAN JUBES — CURE-EM-QUICK.

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Our Portrait Prize

ABOVE: Artist James Boswell poses for the photographer in his studio in Hampstead, London. He intends to enter this year's competition.

RIGHT: Australian artist Louis James at work in his London studio. Mr. James also has a canvas ready to send in to our international contest.

Keen local and overseas competition for this year's £2000 award

Australian and overseas artists — both professional and amateur — are working hard to complete portraits to enter in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956.

CLOSING date for entries is July 28, 1956.

The £2000 prizemoney is a No. 1 talking point in Europe's art circles.

It is believed to be the biggest amount ever offered in the Western world, with the exception of the United States.

"Everyone in the art world believes that this Prize will attract the attention, consideration, and, eventually, the effort of many of the world's greatest painters," said the secretary of a leading London art gallery.

"The competition also will arouse wide interest among young artists now working to establish reputations. Many will send their best works to Australia hoping they will be exhibited."

The Australian Women's Weekly bureau in London has been inundated with telephone and written requests for entry forms for the contest.

Hundreds of entry forms also have been sent to art galleries and academies for distribution throughout Britain.

The Australian Embassies in The Hague, Paris, and Rome have all had forms supplied on special request.

The Press Attache at the Australian Embassy at The Hague, Mr. C. C. Twelftree, says that the Portrait Prize contest has aroused a great deal of interest among Dutch painters.

The Cultural Attache at the Embassy in Paris, Mr. Gardner Davies, has sent an urgent request to London for more forms because the original supply sent to him has been exhausted.

The Secretary of the Australian Legation in Rome, Mr. J. A. Forsythe, has also asked for more forms because the first airmail bundle sent to him was rushed.

Requests for information, particulars, and application forms for entry to the competition have also come from artists in Ireland, Spain, and even from a woman in Sierra Leone, British West Africa.

The London agents of Signor Pietro Annigoni, who last year painted a charming study of the Queen, said that the famous artist hopes to be able to send an entry.

Signor Annigoni is now working at his villa in Florence, Italy.

"When he returns to London in May for the opening of the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy we think he will probably bring a painting with him to send to Australia," his agent said.

Academy painter

NOTED artist James Gunn, who is an Associate of the Royal Academy, is busy finishing a study for this year's Academy exhibition.

He hopes to finish the work in time to start a portrait for the competition.

Miss Ulrica Forbes, who has won a world-wide reputation with her fine miniature paintings of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, wants to submit a portrait of Princess Anne.

"I began this portrait late last year, but haven't finished it yet because I have been ill for several months," she explained.

"I hope to recover sufficiently in the next few months to begin working again."

Mr. James Boswell, one of Britain's best-known painters, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy every year for the past 10 years, will send a portrait he finished just after Christmas.

This is one of the few portraits he has painted. Mr. Boswell is noted mainly in Europe for his seascapes and street studies.

Mr. Louis James, who arrived in London seven years ago from Adelaide to "learn how to paint," will send a portrait of a friend of his wife.

Mr. James, who is a rising young star in the British art world, has just had a private exhibition in the Redfern Gallery, one of London's most exclusive art centres.

Mr. James said he believed the Portrait Prize would be "a shot in the arm for the whole art world."

"Prizemoney is very low in Europe and artists need better incentives than they get," he added.

"The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize will undoubtedly capture the interest of all artists — whether they are famous now or trying to make a name for themselves."

Prizemoney of £2000 and conditions for our 1956 Portrait Prize are the same as last year.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman she will receive the total prizemoney —i.e., £2000.

Portraits can be in oils, watercolors, or in pastels.

They must be the original work of competitors, and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries.

The portraits must also be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no smaller than 12in. x 16in. A painting of the nude figure will not be accepted as a portrait.

Competitors are restricted to two entries.

Judging panel

THE directors of the National Art Galleries in Australia will again be the judges.

After their decision is announced, selected entries will be exhibited in all Australian capital cities.

Entry forms for the 1956 Portrait Prize may now be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State, at major art galleries and societies here and abroad, or by writing to "Portrait Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Entries, suitably framed, must be delivered to the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., in Sydney, between Monday, July 23, and Saturday, July 28, 1956.

No entries will be accepted at the Gallery after 3 p.m., July 28.

Special arrangements have been made in London and New York to set up collection depots for the bulk handling and shipment of the expected big number of overseas entries.

UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

GOLDEN OATAROONS

4 ozs. butter or margarine, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 level tablesps. golden syrup, ½ teasp. vanilla essence, few drops almond essence, pinch salt, 1½ level teasps. baking powder, 4 cups (loosely packed) Uncle Toby's Oats.

Cream shortening, sugar, essences and golden syrup. Stir in Uncle Toby's Oats, salt and baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Drop, by teaspoon, on to greased oven trays. Bake in a very moderate oven 15 mins. until golden. Cool and store in airtight container.

UTO32

WORKING WIVES

"Any woman can manage a home and a job if she has a strict routine for the housework—and keeps to it," said Mrs. P. O'Farrell, of 97 Bream St., Coogee, N.S.W. Mrs. O'Farrell, a manicurist at a Sydney beauty salon, added: *"I find the outside interest stimulating and the money is buying new furniture for our home."*

HAND CARE IS HER BUSINESS

Asked how she kept her own hands so beautifully soft and smooth with all her own housework to do, Mrs. O'Farrell answered: "It is the weekly wash that plays up with most women's hands. I've always avoided trouble by using a washing powder I've proved to be gentle—Persil. Persil gives the sweetest, cleanest wash of all and is wonderfully kind to my hands."

F.129.WW62g

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Most exciting season in years is forecast by these spring

Fashions from Paris

The incoming silhouette can be tapered, bloused, very slim, or moderately full. The bulkier hat has flattered its way to fashion acceptance. Skirts remain 15in. from the ground.

• Pierre Balmain's tapered two-piece suit made in yellow wool and worn with chalk-white accessories. The self-belt is slotted low and tied in a soft bow at the centre back.

• Christian Dior's spectacular Directoire-line, all-in-one-color evening ensemble (above) shows the slender elegance of Paris after dark. The dress is made in flame chiffon and worn with a long matching stole. The ropes of beads and earrings are in exactly the shade of the dress. Shoes are flame satin.

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NEW SILHOUETTE: BACK FULLNESS

● *Single-breasted gold-flecked tweed coat (left) artfully silhouetted in the new spring manner. Controlled fullness falls from a high-shaped back yoke, the collar rolls back softly. The coat is lined with gold silk jersey to match the dress (right), which is self-belted at the natural waistline and has the simple sophistication of the French couture clothes. The bulky hat is in the same material.*

● *Jean Patou's afternoon ensemble (above) made in sugared-almond-pink crepe marocain. The untrimmed jacket, worn over an untrimmed sheath dress, is bloused below the waistline.*

● *Christian Dior's bright navy linen sheath dress (below) is low-necked, untrimmed, unbelted, and sleeveless. The dress is worn with a large black hat and matching gloves.*

● *Christian Dior's Empire-line redingote coat in begonia-pink wool (above). The coat has a high-placed double-breasted fastening and two low-placed flap-pockets. The waistline is barely marked. The coat is worn with a "bulky" black hat and black accessories.*

● *Christian Dior's two-piece linen suit made in his new spring blue. The tapered-to-the-hem-line skirt is mounted on a matching silk top. The Oriental-inspired coolie hat is in matching straw, gloves in the same blue, shoes in white.*

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GOSSAMER

Invisible Net

keeps your hair perfectly groomed all day long . . . no wandering wisps . . . no uncontrolled curls . . .

Gossamer is not a lacquer. Not oily. Not sticky. Made to an exclusive American formula containing "Lanolin Esters," Gossamer keeps your hair soft, sheeny, lustrous.

ONLY 13/11 at cosmetic counters

MADE BY THE PRESSURE-PAK CO., A DIVISION OF SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LTD.

The furs are fakes . .

THE FIVE GOLDWYN GIRLS, from left, Madelyn Darrow, June Kirby, Jann Darlyn, Suzanne Ames, and Suzanne Alexander.

. . . but the girls are real

The five Goldwyn girls at present touring Australia have with them five "mink" coats that cost only £80 each.

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

THE coats, which are synthetic imitation grey mink, are made from a combination of orlon and dynel.

They were presented to the girls by a fur firm before they left the U.S.

The coats are smooth to the touch, long, and furry, and closely resemble grey mink.

A mink coat of the same style would cost upwards of £3000.

However, these coats are waterproof, completely moth and mildew proof, and do not have to be stored in summer.

The girls are accompanied by their chaperon, Mrs. Mildred Galanter.

They are all over 5ft. 6in. tall and their figures conform almost exactly with the "perfect" 36in. bust, 24in. waist, 36in. hips.

The Goldwyn "dolls," all single and "unattached," are looking forward to meeting Australian "guys" on their tour. The majority of "guys" in Hollywood, they complain, "are too Hollywood."

Suzanne Alexander, most vivacious of the group, expressed their feelings when she remarked, "There's no shortage of men in Hollywood, but there's a shortage of the right sort."

Mrs. Galanter, petite and smiling, says that "the girls don't really need a chaperon at all. They're all sensible, and when real romance comes along they'll know it."

Suzanne Alexander, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and friendly, is the only Canadian member of the team. She was born Gwendolynne White in Toronto, Canada, and is descended from Lord Clive of India.

She describes her ideal man as "tall, dark, and not handsome; intelligent; and must have a terrific sense of humor."

Suzanne's measurements are, height, 5ft. 6in.; bust, 36; waist, 23; hips, 36.

There is another Suzanne among the girls — Suzanne Ames, a "Hollywood native." She is a statuesque brunette who graduated from the Hollywood Professional School to a career in modelling and TV acting before becoming a Goldwyn Girl.

Suzanne is 5ft. 7in. tall; bust, 36; waist, 25; hips, 36.

Jann Darlyn was born in San Rafael, California; just across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco.

What was to be a two weeks' trip to Hollywood is turning into a long career for Jann. She was successful from the beginning and six months after her arrival was chosen as a Goldwyn Girl.

Jann is 5ft. 6in. tall; bust, 36; waist, 24; hips, 36.

Madelyn Darrow is another "Hollywood native." Her mother used to be an actress and her father is a film-studio decorator and landscape artist.

Her measurements are, height, 5ft. 6in.; bust, 35; waist, 22; hips, 36.

The only blonde, and the tallest girl in the party, is June Kirby, originally from New York. June's past career includes modelling and stage and television appearances.

Her measurements are, height, 5ft. 8in.; bust, 35; waist, 24; hips, 36.

All five girls are "just too thrilled" at being in Australia, and, naturally, give all the credit to Sam Goldwyn. He wished them luck at the studio, and they flocked en masse to the wharf to see him off when he left for Japa

Widely known for his qu wit and fascinating conve sation, Mr. Goldwyn has e deared himself to these f protegees. They describe h variously as "looking a d tinguished 60, but actual being 73"; "fast-moving an fascinating"; "lookin straight-laced, but not bein a bit so"; and "always keep ing a serious face when he joking with you."

Mrs. Galanter, in a conve sation one day, overheard th now-famous "A verbal agree ment is as good as the pape it's written on."

Mrs. Galanter also likes to repeat Sam Goldwyn o psychiatry — "Anyone wh goes to a psychiatrist shoul have his head examined."

And on technicolor in th early days—"I'll only believ it when I see it in black an white."

Before they left the State Sam Goldwyn said that the five girls are among the pre tiest he has chosen in the 2 years he has been pickin his famous beauties. He ha no formula for choosing, bu explains that he likes gir with natural grace an charm.

"Beauty goes hand hand with character warmth and doesn't have to be dam ling"—is one of his favori maxims.

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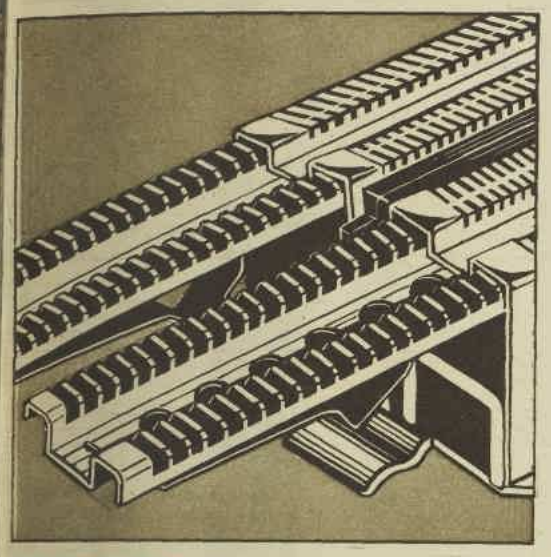
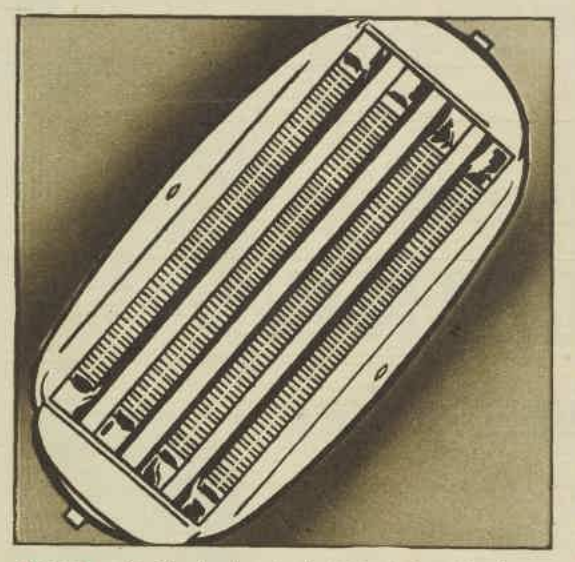
NOW! REMINGTON ANNOUNCES THE ALL NEW SUPER 60!



Revolutionary design of these new Silver Streak cutting heads gives *six* times the cutting edge of any other shaver! Made of diamond-honed surgical steel, they're self-sharpening . . . need no lubrication . . . are designed to prevent whisker chips sticking inside to form power-robbing deposits. Every whisker, long or short, is clipped skin-smooth!



Two extra-wide Silver Streak cutting heads give the largest *live* shaving area of any shaver ever made. They're even set in a gentle curve to keep *all* live shaving areas in constant contact with your beard. Power from the mightiest rotary shaver motor ever built goes *direct* to the cutters: giving more cutting power, reducing noise to a purring murmur!

By repeated independent tests, ONLY Remington shavers can shave the fuzz from a peach — without harming its delicate skin — AND shear through the bristles of a brush! Tender skin or tough beard: the Super 60 gives the same close, fast shave . . . in seconds . . . and in comfort. So powerful, so quiet — the Super 60 seems to s-m-o-o-t-h whiskers away!

. . . to make electric shaving an even greater pleasure

Now! No need for you to worry about disappointing someone with an out-of-date, unsatisfactory shaver —this year, you can give that man of yours the latest, greatest electric shaver of them all . . . the all-new Super 60; now available here, fresh from its sensational success in America and Europe.

What's wrong with his old soap-and-scrape system? He'll never know until he, too, feels the Super 60 purring its way through that rough morning stubble . . . shearing a slick, smooth track wherever it goes . . . even trimming side-levers or moustache to barber-shop straightness (an exclusive feature of Remington's!).

Even longer, weekend stubble is no problem to the Super 60 — unlike old-fashioned electric shavers (which use a thread-the-needle system of tiny holes to pick up whiskers), the Super 60 is fully slotted. It picks up long or short hairs alike with a combing action. New deep recesses between the cutter heads are designed for quicker stubble-recovery: a whisker missed by the first cutter is immediately set-up to be clipped by the second.

And because the intense power of the Super 60's rubber-mounted motor drives the new fully-floating cutter heads direct — with no intervening linkage — it gives super cutting speed without unpleasant noise!

Let him prove the overwhelming superiority of the all-new Super 60 for himself — any good store will give a free demonstration . . . most offer two full weeks' free trial!

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF REMINGTON'S BIG NEW £3/10/- TRADE-IN OFFER ON ANY OLD ELECTRIC SHAVER —WORKING OR NOT! ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT IT!

In a beautiful protector/carrying case, with power cord and cleaning brush. The only shaver fully guaranteed for one year with free service available from convenient Service Stations.

Remington Super 60

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Here's News for all Mothers!

. . . health-giving OVALTINE at new reduced prices

OVALTINE — the fortified tonic food-drink—is now available at new reduced prices! This means that more than ever before, OVALTINE is the most economical way to sparkling good health!

CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT

OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development; Magnesium to aid digestion; Iron for the blood; Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.

MORE VITAMINS TO THE CUP

In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B1, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

2 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

OVALTINE offers two delicious flavours: MALT, a combination of malt, milk and eggs with a rich, satisfying flavour that everyone loves; and CHOCOLATE, with all the OVALTINE goodness plus real chocolate flavour. It's a special treat the children will love!

Drink lots of OVALTINE—and you'll be healthy, vigorous, full of energy. Just one cup is a regular storehouse of good health—packed with vital vitamins and minerals that make you feel great to be alive! Bring good health to all the family with OVALTINE — it's the best health-drink, but costs no more!

IT'S FORTIFIED WITH ADDITIONAL VITAMINS

NEW REDUCED PRICES ...

O.HPM.11

OVALTINE

BUY THE BEST — IT COSTS NO MORE

CONSUL-GENERAL FOR SWEDEN, Mr. Ivar Stenstrom, escorts his elder daughter, Marianne, into St. Philip's, Church Hill, for her wedding with Dr. Richard Tooth. The bride's attendants are (from left) Mrs. Ian Curlewis, Maud Stenstrom, and Mrs. Max Elliott. Inset picture: Dr. and Mrs. Tooth leave the church for the reception.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A WONDERFUL trip around South Africa begins for Parkes Chrest and his wife—formerly Sydney lass Jillian Lemone—when they set o air from Johannesburg on May 4.

The Chrestmans have been living in South Africa since they left Sydney late in 1954. In a recent letter to Sonia Storch, of Bellevue Hill, Jillian tells of the exciting itinerary she and Parkes have planned.

First stop will be Rhodesia, then the Belgian Congo, and Kenya . . . where they'll stay with friends, and are hoping for some big-game hunting.

The Chrestmans' final port of call is Zanzibar, after which they expect to make their home in Port Elizabeth for a few months.

• • •

AFTER their wedding at St. Martin's, Killara, last week John and Pamela Sneddon left for a honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise. Pamela is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Abberton, of Killara.

AT UNIVERSITY. Lieut. Philip Lawson and Pamela West were among guests at the University Regimental Ball, which was held in the University Union. Pamela wore a pretty bouffant dress of turquoise embroidered organza.

JUST back from ove Primrose White anno her engagement to T Arnott, of "Glen Al Murrurundi, soon after arrival in Sydney. Prim spent a few days here b returning home to "Bellin Scone, early last week. present she's staying with fiance and his parents, and Mrs. Ken Arnott, for Quirindi picnic races. P rose is the youngest daug of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. ("J White. She says that—like sisters, Morna (Mrs. D Playfair) and Bettine (M Bill Chandler)—she will married in the family ch at "Belltrees."

• • •

PRETTY Jocelyn Butler, Vaucluse, tells me she "has chosen the mo but not the date" for her m riage to Raymond Jaques Wollongong. The wedd will take place in Septem at St. Michael's, Vaucl and Jocelyn will have attendants . . . Marcia Mrs. Elizabeth Bowden, M Douglas Hayman, and ei year-old Barbara Keen.

• • •

THERE'S a full sched ahead of Judy Dryb of Collaroy, when she arr home in Orcades on April after nine months in Engl and Europe. As well as usual round of welcome-h parties, Judy's younger si Dinah, will celebrate her o ing of age early in May then the two sisters will off to Moree for the pa races.

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HOST AND HOSTESS Mr. and Mrs. John Coghlan (right) with guests Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Rowe at their party at the Elanora Country Club.

LEAVING Shore Chapel after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd. The bride was Margaret Wearn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Wearn, of North Rocks.

TRIO OF GUESTS at the party given at Elanora Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. John Coghlan are (from left) Sue Hawkeswood, Mrs. Geoff Coghlan, and Mrs. Graham Crouch.

WE'RE busy house-hunting," says Deirdre Wieland, who recently announced her engagement to Peter Anderson Stuart. Peter and Deirdre, who is the daughter of Mrs. F. P. Roberts, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. F. Wieland, are making plans for a wedding in October. Peter is the son of Dr. B. P. Anderson Stuart and of Mrs. E. C. Anderson Stuart.

• • •

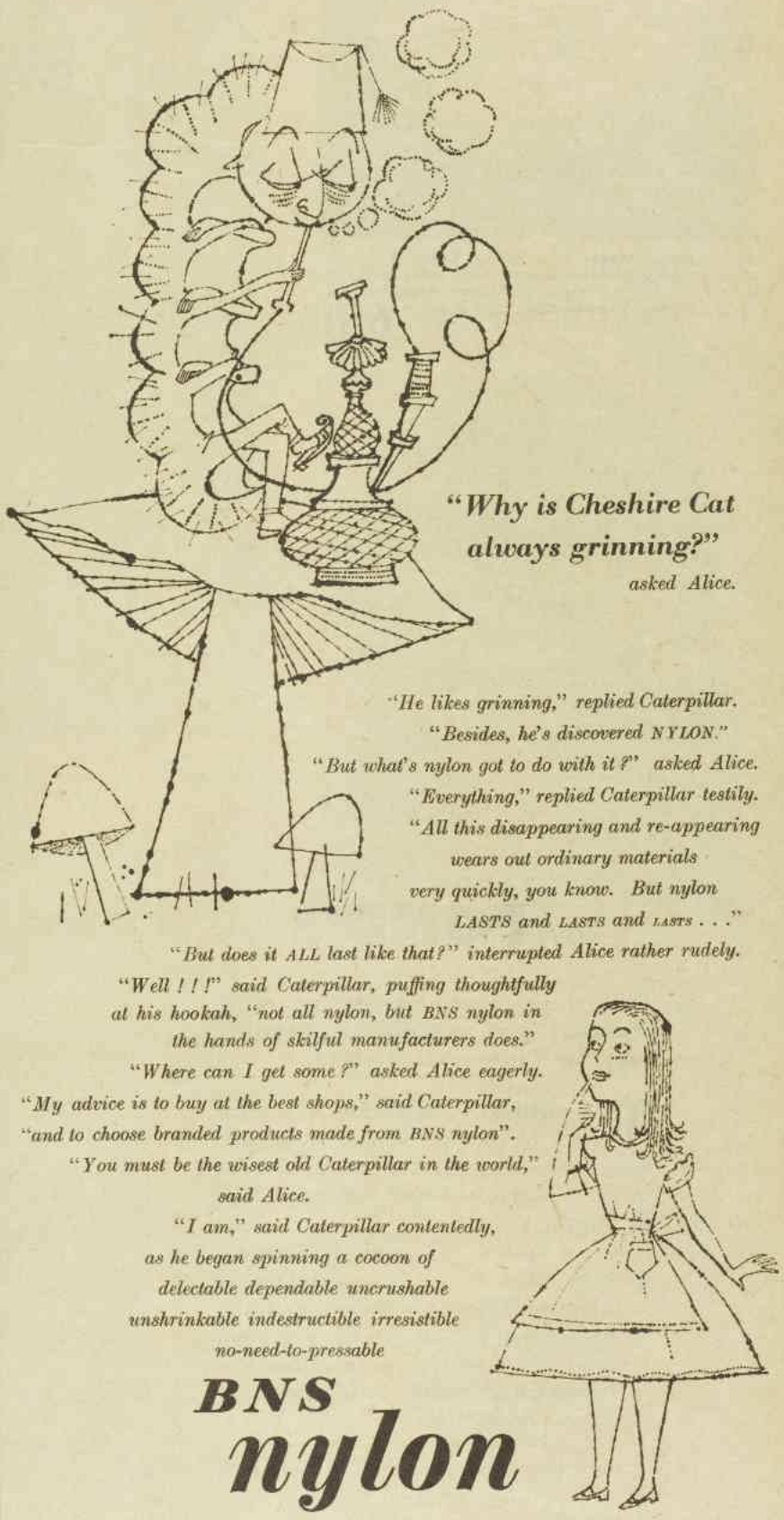
PROUD grandmother Mrs. C. H. K. Miller has recently returned home from Forbes after a three weeks' visit to her daughter and son-in-law, Sonia and Bill Durham, and their baby son. The baby, who was born last month, will be named David William.

• • •

DATES for your diary . . . May 4 for The Kings School Ball, which will be held at the Empress Ballroom, Mark Foy's . . . May 12 for the N. S. W. Water-skiing Association's Annual Ball at the New Commodore, Goulburn Street.

Anne

WED IN LONDON. Professor John Bennett and his bride leave Westminster Abbey after their wedding. Bride was Lilian White, eldest daughter of the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White.



"Why is Cheshire Cat always grinning?"
asked Alice.

"He likes grinning," replied Caterpillar.
"Besides, he's discovered NYLON."
"But what's nylon got to do with it?" asked Alice.
"Everything," replied Caterpillar testily.
"All this disappearing and re-appearing wears out ordinary materials very quickly, you know. But nylon LASTS and LASTS and LASTS . . ."
"But does it ALL last like that?" interrupted Alice rather rudely.
"Well!!!" said Caterpillar, puffing thoughtfully at his hookah, "not all nylon, but BNS nylon in the hands of skilful manufacturers does."
"Where can I get some?" asked Alice eagerly.
"My advice is to buy at the best shops," said Caterpillar, "and to choose branded products made from BNS nylon".
"You must be the wisest old Caterpillar in the world," said Alice.
"I am," said Caterpillar contentedly, as he began spinning a cocoon of delectable dependable uncrushable unshrinkable indestructible irresistible no-need-to-pressable

BNS nylon

B Nylon S

British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Monmouthshire — Suppliers of nylon yarn and nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

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The beautiful Angel Face Mirror Case: A full-size ivory-and-golden hinged compact with satiny puff, full view mirror and your choice of 7 lovely Angel Face skin tones. An outstanding "buy" at just — **6/11**

Today's great beauties choose this totally new heavenly complexion

Angel Face

by POND'S

"For sheer 'becomingness' no other make-up even approaches Pond's", says the Duchess of Rutland.

THE charming young Duchess of Rutland is one of the real beauties in England today. She enhances the dewy, luminous quality of her complexion with Angel Face by Pond's.

All of today's outstanding beauties are choosing Angel Face — the make-up that is so supremely delicate and smooth it actually seems to become "one" with your own complexion! *A miraculous new marriage of finest-milled powder and smoothing Vaporized Beauty Oils.*

With just a smoothing of its soft puff, Angel Face does beautiful things to every face it touches! Young faces love its clean, natural colour that really *clings* — never turns shiny. And its Vaporized Beauty Oils give it such a soft finish. Angel Face isn't one bit drying to your skin.

Choose from 7 true complexion shades ranging from soft delicate tones to the new "Gypsy Angel" — a flattering, deep tan.

Tall, slender — with an exquisite rose and cream complexion — the Duchess of Rutland, the very ideal of English beauty, says: "Angel Face is, without doubt, the one perfect make-up"

The charming Angel Face "Junior" Case — perfect to tuck in your pocket or purse. **Just 4/11**

The blue and gold Angel Face box with dainty puff in the attractive dressing table size. **Only 5/6**

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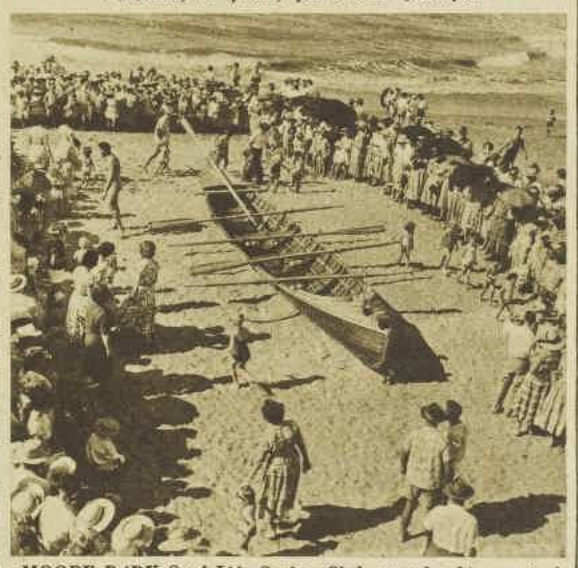
Lucke quads at the beach

THE LUCKE QUADS took to the boat after their mother christened it. Kevin, left, in front, pulled a mighty oar helped by brother Eric. On the right-hand side of the boat, Veronica, in front, pulls with Jennifer.

Famous babies help launch new boat

● The Lucke quads of Gooburrum, near Bundaberg, Qld., recently made their first public appearance since their christening. The babies, now nine months old, helped their mother, Mrs. Arthur Lucke, launch and christen a new surf boat for the Surf Life Saving Club at Moore Park, a beach near their home. Three club members drove to Swansea, N.S.W., and back, a distance of 1684 miles, in three days and towed the new boat back in time for the launching. They drove in four-hour relays



MOORE PARK Surf Life Saving Club staged a big carnival when Mrs. Lucke christened and launched their new boat. The boat was named after Mr. Merv. Thiele, a generous supporter of the club.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR LUCKE, with Mr. Burrows, M.L.A., watch as life-savers hold the quads. First in line is Instructor Parkryn. The three boys without caps, from left, B. Grummitt, J. Faircloth, P. Roselt, drove to get the boat.

Imagine-
LUSTRE-CREME
Shampoo
FOR ONLY 1/3
IN THE NEW LOW-PRICED
TUBETTES

Anne Francis
M-G-M Star of CinemaScope Colour Film "The Forbidden Planet"

On holidays or week-ends, take beauty-giving Lustre-Creme Shampoo, in the new, handy Tubettes so perfect for packing. LUSTRE-CREME is the favourite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 Hollywood Stars. Lovely Anne Francis uses Lustre-Creme. And it's Australia's favourite cream shampoo, because it never dries your hair, *it beautifies!* Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into instant, rich lather . . . leaves hair star-bright, satin-soft, easy to manage and eager to wave.

V.G.7

HAPPY AND HEALTHY

Roboleine provides energy—nourishment in its most delicious form. Contains Malt Extract, Bone Marrow, Lemon, Egg Yolk, Vitamins A and D. Children love to take it!

For adults, too—in convalescence or "run-down"—Roboleine is the ideal reconstructive.

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In 12 ounce and 36 ounce glass jars at all Chemists

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Romney introduces new styles new fabrics

in a quality you've never seen before!

Once again Romney leads the field in the latest range of fashions for men and boys. This 1956 season's range introduces a completely different note, both in styles and fabrics.

Manufactured only from the finest of fine 100% pure merino wool, the new season's styles are reinforced for extra long wear. Although the material is lighter, *it is so much warmer.*

Inspect the wide range of top quality knitwear that's always in style. See the new zip sports cardigans (produced from the new two-way stretch fabric) plain and patterned cardigans, pullovers and new crew-neck styling. Romney tailored knitcraft, made from pure merino wool, is truly a Masterpiece in Wool.

lighter yet warmer!
reinforced for maximum wear!
fully guaranteed!
the finest of fine knitwear!
one hundred percent pure merino wool!

Romney has a style for every occasion. Romney does not hug the body but *rides with every action.*

Romney

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OUR "GAY LOOK" CONTEST

CONTEST COMPETITORS can win one of these new two-tone, streamlined Hillman Minx cars. They are colored, from left, Warren wheat and Burnie blue, Glenelg grey and Gisborne green, Burnie blue and Glenelg grey, and Warren wheat and Gisborne green. The skilful blending of colors will provide inspiration for entrants coloring in the drawing below.

Here is your chance to win one of the magnificent new two-tone cars

This week The Australian Women's Weekly launches an unusual and creative new competition, appropriately named the "Gay Look" Contest. It gives you a chance to display your color and fashion sense, and to win one of the magnificent new two-tone Hillman Minx cars.

Three of these superb saloon cars are being offered as prizes. Each one, when registered and insured for 12 months, is valued at £1165/7/9.

THE competition is simple as well as novel.

What you have to do is cut out and color the Hillman Minx car drawn below.

Two colors may be used for the body work and a third, if desired, for the upholstery.

Any coloring medium may be used.

If preferred, the drawing may be traced on to other paper and then colored, but the original drawing must be attached to the entry form printed on this page.

In addition, competitors must describe briefly the complete outfits, including accessories, they would choose to wear on each of the following occasions:

(a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant;

(b) A picnic in the country;

(c) A day at the beach.

The outfits must be selected to harmonise with the color scheme chosen for the car.

To give you some idea of new color schemes for cars, we have shown above four of the distinctive two-tone Hillman Minx cars.

Maybe our readers will be able to produce equally good color schemes.

Winners will be chosen for the best use of color co-ordination, as well as suitability of clothes for the occasion.

The judges will be The Australian Women's Weekly color and fashion experts.

Closing date for entries is May 25, 1956.

The drawing will be reproduced in the next four issues of The Australian Women's Weekly to give you added chances of winning one of the superb prizes.

There is no limit to the number of entries that may be submitted, but each entry must be accompanied by the entry form printed below.

The completed entry should be addressed to the "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Competitors should also write their names and addresses clearly on pages giving descriptions of the outfits.

Our "Gay Look" Contest will appeal to most members of the family.

Today, more than ever before, color is playing an important part in homes, factories, and offices.

And your flair for matching colors may win you a de-luxe car that will give years of enjoyment and freedom from transport worries to all members of the family.

ENTRY FORM

"GAY LOOK" CONTEST

Name .....

.....

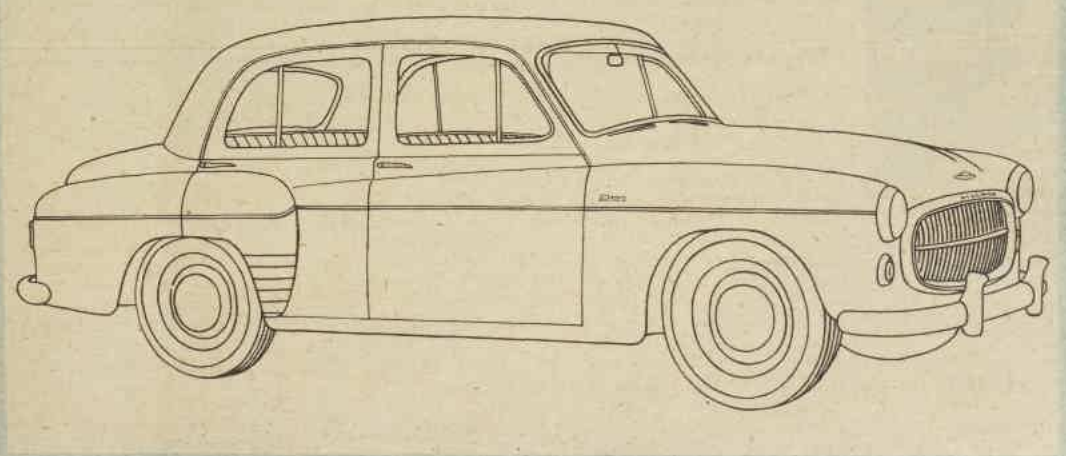
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address .....

.....

.....

State .....



CUT OUT AND COLOR THIS CAR

HOW TO ENTER

● Cut out the drawing of the Hillman Minx car below and color it to give a two-tone effect.

A third color may be used, if desired, for the upholstery.

Also, describe briefly the three outfits, including accessories, you would choose to harmonise with your car color scheme for the following occasions: (a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant; (b) A picnic in the country; (c) A day at the beach.

Write on one side of the paper only and print your name and address clearly.

Send your completed car drawing and description of outfits, together with the entry form, to "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries close on May 25, 1956.

CONTEST RULES

Keep this for reference

THE prizes for the "Gay Look" Contest will be three of the new two-tone Hillman Minx saloon cars, registered and insured for 12 months and then valued at £1165/7/9 each.

There is no limit to the number of entries competitors may send in, but only one entry can be sent with each official entry form.

No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed, lost, or mislaid before or after delivery. Mutilated entries may be disqualified.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies and employees of Rootes Group or any of its agents are not eligible to enter the contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Any competitor not observing the rules may be disqualified. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision. The judges' decision as to the winning entries shall be final. The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly in all other matters shall be final and legally binding.

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FINELY MADE ENGLISH CIGARETTES

ENJOY the advantages of

CENTRAL HEATING

for only a fraction of the cost!

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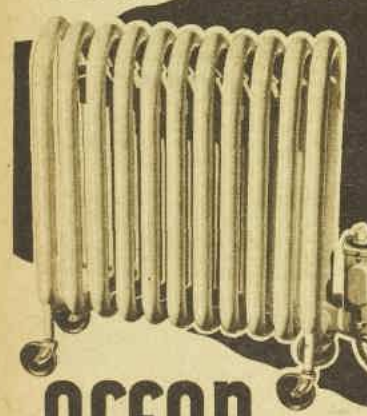
INCUBATORS

SICK ROOMS

HOT HOUSES



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See the "OCEAN" Heater, now, at all leading electrical, department and hardware stores — or write for Post Free literature.

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- Fully guaranteed
- All-directional radiation
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"OCEAN" Heaters are Australian-made and fully guaranteed by . . .

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Many girls worry unnecessarily about what they describe as "being fresh" with boys. Often what they think is "fresh" is only good manners.

FIRST out of the mail-bag this week is a letter from a girl in this plight.

Here is her letter:

"I BELONG to a ladies' committee which arranges social functions for a boys' club. Soon there is to be a picnic dance to celebrate a recent victory the club had in sport. The boys will not have to pay for anything at the dance. Although I know all the boys I do not go out with any of them. However, I would like to ask a boy to take me to this dance, as all the other girls on the committee will be going with boys from the club, and also because I think the boy I would like to ask is a very nice boy. He is about 19. I am 17 years old. Do you think it would be very forward, since he has never asked me out? We know each other, of course."

"Wondering," Sydney.

No, in the circumstances I don't think it would be forward. Members of ladies' committees have to attend dances they arrange, and for them to invite a male to escort them is accepted practice. It is also understood in such cases that the man in the case is not burdened with expenses because of the invitation. This, of course, does not concern you, as the outing won't cost him anything. Go ahead and ask him.

"I AM 15 and during the year I have been very interested in a boy a class higher than mine. I have never found a way to get to know him and have been very distant when admiring him. I don't want him to think I am fresh. Only my closest friends know I like him. I don't go to many parties, as there are few and I am rather shy. Among people I am classed as rather attractive. I often see him when I go swimming. How can I get to know him?

"Water Baby," Kirra, Qld.

I think the beach is the perfect setting to get to know this boy better. It would not be "fresh"—it would simply be courteous—to say "hello" to a friend or acquaintance whom you meet after school. You can't expect him to take any notice of you if you don't speak to him. Even at 15 you should know that a lady should first speak to a gentleman. It is her privilege to do so. If she doesn't speak to him and she knows him, even only casually, she is deliberately snubbing him, saying most effectively that she doesn't want to know him. If a man speaks to a lady first he is being fresh, so say "Hullo" to this boy next time you see him. Don't make it a coy greeting — just be friendly and leave it at that.

"WAS it or was it not 'totally incorrect' for a gentleman to wear a good panama hat to a Government House Garden Party on a very hot day? Indeed, it would be gratefully received if you could publish the correct outfit for ladies and gentlemen both."

X.Y.Z., Melbourne.

It was totally incorrect to wear a panama hat to a Government House Garden Party. Morning dress is correct for men (black worsted cutaway coat, grey striped trousers, and a grey woollen double-breasted waistcoat worn with a grey topper), but today, when many such formalities have been relaxed, a dark single or double breasted lounge suit is accepted. Worn with it is either a bowler or dark felt hat. Ladies should wear an afternoon dress with hat and gloves.

"WHENEVER I go out I feel very embarrassed, as I have a bump in my nose. Could you please let me know of some plastic surgeon in Sydney or where I could have this treated? Also I would like to know how much it would cost approximately.

A.H., Sydney.

We cannot help you with this information. You should write to the Secretary, British Medical Association, 135 Macquarie Street, Sydney.

A word from Debbie . . .

VISITING Melbourne for the first time? You must—

- Wander through the Botanical Gardens, armed with a supply of bread, and feed the ducks and swans. While you're there, have a bird's-eye view of the city and Port Phillip Bay by climbing to the top of the Shrine of Remembrance.
- Take a ride on "Puffing Billy," the colorful little train which winds its way for seven miles along a 2ft. 6in. gauge through the Dandenongs from Ferntree Gully to Belgrave.
- Windowshop in Collins Street. It's a fascinating pastime—in a street famous the world over.

★ ★ ★

- Make some oatmeal cheese biscuits. Sift 1 cup self-raising flour with pinch salt and pepper. Add 8oz. fine oatmeal and 4oz. grated cheese. Mix to a stiff dough with egg-yolk and water. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into fingers. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes.
- Make plastic slip covers to fit over coathangers and stop your dark clothes rubbing against the pastel ones in your wardrobe. Cut the covers a little longer than the hanger, and five inches deep. Leave a hole in the top to slip the hook through.

DISC DIGEST

GERSHWIN'S "Do, Do, Do" is essentially a smoochy number and the barrel-house treatment which pianist Johnny Maddox gives it on HL.1049 seems very out of character. The flip tune, "When You Wore A Tulip," responds much better to a ragtime facelift. However, if you like twangy piano, strong accents, and the vocal support of The Rhythmasters, the disc should please you and your party guests.

★ ★ ★

MICKI MARLO, a lass with a far from delicate voice, was introduced to me on CP.1023 singing "Like I Loved Nobody Before" and "Pet Me, Poppa," a number which Frank Loesser has written to be used in the film version of his musical "Guys And Dolls." Both have a strong rocking beat, and Micki bounces them off her tonsils with gusto. Hollywood never ceases to amaze. Why did they drop the hit from the play, "A Bushel And A Peck," and substitute the everyday "Pet Me, Poppa?"

★ ★ ★

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S fans will be on to this one fast: "Summertime in Venice," the theme music from her film "Summertime," in which Katie makes amends for her unhappy Australian stage appearances. Actually, it's a marshmallow sort of tune, but on MGM.5212 David Rose uses his ork so dazzlingly that you forget the shortcomings. The reverse is an old favorite — not so old really, but it's almost a standard—"The River Seine," and to this he adds the sympathetic voice of Beryl Davis. Personally, I like more lilt, more ebb and flow in this lovely French melody, but, nevertheless, the two tunes combine to afford you some pleasant listening.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

For wear and style insist on

NILE

Heartburn ? Indigestion ?

YOU NEED

Hardy's

INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases

NO DIETING NECESSARY

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

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There's never been such lovely slipper comfort!

Wonderful *Knights*

all with the new super-soft long-wearing "Knightfoam" soles

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the lowest price in years

Such super-soft soles!

So hard-wearing, too. The new "Knightfoam" soles that last and last and last.

MERRY — A quilted satin moccasin in wine, royal and saxe. "Knightfoam" soles.

18/11

NONA — In burgundy, royal, saxe and black. Soft "Knightfoam" soles.

18/11

19/11

ALENA—Camelhair in gay burgundy, royal or multi checks. On super-soft "Knightfoam" soles.

INA — With super-soft "Knightfoam" soles in burgundy, royal, saxe and black.

18/11

Ask "Miss Knight"

If you are not able to get the Knight Slipper you want at your local store—or for any information on Knights write to "Miss Knight", C/o Box 3, P.O., Abbotsford, Victoria.

Make sure you get the genuine Knight Slipper. Look for the name "Knight" on both inside and outside soles.

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It makes all the difference in the world when the answer's "Esta-foam". Esta-foam is the newest development in foam cushioning, available for the first time in Australia. There's nothing to equal it for cool, airy comfort that never tires you . . . Esta-foam keeps its "spring" through years of wear. It washes, drycleans perfectly . . . never stains, crumbles, or rots . . . is heat resistant . . . keeps furniture light, easy to move. And its low price will surprise you. Remember, though there are other types of foam upholstery it's best to insist on Esta-foam . . . Esta-foam is the latest development of the world's leading research laboratories! At all leading stores.

Ask to see furniture with

NEW COMFORT

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IT NEVER TIRES YOU

HOW I GOT MY MAN

• Recently we published some expert advice on "How to Get a Man," and invited readers to send in personal stories of their romances.

FROM the thousands of entries in our "How I Got My Man" Contest it seems that many marriages were the result of careful feminine plotting.

Some entrants were slightly patronising about the expert male advice given in the "How to Get a Man" feature.

Several started their entries with the words "Poor dears, they haven't got a clue" or "Sweet, but they don't know what they are talking about."

Many girls said that the men had done the chasing, but each admitted doing something to attract and hold his attention until he finally got to the stage of proposing.

Among the many amusing entries that did not win prizes was one from a girl whose attention-getting tactics included standing in a lift so that her hair tickled a man's nostrils.

Then there was the girl who won her man by darning his socks and patching his pants.

One woman enumerated the qualities with which she thought she had managed to catch her husband and then remarked: "After marriage, these can be relaxed."

Here are the winning entries.

Outing was arranged

THE date was May 2, 1938. I had just turned 17 and my cousin told me he had a nice 18-year-old boy working for him.

So I decided to go down and look him over, which I did, and was favorably impressed.

I had to think of a scheme to see him again and, if possible, get him to take me out. At last I hit on a brilliant idea. I went to the Astor Theatre and bought tickets for the Saturday show.

These I gave to my cousin with instructions to tell Ken that he had bought the tickets but couldn't use them and would he mind using them and taking me along.

After the show Ken returned the compliment and asked me to accompany him the following Saturday night. After that we just clicked and went out together for two years and then married.

After quite a time I told Ken the story and now after 15 marvellous years we often tell our two teenage daughters how Mummy snapped up Daddy.

£20 to "To-each-his-own," Hampton, Vic.

Telephonic charmer

I WAS fortunate, for the man I got and I were well acquainted before we actually met.

I was no glamor girl, the beauty aids of today, perms, rouge, lipstick, etc., etc., were literally out-of-this-world.

I was in charge of a telephone exchange in a small town off the east coast of England, and in that year of grace, 1890, telephones were still a marvel.

He was a clerk in a nearby city firm that had a branch in our town.

There were many calls daily between the offices, and gradually I became used to snatches of chit-chat.

He had a very intriguing voice and curiosity got the better of me and I made a few discreet inquiries from a friend in the City Exchange only to find he had been consumed with an equal need for information.

We became more and more friendly as the weeks passed, then he suggested we meet.

But my upbringing and the ever-present Mrs. Grundy (Where has she gone at last?) made me demure.

Later I spoke of my brother, Fred, who worked in the city and my hero quickly took the hint.

So finally Fred brought him home. We were eventually married and lived happily (more or less) ever after—and now, surrounded by children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, we spend the winter of life in this lovely sunny land, Australia.

£10 to "Plain Jane," Victoria Park, W.A.

"Rash on my face"

I WAS appointed secretary to the most eligible man in the office—a bachelor, handsome and very popular.

We worked together for two years in a harmonious but completely impersonal way, then fate stepped in.

It is said that blessings come in disguise—mine certainly did! I caught a "wog" which started as a small spot on my face and rapidly spread until I resembled a currant pudding!

Miserably, I went to my boss to ask for time off for treatment. To my surprise, not only was he most sympathetic but he really seemed to be interested in me, as a person, for the first time.

He visited me in hospital, our friendship ripened into love, and we eventually married.

I asked him later what he really thought of me during those two years we worked together. "Well," he replied, "I thought you were a nice little kid, but I never really noticed you much until you got those awful spots on your face, then I felt so darned sorry for you."

£5 to "Lucky Spot," East Malvern, Vic.

You just be natural

WHEN a girl meets the man she intends to marry, she should act just naturally. Why waste time playing "hard to get" or why pretend to like doing everything he likes?

What happens in this case when they marry? Either the man is going to get a shock or the girl is going to spend many miserable hours doing

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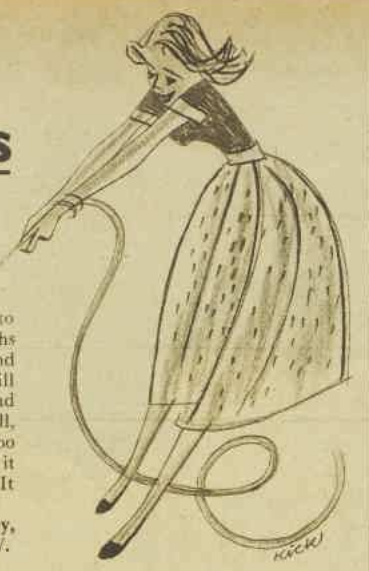
...Contest entries show that the male only thinks he does the hunting



things she doesn't really enjoy, if she keeps up the pretence.

Why shouldn't the girl "chase" her man? That's more or less what I did, with great success.

I met my husband in a little English pub and decided he was the one. We saw each other frequently, but although I knew he was interested no proposal was forthcoming.

After a while he told me he was migrating to Australia, so on my next day off I was at Australia House with my £10 fare money (borrowed from my sister until pay day), and I joined the ranks of hopeful migrants-to-be.

As soon as he knew that I intended to follow him 12,000 miles, he proposed.

We were married on our second day in Australia and are not likely to be customers for the Marriage Guidance Council.

£1 to "Lucky Pommie," Townsville, Qld.

Give him the treatment

I DELIBERATELY set out to catch him, i.e., to make him love me. We were on speaking terms and worked in the same office.

Being no beauty worried me not, strangely enough. I was always clean, tidy, and naturally cheerful and optimistic.

Loving him was the main factor in my winning campaign, which progressed as follows:

(1) Making opportunities to come before his notice, e.g., leaving the office at exactly the same time as he did — deliberately scheming.

(2) Being friendly but not forward.

(3) Showing genuine interest in his affairs but not prying.

(4) Being kind and understanding (mother-like).

(5) Showing my preference for him over other men.

(6) Being available when he asked for a date.

This was a happy stage and by loving him and being sincerely interested in making him happy I achieved my goal.

After eight years' marriage I guarantee this plan will keep your man and keep him happy.

£1 to "Happy Hunter," Lismore, N.S.W.

Baited the trap

I THINK everyone knows the old rule of the hunter. Bait your trap according to the game you are after.

I followed it to the letter and am now happily married to the "game."

My man's likes were politics, Shakespeare, and food, in that order. Politics I knew nothing about. So every morning I would plough grimly through the political news in the papers.

He did look rather startled on occasions at some of my ideas on how the country should be run, but I stuck to it.

We lived in a country town, and, as entertainment was limited, movies once a week and a dance every month, our courtship consisted mainly of long bush walks, discussing the respective merits of the Liberal and Labor Parties.

I was familiar with Shakespeare. No trouble there.

He was a healthy lad and seemingly always hungry, so, to overcome this, I used to carry a cut lunch with me — corned beef and pickles or onions.

In the cold months I varied the menu with a flask of hot coffee.

He still thinks it was the greatest romance of all time. And so do I.

£1 to "Freckles," Esk, Qld.

It was all a joke

WELL, it was Leap Year some 16 years ago, towards midnight on New Year's Eve.

The party fell very flat and, as one of the clowns, I was implored to do something to make it "go." After some thought I announced that after the last stroke of midnight I would propose to the nearest eligible man. Somehow I "accidentally" found myself nearest to Richard, who was so interesting but shy, and simply never looked at girls. Dramatically, on bended knee, I gave forth: "Darling, will you marry me?"

A stunned silence — then— "Too bloomin' right," he said, and to the joyous amaze-

ment of the crowd swept me into his arms. After that, the going was comparatively simple. Our fellow guests, thinking the whole thing a terrific joke for the balance of the holidays, just egged that poor boy on to partner me to every possible social function. Meanwhile, I was exercising every possible ounce of charm, to receive some months later (at intervals and by post — he is still shy) one, two, and three proposals. Well, I couldn't seem too eager, could I? Try it some time, girls. It does work!

£1 to Dorothy May, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

She was a "Good Pal"

WHEN, after one or two preliminary skirmishes in the romantic field, I eventually met the man who rang the "This Is It" bell immediately, I set out to plan my campaign for the ensnaring of the said male.

Firstly I had two major obstacles to overcome.

There was already another female in the field and I didn't come under the glamor type rating by a long shot.

I therefore decided that a fair bit of subtlety was going to be required and tried the Good Pal approach. Fortunately, I had the natural advantage of working in the same office, so that he had to see me every day whether he wanted to or not.

I laid myself out to be his confidante and friend and exuded good nature and understanding whilst quelling the fervent desire to cut the other woman's throat.

When, after some months, she made a false move and made him hopping mad, who else but I was the natural person for him to turn to for comfort and company? All right, so I got him on the rebound. No matter, I got him— and what's more I kept him!

£1 to B. R., Port Lincoln, S.A.

She got very annoyed

I KNEW my man was the man for me when I first saw him, but, alas, he did not feel the same way.

He had eyes only for my best friend, who was dainty and smart and did not have a large mouth and big hands as I did.

Nevertheless, I was no quitter and tried all the ways I knew—glamor, new gowns, new hairdos, and a sympathetic approach. I asked him to dinner and served him delicious meals, cooked with my own fair, but large, hands, and listened intelligently every time he opened his mouth. No go!

Then my girl-friend fell in love and promptly dropped all her old admirers. On the rebound my man turned to me for comfort and consolation. I was happy, but not for long. He was slow and at his most ardent he was just lukewarm, so in the end I blew up and told him off. That night I went out with his best friend.

He sulked for a week and then beseiged me with phone calls, letters, flowers, and chocolates, but I refused all offers of reconciliation. The more casual I became the keener he grew, so in the end I gave in gracefully and did what I always longed to do; made him mine.

£1 to "Simple Sue," Brunswick Heads, N.S.W.

She just listened

I CONFESS that I chose my man long before he chose me, but he doesn't know this, even though we have been married for five years.

My "courting campaign" was simply to listen to him talk about anything he

fancied — cars, ships, the boss, the fellows at work, etc., which, frankly, bored me to tears.

However, I persevered and at last I heard him say haltingly but lovingly, "I love you." You may think this sounds an easy way to win your man, but it was the hardest thing in the world for me, a born talker, to listen to him constantly "holding the floor."

Coupled with my listening campaign, I always made certain to be clean, daintily but not expensively dressed, and fresh-looking — the personification of the girl I knew he wanted to marry (I learned this by listening to him talk). So, girls, to win your man, capture his attention by being a ready listener, learn what type of girl appeals to him and BE HER.

£1 to "Gertie," Young Wallsend, N.S.W.

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After your shower, there's nothing quite as refreshing as a dusting of fine, caressing Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder. Potter & Moore's Lavender Talcum Powder makes you delicately fragrant all day long. It leaves the skin cool, dry and smooth, is deodorising and absorbent. Gives that demure Mitcham Lavender perfume so much loved by discriminating people.

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

High fashion for late-day: The narrow, unbelted one-piece with an empire-line bodice-top, made in sheer wool or satin.

THE fashion flash above answers the reader's query in the letter published below. Here is her letter and my reply.

"I HAVE some beautiful caramel-colored pure wool which I would like to make up for a late-afternoon frock. I would like something new in the way of a style. I would like it without a belt but shaped to the figure. I really can't see myself in any of the sack-like garments being shown in fashion magazines."

There is nothing shapeless about the design I have chosen for your caramel wool, and it is right in fashion. The dress follows the empire line, is beltless in front but has a half-belt placed low at the back. I hope you will like the design sufficiently to copy it.

You didn't inquire about a paper pattern, but one is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust for the design. See the lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"I HAVE just made myself a creamy-beige wool dress for late-day and informal evening wear. It is to be finished with buttons and a belt. What color would you advise?"

I suggest you finish the dress with gold buttons and wear it with a gilt leather belt. When you wear it after dark, add gold shoes.

"NOTHING ever seems to go together in my wardrobe, and as I have not a large amount to spend on clothes I wondered if you could advise me. I am in my late thirties."

As you have not a large dress budget, I think it would be wise to keep your basic clothes in dark colors (jet-brown, navy, caramel, blue, and black) and try to collect shoes, bags, and gloves of the same color. Keep color accents above the shoulder-line. A hat in a color to suit your eyes and hair or even earrings or a scarf can work wonders in flattery.

D.S.188.—Empire-line dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9. Pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WHAT colored hat would be new and unusual with a pastel blue suit? I would also like to know if it would be correct to trim the suit with a velvet collar. I am an ardent follower of French fashions."

I suggest coral for the hat. Pale blue and coral are recent Dior favorites—so you will be right in fashion. It would be perfectly correct to finish your suit with a velvet collar. The velvet would be best in a slightly darker shade than the suit.

"WOULD you please give me some information about dressing for a second marriage? Is it correct to wear white, and do I wear a veil? I would also like to know if it is permissible for me to have a bridesmaid."

For a second marriage it is not customary to wear white, nor is it correct to wear a bridal veil. I suggest you choose a pastel color for the dress and wear it with a becoming hat. You may have a bridesmaid or matron of honor, but don't have more than one attendant.

"COULD you please tell me the right way to iron the shoulderline of a wool frock I have just completed?"

Place the shoulder of the garment over the end of an ironing-board and press. Move the garment around as you press the armhole with the point of the iron.

"I WONDERED if you would help me with a double-duty outfit suitable for daytime and cocktail wear."

What you need is a dress-and-jacket ensemble. For the design I suggest a sleeveless sheath dress, finished with a square-cut neckline and worn with a paisley silk cummerbund. Choose paisley with lots of tans and black in the pattern. Have the jacket unfitted and unwaisted, reaching to hipbone length, and have it lined with the same silk as the cummerbund.

Beauty in Brief:

Rouging the cheeks

By CAROLYN EARLE

● One of the most common errors in make-up made by the older woman is smothering her cheeks with rouge. Ideally, rouge should be used so sparingly that your friends will have to guess whether it is nature or art. Here's how to do a better rouging job.

THE two conventional rouges are cream rouge (for dry and normal skins) and the dry type, used mostly when the skin is oily and for running repairs.

Cream rouge goes on after your foundation, and the best way to do it is to pick up the cosmetic with whichever finger you prefer, then smooth it with the corresponding finger of your other hand.

This way, using a finger for each cheek, the color will be the same on each side. Placing and blending the color is of utmost importance. Unless you find more color is needed, always use a clean finger each time.

Don't rub the rouge into the skin, but rather think of brushing it off.

Dry rouge goes on in exactly the same way, but it goes on after powder, and it is transferred to the cheeks with a puff or clean piece of cottonwool instead of the fingertips.

Blending is also done in the same manner as described above for cream rouge, but with a puff or cottonwool.

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M46.

for all the family

MORLEY Velnit (REG.)

interlock cotton underwear

Always look for the name **MORLEY**

from page 9

things she had said to him that night, as they parted forever. Truths that cut deep like a knife.

"You do dance well, Mr. Beaumont!" the girl remarked, looking up at him with innocent smoke-blue eyes. He tried not to recall the times he had kissed her where those long bronze-black lashes curled against her cheek. "So you're from the city, too?" she asked. Politely, one stranger to another.

All right, he thought, I can play that game as well as the next. He grinned down at her mockingly. "I was born here, actually," he confessed. "But my parents died and an uncle took me over and tried to make a gentleman out of me. If I hadn't been at a loose end and hadn't happened to see an advertisement in the paper, I don't suppose I should ever have come back."

"Really?" she smiled. "How interesting for you! Probably," she added, "I'd never have come, either, except for my friend's invitation. Do you know the Jessups? In that big red house on the hill as you come up from the highway? Lucy's a nurse—we've been friends since I was in hospital a couple of years ago when I broke my leg."

"And you're enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, immensely, thanks. I believe there are to be some even more exciting highlights later on. Sports, and a pageant of local history. Shall you be staying on?"

"I'd like to," he agreed. "I'll have to see if Daisy Summers can give me a shakedown in her hayshed, or somewhere."

He danced with Stella more than once in the next few hours. He would have liked to claim her every time the music started up, but Daisy had her eye on him and parcelled him out as well among the local girls.

There was a kind of crazy make-believe about the whole affair for Fraser Beaumont. Yet, pretending to be strangers, somehow he and Stella could talk to each other here without heat or hurt. He could tell her of his childhood in the valley, of boyish adventures in the wild country back into the hills. While Stella proved that she could be gentle, too, friendly and understanding, just for this little while.

Fraser spent the night on the hard plush sofa in Mrs. Summer's front parlor. Yet he slept soundly, a boy again. Thinking, as he blew out the candle and stared at a window softly greying with the dawn, that he was rather glad life had such puckish humor, and that he was happy to be back among these friendly people. Thinking of Stella Mitcham, warmth gathered round his heart. Perfect as a poem, he thought, and with a royal beauty.

I could easily fall in love with her all over again, he told himself, if I could just stop loving her long enough to begin. And then he sighed. It wasn't really any good, after all. Away from here they could only quarrel. And there was no place for them in Binnabin, however much they might choose to pretend.

Of necessity, Fraser was up rather earlier next morning than he really cared for, and was out helping with the morning chores even before breakfast. But, to his surprise, he felt fine and in excellent spirits. He took a turn on the woodheap, gulping in the fresh country air, carried buckets of milk to the poddy calves, and stirred mash for the pigs. He sat down to a breakfast of porridge, cold boiled mutton and pickles, bread, honey, and cream, and amazed himself by what he tucked away. Then he took out the car and set out to find Stella Mitcham, wondering if she would be awake yet.

Jessups', where Stella was staying, was a poultry farm. Fraser had to leave his car at the foot of the hill and climb a steep avenue of pines. Two slim figures were busy in a paddock of green lucerne beside the neat cement colony-houses, and Fraser went over to them. Lucy Jessup, a rosy-faced brunette, hailed him with the wave of one hand. She was expertly scything the crop with long sweeping strokes, while, following, Stella gathered it up by the armful into a handcart for delivery to the fowls.

Stella wore a faded old pair of blue jeans and a cotton shirt, and looked as lovely as ever, her hair spattered with dewdrops, arms bare and lips parted. She was hard put to it to keep up with Lucy, yet obviously was enjoying herself.

"Oh, hullo, Mr. Beaumont!" she called gaily. "Are you going to the sports this afternoon?"

As cool as the grass itself. Perfectly friendly, in this place where all neighbors were friends, but determined to keep him at a distance. Maddeningly impersonal, frustratingly blind. Fraser felt that the joke had gone far enough. He wanted to talk to her alone. But he chose to suppose he had come to see Lucy Jessup just as much as to see her.

> **Knowledge is awareness of the fact that fire will burn; wisdom is remembrance of the blister.**
>
> ***—Robert Quillen.***

However, Mrs. Jessup obligingly reprieved him by calling Lucy up to the house. Fraser trundled the handcart over to the pens and watched Stella portion out the lucerne. "I came over to see if you'd like to go for a drive this afternoon to the Falls," he said.

"How very kind of you!" Stella exclaimed, pretending to be so surprised at his thoughtfulness. "I suppose it will be rather hot down on the sports ground this afternoon. You won't mind if I bring Lucy, of course? I can't very well accept otherwise, since I'm her guest——"

Fraser groaned. "Do we have to keep this up?" he complained. "You know very well I want to talk to you——"

She checked him with a bland blue glance. "I prefer the pretence," she said. "You may remember that, without it, we wouldn't be on speaking terms at all. Here we've met again as strangers with the chance to become reasonably acquainted. You never know, we might even come to like each other quite well—here. But, of course, if you're not willing——"

He wanted her so much. And she knew she had him in a cleft stick. There was nothing he could do but be thankful for small mercies. "At least you'll come?" he asked humbly, after a pause for strength. "Bring anyone you like, if you have to—so long as you'll come—"

She smiled charmingly. Green sap smudged her face and hands, and he thought he could see faint golden freckles already powdering her fair skin. He looked at her with love in his eyes, pleading, and she said, "Oh, I'd love to come! Thanks. After lunch, then."

When he called for her in the car she kept him waiting for fifteen minutes, then came out gaily, in a lime-green linen dress that stirred strange cool shadows in her eyes. "I'm sorry I'm late," she declared, getting in beside him, "but I'm afraid Lucy can't come after all. She says she's promised to help this afternoon with the refreshments." He knew then that Stella had never intended Lucy to come. Still, he tried not to let his elation show.

"Does that mean that we needn't keep up the farce of being strangers any more?" he asked. "Women seem to like playing a part, but it doesn't come so easy to a man. And there's so much I want to say to you—while there's still time."

A little knot showed between her brows. "We haven't very much time, really," she told him. "I've promised to be back before five. Lucy has roped me in to take part in the pageant. You'll be sure to come and see it, won't you?" Fraser assured her that he wouldn't miss it for the world.

Up in that green, leafy place under the umbrella of the tall treetops and the sparkling blue summer sky, with sunlight glancing below them on the tree-ferns in the great gully, birds sang and the music of falling water joined the soft harmony of the wind. They were enclosed in a quiet green natural cloister, and both knew that it was no use trying to pretend any more.

"Still, it's a pity, I think," Stella commented, "that we can't just go on from where we were last night and forget the past altogether. Why can't we, Fraser?"

Soberly he returned: "Because I love you too much ever to forget, and it's no good pretending I don't! Because, as you know very well, I want you to marry me, and always will. Will you marry me, Stella? If I promise faithfully never——"

She had plucked a wand of gum-leaves and was sitting dreamily trailing them in the water, watching the scatter of sparkling drops that fell like bright gems. Quick as a flash, before he could finish, she flicked the wet wand over him, splashing his clean sports shirt. "Don't promise anything!" she interposed. "It's never any good. We'll only quarrel again as soon as we get back to the city——"

"You're not my assistant now, though," he reminded her. "I won't even have the chance." She turned on him.

"What difference did that make? Why should that have annoyed you?" she demanded.

"I was always so confoundedly jealous," he confessed. "Knowing that you were financially independent, but really working for the sake of wages at all."

Indignantly she retorted: "But I did my work well! You never had any reason to complain about my work! I can't help it if my father has money. I still feel that I have to be useful, and I've always taken care to hold my own—"

"Oh, it wasn't your work!" he assured her, rather to his own surprise. He had always tried to persuade himself that her way of working, her tendency to take too much into her own hands, had been the whole root of the trouble. But now he forced himself to face the real truth. "You were always out with other people—other men I couldn't hope to compete with, either in cash or position——"

Stella said quietly: "Don't you see how foolish you were in even trying to compete? It

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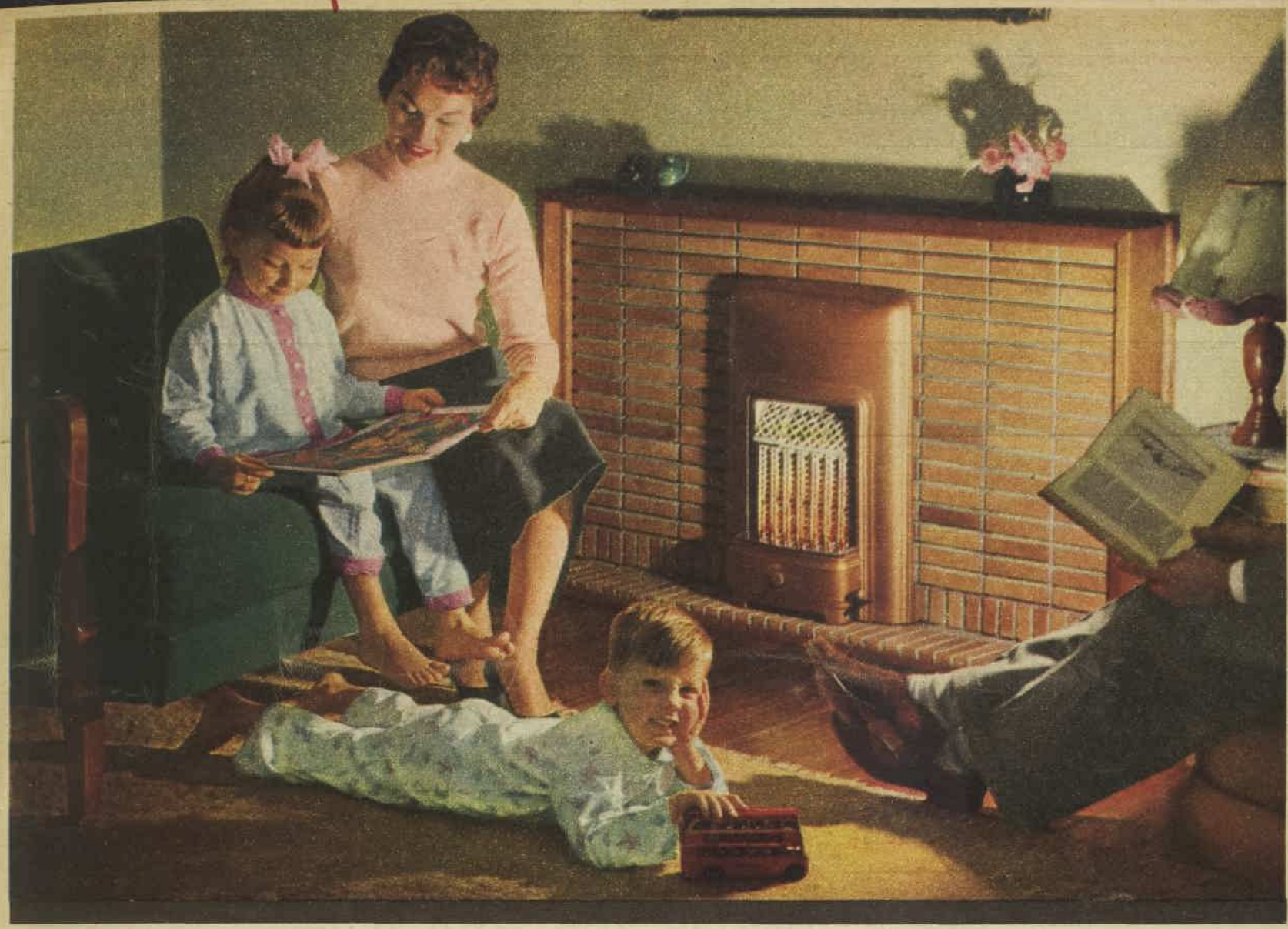

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning APR. 23

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, dark blue. Gambling colors, dark blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck lies in a business transaction.	★ Those hunting a new job, or a better job, those concerned with the commercial or professional world are favored. Homemakers are likely to find finances easier.	★ Those who contemplate dealing in property, buying or selling, or those letting or renting a place of residence, should find themselves under lucky stars.	★ Your spare time is likely to be occupied with work on a gift for the one you love. This might be knitting a pullover or making a small article due for appreciation.	★ Committee work, the raising of funds, all of the practical side connected with the smooth running of any organisation will be the chief emphasis.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in gay self-confidence.	★ Now is the right moment to push your interests. Useful contacts, friendliness, and using your charm can pay off satisfactorily, bringing unexpected gains.	★ Branching out, desirous of making your home the best possible background for your personality and your way of life? Be firm in your decisions, avoid dithering.	★ Love blossoms now for many of you, whether you are young or no longer quite so young. Romance beckons. Engagements or marriages are coming soon.	★ If you should become involved in a difference of opinion before a group you will assert yourself, impressing supporters and opponents by your attitude.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in thrift and wise spending.	★ You are now entering a quieter period, during which you work towards your objective more or less unnoticed by those around you. Waste no time in developing ideas.	★ Many of you will give exhausted nerves the rest and relaxation they need. Someone may come to you with an undercover proposition. Be wary of it.	★ You may soft-pedal your exuberance of recent date and wonder if you and the beloved are slowly drifting apart. Circumstances tend to separate you temporarily.	★ You may cancel appointments or at least postpone them. With a problem to think out, you need peace and quiet in order to reach a decision.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic adventure.	★ There may be staff changes if in paid employment, or new neighbors if a homemaker, but these people are sure to become a factor in connection with your work.	★ It's fun to entertain, and you'll be all set to make a success of it. Work out in advance the dishes you intend to prepare and any games or novelties.	★ That handsome stranger or that glamor girl is coming closer in your emotional life. There is a slight element of mystery which adds to the attraction.	★ Swinging into a golden period of social prestige and popularity, your days fly past. There are many invitations, new friends to be cultivated, old ones to be seen.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck lies in whom you know.	★ Don't be too proud to take advice or directions from those in authority. Incidentally, you can improve your standing by accomplishing a few small extra tasks.	★ Because you will be in constant demand elsewhere, your home may see very little of you. Try to keep a minimum of order. It will help if you cook meals ahead.	★ Some big social event will take you and the one you love best into a fascinating world where you appear at your best. This probably means dancing and social activity.	★ This is really big stuff; you can gain advantages from contacts you are now enjoyng. You can climb to a new level, despite educational differences.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. There is luck in a journey.	★ You'll like this week, for you'll be learning new skills. Try out new methods, if a homemaker, new recipes, if a voluntary worker, new schemes which look promising.	★ Quite a few of you will be joining up classes in household arts, such as interior decorating, Continental cookery, millinery, and dressmaking.	★ Engaging in a joint study or task, you and the one-and-only may discover the joys of teamwork in connection with some project.	★ There could be the unexpected pleasure of a short journey with friends. A proposition hailed with enthusiasm could result in cementing closer relationships.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck lies in a box or cupboard.	★ Income, finances, ways and means to what you hope to attain are uppermost in your thoughts. You may be hopeful of adding to your savings for a purpose.	★ An exchange of services, such as baby sitting in turn so that you and a neighbor can go to town, could bring a new element into your set-up.	★ If you and the beloved are saving up for the future and trying to cut down on fritter money, suggest simple ways of entertainment and do your best to put them over.	★ With pressing personal affairs to attend to, neglected work to be brought up to date, you might be glad to have time off from the social game this week.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Good luck from the opposite sex.	★ You and the marriage partner, or the boy or girl friend, have a wonderful joint plan, which calls for working out details and costs. Worth a few sacrifices.	★ You gather the family around you or join in celebrations of birthdays or anniversaries. Extra work will be involved, but you'll enjoy every minute of it.	★ Wedding dates are still fashionable in Scorpio diaries. Yours may be hastened or briefly postponed for family reasons. Others marry out of a clear sky.	★ There's a dash of romance in your social programme just now. This could be a big ball, a wedding reception, or some other occasion where you meet him or her.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck lies in developing a project.	★ Its name is opportunity, but you could fail to recognise the starting point. Those ready to begin modestly then swing into bigger stuff will be the wise ones.	★ Plenty of real solid work, but, in view of what you achieve, you won't grumble. At least one big task will be over, and you'll be happy to show a clean slate.	★ You're settling down into a jog-trot and taking each other too much for granted. Plan to step out and spend the evening at a new place. Play a romantic role.	★ Naturally easy-going, you'll agree to do a lot of drudgery for a crowd of your friends. This could be sending out notices of meetings, baking cakes, or washing up.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Good luck will be thrust upon you.	★ Here's luck. You're right on the spot at the right moment and you'll get the chance to show what you can do. You'll receive help at the start, so plunge in.	★ Teenagers hold a record session or an informal party. Their elders find a new amusement which draws in all members of the household. In any case, far more gaiety.	★ The joy of living, the knowledge that you are loved will carry you along on a wave of happiness. That first kiss provides a never-to-be-forgotten thrill.	★ In any competition you enter you stand a strong chance of winning a prize. This could be anything from a fancy-dress party to a sweep. Lady Luck brings gifts.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in sudden inspiration.	★ You may resign from a job in order to stay home for a short while, or because you are dissatisfied with your prospects. A new chapter starts soon.	★ Newlyweds are working like tigers to beautify their place of residence; older marrieds acquire an object on which they have been casting longing eyes.	★ The lounge-room at home, if the family keeps out of sight, may prove more attractive for courting than crowded places of amusement.	★ Hospitality is the keynote. You invite friends and neighbors to your home, or you help others who are entertaining. There is danger of an old friendship being hurt.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors three combined. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a telephone conversation.	★ Your work may take you on many short errands, or you may be transferred to another department. If a homemaker you benefit from publications.	★ Lock up carefully if you're taking the day off. You're out to meet friends, hobnob with acquaintances, and exchange ideas in home economics.	★ An all-day expedition, a picnic outing could bring your love affair to a climax. A small adventure may throw you into each other's arms.	★ More running around than you would wish, but that will be the only way to steer clear of muddles. Be extra precise when arranging the time and place of meetings.

Continuing . . .

Getting His Own Back

from page 40

was your lack of trust that always hurt me most. You should have known me better. Those were my father's friends, not mine. You should have known the difference between my father's daughter and the girl who worked with you because she liked the work she was doing!"

He sat without speaking, suddenly shamed by his own blindness, his foolhardiness. Yes, and I should have known, he thought, how jealousy kills. I'll never make that mistake again as long as I live, he promised himself.

Stella had thrown away her wand and was sitting with knees hunched and hands clasped round them. Sometimes she thought she could hear the local band parading away down at the Binnabin Sports Ground, but then again it might have been crows cawing in the distance.

"You know," she remarked at length. "I believe I could be much happier here, where life is so real, than in that other artificial kind of existence. In fact," she announced, tossing little twigs into the water just to see them disappear under the falls and bob up again farther away to glide on gracefully out of sight, "I've a jolly good mind to stay here and marry a farmer and have lots of rosy-cheeked children and keep cows and hens!"

Suddenly Fraser found himself laughing. It was so incongruous to think of Stella Mitcham of the "Peacock's Feathers" and the front row of the stalls at all the first nights "keeping cows and hens." Stella joined in then, just because it was such a lovely day and good to be young, to be enjoying themselves without the taut emotional mistrust that lately had taken all the pleasure out of being together. Fraser leaned towards her.

"Right, then! I'll buy a farm and grow potatoes, or whatever it is the farmers do grow up here. That's if you'll marry me, Stella. I'll do anything on earth that pleases you if only in return you'll do that small thing——"

But Stella had suddenly caught sight of the tiny gold watch on her right wrist. "Oh, my goodness, Fraser! We'll have to be getting back! I promised Lucy I'd be home before her and all ready to help with our costumes for the pageant." She scrambled to her feet and began making for the road again, and there was nothing Fraser could do but follow.

Having delivered Stella back at the farm, he went on down into Binnabin and purchased a meal at the canteen that the enterprising local ladies had organised for visitors at the sports ground, in aid of charitable funds. Already, with the sports over, great activity was in progress towards the pageant, climax of the day's excitements.

He found himself helping out on a soft-drinks stall while the hard-pressed attendant sneaked a belated meal. Darkness fell, and lights went on all over the grounds, skilfully contrived from mobile generators at strategic points. But, although Fraser kept faithful watch, he saw nothing of Stella Mitcham. He began to find the whole thing rather boring, just because the one person who could have made it a pleasure was missing.

Then the pageant commenced. The players issued from a big marquee at one end on to the arena. Spotlights had been quite cunningly arranged from a high pole, but the moonlight itself was so bright that every figure was distinct and rich with meaning. These people were of the past; theirs was the old pioneer way of life. The hardships, the makeshifts, the battle of the valley against flood, fire, drought, calamity. Their courage and humor, their wonderful sense of neighbourliness at times of sickness, birth, and death.

Fraser Beaumont was amazed to find, when at last it was all over, that he had completely forgotten himself in the spectacle. For these people were acting their own story, simply, and with real sincerity. Men, women, children, even the animals, were part of what they portrayed. The same as they had always been, only their circumstances changed.

At midnight, the pageant ending with a fanfare, supper was served with all the lavish hospitality of the bush. Folk began to pack up and go home. The grounds emptied, and still Fraser had seen nothing of the girl he sought. He had looked everywhere for that proudly carried, young, gold head, confident that he could never have missed it, even in that crush of people.

Suddenly the truth seemed to strike him like a blow over the heart. Stella had stayed away tonight on purpose to avoid him. To make him realise once and for all that they were finished. It came to him with a very bitter clarity that women, after all, were the same in all ages, all costumes. In the past as in the future. And what could he offer to a woman like Stella Mitcham?

She needs a man, he thought, not a mere walking brain. I'm nothing, he told himself, apart from my work. Stella needs a man of muscle and action, concerned with life itself, not wrapped up in disembodied abstract science. He couldn't blame her. Nor could he change himself, or amount to anything worth while apart from his work. He saw himself as a fool.

Despondently he went out of the grounds and along to the quiet spot where he had left his car under the tall bush trees. Someone was sitting in the front seat, apparently waiting for a lift. A girl with long yellow ringlets dipping to her neck, a bright pink sun-bonnet, and the quaint old-fashioned garments of a century ago. She got out of the car and bobbed a curtsy as he approached, in a heavy stuff skirt and a low-cut bodice with doll-like sleeves. For the moment Fraser was annoyed; he wasn't in the mood for company just now. And then he saw the laughter in those young, smoke-blue eyes, and knew how well he had been tricked.

"Stella! I — I thought you'd gone back to town! Here I've been staring at you all evening, not knowing who it was! Where on earth did you get that hair?"

Stella laughed delightedly. "It's a wig, of course. I'm glad I was so convincing. You won't mind giving me a lift, will you? Jessups' car was so full I said I'd wait for you."

Relief was so great that for the moment he was speechless. He concerned himself first with turning and driving away; and then the swift confusion in his mind made him suddenly blurt out the truth.

"I wasn't going to wait for the rest of the celebrations," he said. "I was going back tonight. Thinking you'd gone —and it was all finished."

Surprised, she looked at him. He looked tired, dark. He drove swiftly, staring at the road ahead.

"But why, Fraser?"

Haltingly, he tried to explain. "I was thinking it over, trying to see your point of view. I'm not really good enough for you; not your type of man. And yet I can't change. You like gaiety, you can hold your own in any company, you're always sought after. I'm just a dull old stick," he said, "wrapped up in my work, and it's not fair to expect you to give up all your fun for me."

"You weren't going to see me any more?" she asked.

"No," he said. And added quickly: "Not unless you wanted me to." His eyes on hers, pleading in spite of himself. Because he loved her so.

Fraser pulled up the car at the foot of the hill below the farmhouse. The moon had gone over, the drive was dark under the pines. A tunnel of darkness they traversed side by side, in silence palpitant with hidden thoughts.

Stella's thoughts were full of wonder. He was going to do this for my sake, she told herself. So that I could be free to forget him, to marry someone wealthy and more exciting. As if all that really matters! As if I care a fig for gadding about and going to parties and smart hotels. That's not really life at all.

The climb was long and steep. Suddenly Stella paused, a little out of breath. Not really from the steepness of the hill. Her pink sunbonnet had fallen back, and he saw the rose tucked in those long yellow ringlets, which somehow made her look so absurdly young and vulnerable, like a child. She was very close to him, her wide eyes searching his in the lamplight beaming from the house.

"Fraser, I've got a confession to make," she said. "Didn't you wonder why I came to Binnabin? Not knowing you'd be here, too? I—I wanted to understand you," she confessed. "I thought, if I came up here, where you were born, and got to know the place you'd been brought up in —— I was hoping I'd get to understand you better and why we always seemed to quarrel so, even though we really—really——"

He did not let her finish. He took her in his arms and held her close. Asserting himself at last. Knowing her for his woman, and himself as her man. Just as she had always hoped he would some day. He kissed her, all his love on his lips. And then suddenly he laughed.

"You make a gorgeous blonde, darling, but I'd much rather have you as you really are!" And when she had taken off the long, bright yellow ringlets, thankfully he drew her back again to rest against him. "I've been an awful fool, Stella. I don't really deserve this. But it's just that I could never really bring myself to believe that you could care for such a poor, dull fish ——"

She put her fingers to his lips. "You're not to say things like that about the man I'm going to marry," she told him. "I'm so glad we both had the same idea about coming here, aren't you? There's something so real about this place. We'll both work together from now on—but let's come back here often, shall we? Whenever we feel we need to really find each other again."

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Worth Reporting

WE'VE been wandering around for days in a thick aura of "Moscow."

The Soviet ice-breaker Lena was docked for repairs in Port Adelaide, S.A., on her way home from the Russian Antarctic base of Mirny, and we went aboard.

Everyone was very charming and hospitable, so we stayed to lunch.

We ate Russian-style borsch served from big silver tureens, accompanied by rye bread and chilled butter, baked potatoes, meat, sour gherkin, and a Russian compote—fruit floating in warm syrup.

Then we had a look at the ship. All cabins are planned for perfection of comfort and space economy, with desk lamps, radio, and telephone.

The ship's living, eating, and sleeping quarters are panelled in blond wood, with drapes of deep green. Portraits of Lenin and Stalin (surprisingly, in view of the current anti-Stalin outlook) dominate the scene.

In the recreation room was a chess table with chessmen in position. A game between Lena's crew and a cargo vessel, Mojiskiy, in Vladivostok was in progress by radio.

Hauntingly sad Russian music sung and played over the ship's radio accompanied us round the vessel.

Most honored guest aboard Lena during her Adelaide stay was Sir Douglas Mawson, who discovered Haswell Island, on which the Russian Antarctic Base is established, during his Antarctic explorations early this century.

Everyone in Adelaide was interested in Lena's stewardesses. There are six of them, and they work in ordinary clothes, with scarves over their heads in working hours.

They did not enlist for polar service. They merely applied for jobs as stewardesses and had no idea of their destination until they went aboard. They were selected because they had lived and worked in Arctic regions.

Two other women are crew members.

The highlight of our visit was when Chief Engineer Lep Novgoradsov brought out a bottle of perfume tied with red ribbon. It was a sample of "Moscow" perfume, which was launched in Russia a couple of years ago.

It was a fairly heavy, almost cloying perfume, and as we gingerly applied a little behind our ears, hoping it would not clash too noticeably with our French perfume, the chief engineer, with a laugh, seized the bottle and liberally sprinkled it on our hair.

"Have you ever tasted anything like that stew?—I mean voluntarily?"

A *FRIEND of ours, whose lawn had been getting out of hand because of the wet weather, bought himself a scythe.*

After purchasing the scythe he took it to the cloakroom of a Sydney station to check it in while he did some more shopping.

The girl in the cloak-room was a bit doubtful about it.

"I'll look after it for you," she said, "but I don't know how you spell it."

She scribbled out a ticket for our friend reading: "One Old Father Time."

Australian clothes for Paris

RIGHT now our fashion department is puffed up with pride because three "Candy Hardy" model frocks and three "Fashion Frocks" have been included in a collection of Australian-made garments to be exported to Paris.

All the garments are made in French cotton fabrics. The collection has already been displayed in Sydney at the Royal Easter Show.

Three thousand people saw the clothes, displayed at parades twice daily.

The clothes will give the French fabric manufacturers trading with Australia an opportunity to see the high standard of design in the Commonwealth.

Personally we are very proud of our "made in Australia" dress labels.

★ ★ ★

THE recent French Exhibition in Sydney has had a disquieting effect on expatriate Frenchmen living in Australia.

"My husband has gone crazy now about French cooking," said one of our friends. "He was sitting up in bed the other morning reading the frog recipes in a French cook book.

"When I asked him why he bothered because he wouldn't be able to do anything about the recipes, he replied: 'Don't be too sure. The children's tadpoles have legs already.'"

Mothers' problems just the same

HUNDREDS of keen women unionists converged on Sydney this month to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of their organisation—The Mothers' Union.

Aiming, not for improved working conditions or pay, but for upholding the ideals of Christian marriage and Motherhood, they attended a special festival held in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney.

A world-wide organisation, with half a million members, the Mothers' Union began in England in 1876, and in 1896 spread to Australia.

Early minute-books at the Sydney headquarters of the Mothers' Union show that problems faced 60 years ago are still discussed today. Members then wanted to help young children, "keeping them happily occupied, and away from the streets, their only playground."

They also recommended that mother should "encourage her boy to bring his friends home."

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

IN the preface to "The Dinner Party," subtitled "From the Journal of a Lady of Today," American author Gretchen Finletter admits that English readers will probably feel she is attempting to rival E. M. Delafield's "Provincial Lady" novels.

Writing in a staccato manner, Miss Finletter describes an American wife coping with three children, kitchen problems, and house renovation.

The most amusing chapter in the book is where Bowie, a Cultured youth, visits the home, and remarks that most people are only capable of discussing what he calls Maintenance.

"Maintenance," says Bowie, "includes talk of money, domestic problems, plans for holidays, state of health, automobile, or wardrobe."

Author Gretchen Finletter provides some easy light reading. But her "Lady of Today" at no time rivals the incomparable "Provincial Lady."

Published by Victor Gollancz. (Our copy from the publishers.)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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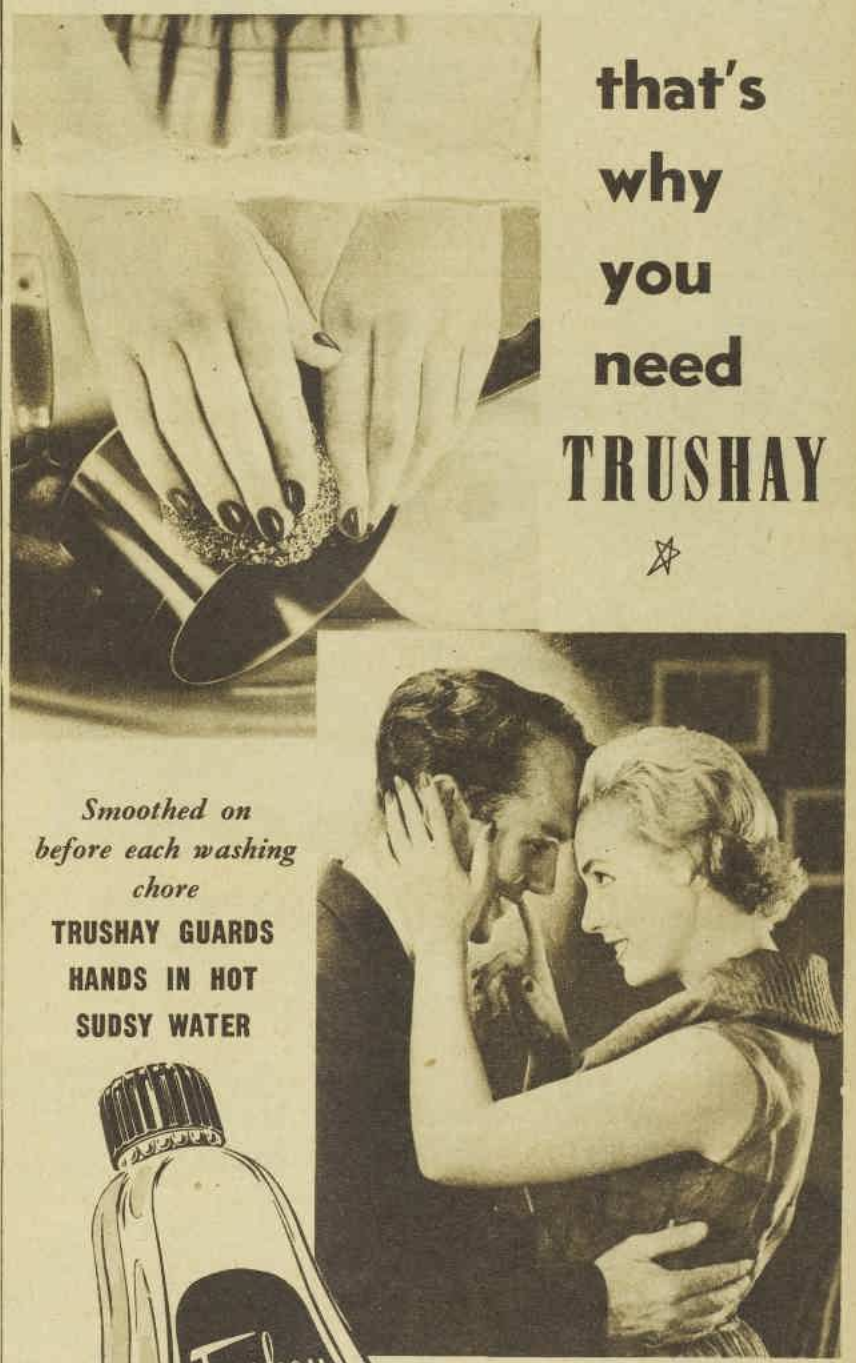

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Trushay's beauty oil soothes parched skin, smooths away roughness. Trushay keeps *busy* hands *romantic* hands.

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Some roses of a bygone age

Growing old-fashioned roses is a fascinating hobby that can become just as absorbing as the culture of more exotic flowers such as prize orchids and chrysanthemums.

ROSA ANEMONOIDES (above) is a delightful pale pink single. It is an evergreen, vigorous grower suitable for screening, fences, sheds.

A GARDENER who knows well the charm of old-fashioned roses is Mr. H. D. Price, of "Cransley," Campbelltown, N.S.W. In association with Mrs. Jocelyn Brown, of Appin, N.S.W., he has been collecting and growing them for many years.

In the gardens of their respective homes Mr. Price and Mrs. Brown have raised hundreds of roses. The names of many of them originally appeared centuries ago in the very earliest gardening books, known as herbals.

Mr. Price's original collection was made from roses that came from all parts of the Commonwealth. Later he placed an order with Hillings, of Chobham, Surrey, England, the great British specialist in old-fashioned and specie roses. Hillings supplied almost 100 species and varieties.

Some of these plants died during the long journey to Australia, but between 60 and 70 survived. Today Mr. Price has between 150 and 200 species and varieties of roses growing in his beautiful garden.

His special interests among the old-fashioned roses are the Japanese species and varieties of Rosa rugosa, at one time so popular in Australia.

Because the flowers, foliage, and seed-pods (hips) of rugosa roses are most attractive, and the plants respond so well to good treatment and attention, Mr. Price believes they merit greater popularity.

He is also keenly interested in the Provence roses, including the old "cabbage" and the quaint moss roses. In recent years he and Mrs. Brown have collected many of these roses from the cool areas of the Commonwealth.

In his three-acre rose garden, which carries about 5000 rose plants every year, Mr. Price has many fine specimens of gallica, indica, and sulphurea types. Some of these are mentioned in old gardening books dated 1524 and earlier.

The old gallica rose was commonly known as the French rose, although it was a native of many parts of southern and central Europe and west Asia. Indica (R. chinensis) is now called Rose of China or Bengal rose. Sulphurea (R. hemisphaerica) is commonly called the sulphur rose, because the blooms usually are of a light sulphur-yellow color.

Mr. Price is especially proud of a fine Rene d'Anjou moss rose of a soft pink color, which has flourished and grown to a splendid size.

Fortune's Yellow, a pseudo-indica rose, was very popular with Australian gardeners about 50 years ago. This vigorous climber is a sub-species of Rosa indica. It has made a magnificent display this season in Mr. Price's garden and appears to improve every year.

Another outstanding variety is Gallica versicolor, which has striped blooms of pale pink and rosy-red. Mr. Price regards this as one of the gems of his collection, and believes it should be more widely grown in Australia.

In the Rosa alba or maiden's blush class of roses, a beautiful variety known as Celestial has also made a splendid display this year. This is a very strong grower with pale pink double flowers and glaucous foliage. It is one of the old-fashioned roses often seen in English cottage gardens, but it is rarely grown or catalogued in Australia now.

Other roses in Mr. Price's garden that have made splendid masses of color this year are Rosa cristata, a sub-species of Provence rose of a fine pink color: and Nuits de Young, a variety of Rosa centifolia, with blooms of a dark red shade that is almost violet, merging to black.

There is no mystery about his methods of growing roses. The soil in his garden is a hungry, grey shaley type that took a lot of feeding at the start. He uses balanced fertilisers when the soil needs stimulating, and admits his system of green manuring consists of nothing more than letting the weeds grow up every year round the roses and then digging them in before they go to seed.

The rare and beautiful roses on these pages were supplied by Mr. Price.

(Selection and care of roses, page 46)

ROSA DUPONTI is believed to be a hybrid of R. Gallica and R. moschata. A single white with very attractive foliage, it is an excellent shrub rose.

LA FRANCE was the first hybrid tea rose and was grown by a Frenchman as long ago as 1867. Its fragrance and lovely pink blooms are famous.

R. CHINENSIS GLOIRE DES ROSOMANES. These specimens of this very rare old rose were grown by Mrs. Paddy Osborne, of Bungendore, N.S.W.

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ROGER LAMBELIN, a hybrid perpetual, has good foliage and light contrasting bands at the edges of its fluted petals. This beautiful cerise-colored rose was one of the most popular among rose-fanciers in the latter part of the 19th century. It was developed by the grower Schwartz in 1890.

OFFICINALIS belongs to the Rosa gallica group. This single cerise bloom is believed to be the true Red Rose of Lancaster. Of low-growing habit, it is seen to best advantage on a trellis.

GEORGES VIBERT, a gallica, is one of the really old roses. This charming flower with the camellia-like streaks in its petals was introduced in 1853. It is suitable for hedges.

ROSA CENTIFOLIA (above), or Provence rose, is a simple and charming variety of the mucosa (of the sub-group moss rose).

AIMEE VIBERT (right) is a semi-climber and almost thornless member of the noisettiana group. It blooms profusely.

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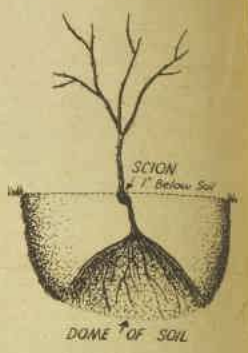
GROWING ROSES

Planting time is debatable topic

● On the subject of planting roses, two schools of thought prevail. One believes roses should be planted in autumn and the other maintains the correct time is winter to very early spring, when the wood is ripe and the plant dormant.



***HOW TO PLANT.** Place the scion or graft point of rosebush one inch below soil. Build a dome of good soil in bottom of hole and drape roots down over it. See directions on this page.*

BECAUSE both schools of thought have many thousands of adherents, it is not proposed to debate the subject in this article, but the writer is a confirmed late-winter planter of roses.

Autumn planting involves lifting deciduous plants that are often still flowering, are green and in vigorous growth, and have not yet started their annual "forty winks" and become dormant.

Many nurserymen have the bad habit of lifting vigorously growing roses, cutting off their leaves, pruning them back, and packing them for sale.

This is not approved by the old school of rosarians, who, in the opinion of the writer, are quite correct when they say roses should be allowed to "go to sleep naturally."

However, at this time of the year the rose beds can be dug over, some bone dust added, and everything put in order for planting when the nurseryman can supply the plants.

Green rose plants which have been maltreated as previously mentioned often are offered for sale as early as April and May.

After a lifetime of experience the writer has found that very many such plants shrivel and die in wintry weather, although they have been planted carefully.

Much depends, of course, on the way in which the roses are planted. Their roots may be cramped into small holes or the plants may be drowned by rain or too much watering or they may be merely set out and then forgotten.

Rose plants cost money and deserve to be planted properly. (See sketch.)

When digging, make each hole big enough to take the roots outstretched without bending or cramping them. Dome the centre of the hole with good soil, extend the roots fully and naturally over it, fill in with good top soil, add some bone dust, and firm well.

Leave a saucer-shaped depression round each plant for water, fill it, and let it drain. Water each rosebush regularly if the weather after planting should be windy and dry.

If any one of the roots is broken on arrival, trim it off cleanly with the secateurs, and give the bushes a light pruning.

Roses are usually pruned before leaving the nursery, but occasionally they may be tall and spindly and require some more trimming.

Rose pruning usually is done in late winter, from June to July or even as late as the second week in August in many districts.

Use care when pruning

Once the nodes (growing points) show a slight reddening, get the secateurs busy and prune to an outward-pointing eye wherever possible.

Old bushes that have been long neglected and allowed to grow dense with a lot of spindly wood should be cut back fairly hard. All the thin stuff should be taken out and if there is white scale on the wood spray it with white oil.

The past summer has been bad for roses and much black spot and mildew has developed on them.

Spotted leaves should be removed and burned, then all wood showing purple to black lesions pruned back and these cuttings burned, too. Then spray the plant with bordeaux mixture.

Lime-sulphur solution is a good control for mildew, but it has to be used early when the outbreaks are slight.

In cold districts where frosts are heavy, roses can be pruned back harder than in the warmer areas, where they are not long dormant.

The beginner should remember that pruning is a process in which the gardener has one eye on the future shape of the bush. Leaving one tall cane and cutting the others back short will lead to lopsided plants.

Prune evenly by cutting back to a sound node or eye on every stem. But remember that roses have to be treated according to their vigor.

Climbers need care and some "know how." If the beginner is in doubt, it is advisable to buy and study a good book on rose-growing. It is fairly easy to make mistakes with many roses, especially climbers, floribundas, and polyanthus types.

When ordering roses it pays the gardener to insist upon the varieties asked for and to stipulate "no substitutes."

Take the plants out of the wrapping on arrival and, if they are dry or show any puckering or withering of the green wood, stand them in tepid water all night.

Do not allow the roots to become exposed to sunlight or wind when planting, but keep them covered over with a wet bag or, better still, heel them into a shallow trench of soil, water them, and move each one as required.

THESE ARE RECOMMENDED

Twelve of the best roses for garden and home decoration are:

Etoile de Hollande (deep red).
Radiance (pink).
Red Radiance.
Madame Segond Weber (pink).
Frau Karl Druschki (pure white).
Laurent Carle (carmine).
Hoosier Beauty (carmine).
Columbia (rich pink).
Golden Dawn (yellow).
Betty Uprichard (salmon to carmine, coppery reverse).
Daily Mail Scented (rich velvety red).
Shot Silk (salmon-pink).

Listed below are some of the best exhibition roses suitable for most States.

Dame Edith Helen (rose-pink, very fragrant).
Rev. F. Page Roberts (yellow with red blotches).
Mrs. George Sawyer (pink).
Mother's Day (white).
Silver Jubilee (yellow).
Lord Charlemont (red).
Hugh Dickson (big red blooms).
America (pink).
J. H. Bruce (crimson).
Kurt Scholz (red).
Elizabeth Arden (white).
Mrs. Charles Lamplough (white).
Mrs. W. C. Egan (pink).

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turned, stretching out his hand to the farmer.

"Mr. Ninfield, I'm very much in your debt—and more thankful than I can describe to you that my ward had the good fortune to fall in with your son. By the way, I do hope you didn't tell her you were coming here to make inquiries about her? If you did, she will certainly have fled from the house before I can reach it."

"No, sir, she don't know nothing about it," Mr. Ninfield replied, rather coyly wiping his hand on his breeches before grasping Sir Gareth's hand. "But the thing is—well, it's like this, sir! I'm sure I'm not wishful to give offence, but—you wouldn't be the gentleman as is father to a young lady as had Miss Amanda to wait on her, would you?"

"I would not!" said Sir Gareth, recognising Amanda's favorite story. "I collect you mean the gentleman who made such improper advances to her that his sister—most unjustly, one feels—turned her out of the house without a moment's warning. I haven't a daughter, and I am not even married, much less a widower. Nor has Miss Amanda ever been a waiting-woman. She got the notion out of an old novel."

"Well, I'm bound to say you didn't look to me like you could be him," said Mr. Ninfield. "Downright wicked, that's what I thought, but my good lady, she wouldn't have it. She says to me private that she'd go bail Miss was telling us a lot of farradiddles, because nothing wouldn't make her credit that Miss was an abigail, nor ever had been. So it was a school she run away from, was it, sir? Well, that won't surprise the wife, though she did think it was p'raps her home she run away from: likely, because someone had crossed her. Powerful hot at hand, I'd say—meaning no disrespect!"

"You're very right!" sir Gareth said. "Under what disguises does she hope to remain in your house, by the way? Has she offered herself to your wife as a chambermaid?"

Continuing . . . . Sprig Muslin

from page 5

"No, sir," grinned Mr. Ninfield. "When last I see her she was making my Joe teach her how to milk the cows, and just about as happy as a grig."

"Ah, going to be a dairymaid, is she?" said Sir Gareth cheerfully. An idea that had peeped into his mind now began to take hopeful possession of it. He looked at Mr. Ninfield consideringly, and said, after a moment: "Is she a troublesome charge? Do you think Mrs. Ninfield would be prepared to keep her as a boarder for a few days?"

"Keep her, sir?" repeated Mr. Ninfield, staring at him.

"The case, you see, is this," said Sir Gareth. "Either I must take her back to school, or I must make some other arrangement for her. Well, I have been most earnestly requested not to take her back to the school, which puts me in something of a fix, for I can't hire a governess for her at a moment's notice. I must convey her to my sister's house in town, and, frankly, I am very sure she won't want to go with me there. Nor, I must add, am I anxious to saddle my sister with such a charge. It occurs to me that if she is happy in your wife's care it would perhaps be as well to leave her there until I am able to provide for her suitably."

He added with a smile, "I daresay, if she did not know that I was aware of her direction, she would be glad to stay with you, and would no doubt enjoy herself very much milking cows and collecting eggs, and in general fancying herself to be very useful."

"I'll be bound she would, the pretty dear!" said Mrs. Sheet approvingly. "A very good notion, I call it, and such as will put dancing-masters and such out of her head."

But Mr. Ninfield dashed Sir Gareth's hopes.

"Well, sir," he said apologetically, "I'm sure I'd be pleased to have her, and it goes against the shins with me to act disobliging, but it's Joe, you see. She's got him so as he don't know whether he's on his head or his heels. He don't take his eyes off her, and when he told his ma that Miss was like a princess out of one of them fairy stories, Mrs. Ninfield she said to me, private, that we must find out quick where she comes from before Joe gets ideas into his head which is above his station. Because it wouldn't do, sir."

"No, it wouldn't do," agreed Sir Gareth, relinquishing his scheme with a pang. "If that is how the land lies, of course I must take her away immediately. Where is your farm?"

"It's a matter of three miles from here, sir, but it ain't a very good road. You go up the post-road about half a mile, and there's a lane turns off to your left. You follow that past Keyston until you see a rough track, left again. You go down that for a mile and a half, maybe a bit more, like as if you was heading for Catworth, and just afore you come to a sharp bend you'll see Whitethorn. You can't miss it."

"Good gracious, Ned, where have your wits gone begging?" interrupted Mrs. Sheet impatiently. "Just you get back into your gig and lead the gentleman!"

"Thank you, I wish you will!" Sir Gareth said. "In the direction of Catworth, is it? Tell me! Can I, without too much difficulty, reach Kimbolton from Whitethorn?"

"Yes, sir, easy you can. All you've to do is to go on down the lane till you come to the post-road—the one as runs south of this one, between Wellingborough and Cambridge. Then you swing left-handed into it, and Kimbolton's about five miles on."

"Excellent! I'll rack up there for the night, and carry that child off to London by post-chaise tomorrow—if she doesn't contrive to give me the slip from the posting-house there! But before we set out you must join me in a glass. Ma'am, what may I have the pleasure of desiring your husband to serve you with?"

"Well, I'm sure, sir!" said Mrs. Sheet, slightly overcome. "Well, I don't hardly like to!"

However, succumbing to persuasion, she consented to drink a small glass of port; after which the landlord then drew three pots of his own home-brewed.

Sir Gareth, basely plotting Amanda's undoing, said thoughtfully: "Now, I wonder what trick that abominable child will play on me next? She'll put up a spirited fight, that's certain! The last time she was in mischief she told a complete stranger that I was abducting her. I only wish I may not be in her black books for months for having disclosed that she's still a schoolgirl. Nothing enrages her more!"

Mrs. Sheet said wisely that girls of her age were always wishing to be thought quite grown-up; and Mr. Ninfield, hugely tickled by the thought of Sir Gareth's figuring as an abductor, confessed that he and his good lady had suspected from the start that Miss was cutting a sham.

"Ah, well, of course she didn't ought to tell such farradiddles," said Mrs. Sheet, "but it's only play-acting, like children do, when they start in to be Dick Turpin, or Robin Hood."

"Exactly so," nodded Sir Gareth. "But it is really time she grew out of it. Unfortunately, she is still at the stage when she pines for adventure. As far as I can discover, she thinks it a dead bore to be a schoolgirl, and so is for ever pretending that she is someone else. I could wish that some of her stories were less outrageous."

Everyone agreed that it was very embarrassing for him, and the symposium presently ended on a note of great cordiality. Sir Gareth had acquired three firm friends and supporters who were as one in thinking him the finest gentleman of their acquaintance, not high in the instep, but, as Mr. Sheet later expressed it, a real top-of-the-trees, slap up to the echo.

Trotton, upon hearing that

To page 49

ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

THE funeral cortege of a man who had been particularly prominent in public life had been a very long one.

"Well," asked Dad, when he returned from work, "did you count the number of cars at the funeral today?"

"No, not all of them," Mum replied in a serious voice. "It is considered unlucky to count the number of vehicles at a funeral, so I always wait until the first three cars have gone by before I start counting."

She could not understand why I started laughing.

£2/2/- to Mr. W. Miller, 140 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

JUST LIKE A MAN

ONCE I was a guest at a married couple's home. The hostess was a domestic type with modern ideas. Her husband was a quiet man with a sense of humor.

After dinner his wife passed him some apples to peel. After he had peeled one, his wife said to him, "My dear, don't you know that the best vitamins are just under the skin and that is just the part you have wasted?"

He did not reply but kept on peeling the second apple, after which he passed his wife the skin with a great smile and said, "Here, my dearest, only the best for you."

£2/2/- to Mrs. I. H. Gordon, Springfield, via Gosford, N.S.W.

• Mark your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Are you in the know?

How to straighten out a feud you started?

☐ *Make the first move.* ☐ *Wait for him to call.*
☐ *Try the weeping technique.*

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, *tell* him so, in a little note. Or, ask the crowd over and invite your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Tain't worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you greater absorbency without bulk, and Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you're wearing it. So for comfort that never fails, ask for Kotex—the Double Pack of 24 napkins for 5/5.

When your suntan starts to fade—

☐ *Get back in the swim.*
☐ *Get in the pink.* ☐ *Get a sun-lamp.*

As your fancy turns to Autumn fashions, don't let a waning suntan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base, powder and lipstick to usher in the season. Then you'll blend better with Autumn togs. You know you can wear any smooth new outfit *any* day, without misgiving . . . once you've learned to trust to Kotex. Those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So fade those fears with Kotex.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than any other sanitary napkin.

ONE DOZEN PACK

2/9

EVERYWHERE

In removing a bone, should you use—

☐ *Your fingers.* ☐ *A serviette.* ☐ *A spoon.*

When you bite off more than you can chew—(a small bone, that is)—don't use your dinner napkin as a curtain! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Then your date may never notice. Learn how to save yourself embarrassment in all sorts of situations. On "problem" days, Kotex is the answer. Because that special *safety centre* gives you extra protection, you can rule out panic, with *poise*.

Seen the latest?

If you haven't yet seen the new white Kotex belts, now's the time! Ask to see all *ten* Kotex belt styles — including the belts with the new all-nylon grips. They're flexible, neat and so secure. The new belts with all-nylon grip are the newest Kotex contribution to comfort on "difficult days".

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Give her the food-mixer she has always longed to own ... A GENUINE Sunbeam MIXMASTER

Make this Mother's Day mean "Mixmaster Day"... the day you gave her the Mixmaster... the day she'll always remember! Mixmaster will do *so much, so often* to lighten the tiring arm-work of food-mixing—the hardest part of her work in the kitchen. But remember, it's a SUNBEAM Mixmaster she wants, because only the *genuine* Sunbeam Mixmaster has all the following features: Automatic Juice Extractor... Mix-Finder Dial... Powerful, Governor-Controlled Motor... Full-Mix Beaters ... Beater Adjustment Lever... Two Heat-Resisting, Automatically Revolving Bowls ... Automatic Beater Ejector... Special Portability... and optional extra attachments (see below). Ask your Sunbeam dealer to show you.

If she already owns a Mixmaster, she'll welcome these wonderful attachments

Sunbeam BLENDER ATTACHMENT

Liquefies, grates, shreds, grinds, purees, churns and granulates. It's also a combined cocktail-shaker/drink mixer. It does everything separate, expensive blenders can do, yet costs so much less.

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Mincing made easy! No more handle turning—no holding! Makes light work of mincing and food-grinding tasks.

Chops food cleanly—no torn or crushed fibres.

SUNBEAM MIXMASTER, complete with Juice Extractor **£27/6/-**
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SUNBEAM SPECIAL COMBINATION PACK (Mixmaster, plus Blender and Mincer Attachments), **£42/13/6**
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All prices slightly higher in country areas.

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Continuing . . . . **Sprig Muslin**

from page 47

the end of the hunt was in sight, was extremely thankful. It had appeared to him that his besotted master was prepared to continue driving throughout the night, and he, for one, had had enough of it.

Moreover, he had been even more reluctant than Sir Gareth to leave the bays in a strange stable, having taken a dislike to the head ostler, an unfortunate circumstance which led to his becoming more and more convinced that those peerless horses would be subjected to the worst of bad treatment. He now learned that it would be his task to drive them back to London by easy stages, and grew instantly more cheerful.

"You will have to come with me to Kimbolton," Sir Gareth said, drawing on his gloves. "I shall be escorting the young lady to my sister's house tomorrow, and shall hire a chaise for the purpose. You may then drive the curricle back to Thrapston, settle my account there, and bring the bays up to London after me. I shan't look for you to arrive for at least two days, so take care you don't press 'em!"

"No, sir," said Trotton, in a carefully expressionless voice. "I wouldn't be wishful to do so—not in this hot weather!"

"Because," said Sir Gareth, as though he had not heard, but with the glimmer of an appreciative smile in his eyes, "I have already worked 'em far harder than I ought."

"Just so, sir!" said his henchman, grinning at him.

. . . . . .

It did not take long to accomplish the journey to Whitethorn Farm. Leaving Trotton with the curricle, Sir Gareth was ushered by Mr. Ninfield into the rambling old house. Dusk was beginning by this time to shadow the landscape, and in the large, flagged kitchen the lamp had been kindled.

Its mellow light fell on Amanda, on the floor, and playing with a litter of kittens. Seated in a windsor chair, with his hands clasped between his knees, was a stalwart youth, watching her with a rapt and slightly idiotic expression on his sunburnt countenance, and keeping a wary eye on both, while she vigorously ironed one of her husband's shirts, was a matron of formidable aspect.

Amanda glanced up casually as the door opened, but when she saw who had entered the kitchen she stiffened and exclaimed, "You! No! No!"

Young Mr. Ninfield, although not quick-witted, took only a very few seconds to realise that here, in the person of this bang-up nonesuch, was Amanda's persecutor. He got up, clenching his fists and glaring at Sir Gareth.

He was perfectly ready, and even anxious, to do battle, but Sir Gareth took the wind out of his sails by first nodding at Amanda and saying amiably: "Good-evening Amanda!" and then coming towards him with his hand held out.

"You must be Joe Ninfield," he said. "I have to thank you for taking such excellent care of my ward. You are a very good fellow!"

"It's the young lady's guardian, Jane," Mr. Ninfield informed his wife in a penetrating aside.

"It is not!" Amanda declared passionately. "He is trying to abduct me!"

Joe, who had numbly allowed Sir Gareth to grasp his hand, turned his bemused gaze upon her, seeking guidance.

"Throw him out!" ordered Amanda, a sandy-colored kitten clasped to her breast.

"You'll do no such thing, Joe!" said his mother sharply. "Now, sir! P'raps you'll be so good as to explain what this means!"

"All's right, Jane," Mr. Ninfield said, chuckling. "It's like you thought, only that it was school Miss ran off from."

"I didn't!" cried Amanda, her face scarlet with rage. "And he's not my guardian! I don't even know him! He is an abominable person!"

"Of course I am!" said Sir Gareth soothingly. "Though how you know that when you are not even acquainted with me I can't imagine!" He smiled at Mrs. Ninfield, and said in his charming way: "I do hope, ma'am, that she has not been troublesome to you? I can't thank you enough for your kindness to her!"

Under Amanda's baffled and infuriated gaze Mrs. Ninfield dropped a curtsy, stammering: "No, no! Oh, no, indeed, sir!"

Sir Gareth glanced down at Amanda.

"Come, my child, get up from the floor!" he said, in a voice of kindly authority. "Where is your hat? I never abduct ladies without their hats, so put it on, and your cloak, too!"

Amanda obeyed the first of these commands, largely because

"Take off to the upper stratosphere."

she found herself at a disadvantage when sitting at his feet. She could see that the tone he had chosen to adopt had had its inevitable effect, even upon her moon-struck admirer, but she made a desperate bid for freedom.

Staring up into his amused eyes, she said: "Very well! If you are my guardian, who am I?"

"An orphan, cast upon the world without a penny," he replied promptly. "You have lately been employed by a young lady whose widowed father—a most reprehensible person, I fear—made such improper advances to you, that —"

"Oh, how much I hate you!" she cried, flushing with mortification and stamping her foot. "How dare you stand there telling such lies?"

"Well, but, missie, it's what you told us yourself!" said Mr. Ninfield, hugely entertained.

"Yes, but that was because—well, that was just make-believe! He knows it isn't true! And it isn't true that he is my guardian or that I ran away from school, or anything!"

Mrs. Ninfield drew a long breath. "Sir, are you her guardian, or are you not?" she demanded.

"No," he replied, his voice grave but his eyes dancing. "I am an abductor. I met her only yesterday, and that by chance, snatched her up into my curricle, and bore her off in spite of all her protests to a gloomy mansion in the heart of the country. I need scarcely tell you that she contrived to make her escape from the mansion while I slept. However, it takes a good deal to daunt a thoroughgoing villain, so you won't be surprised that here I am, having hunted her down remorselessly. I am now about to carry her off to my castle."

As Amanda tried to break in, he continued relentlessly, "This, by the way, is perched on a precipitous rock, and, besides being in an uncomfortable state of neglect and decay, is inhabited only by ghosts and sinister retainers of mine. From this fortress, after undergoing a number of extremely alarming adventures, she will, I have little doubt, be rescued by a noble youth of handsome though poverty-stricken aspect. I expect he will kill me, after which it will be found that he is the wronged heir to a vast property—probably mine—and all will end happily."

"Now, sir—!" protested Mrs. Ninfield, trying not to laugh. "Give over your nonsense, do!"

Joe, having listened with painstaking concentration to the programme laid down for Amanda's future entertainment, once more clenched his large fists, and uttered, slowly, but with determination: "I won't have her put in no castle."

"Don't be a gaby!" said his mother. "Can't you see the gentleman's only making game of her?"

"I won't have him make game of her neither," said Joe stubbornly.

"Please to pay no heed, sir!" begged Mrs. Ninfield. "Now, that's enough, Joseph! Do you want the gentleman to think you're no better than a knock-in-the-cradle, which I'll be bound he does?"

"Not at all! I think he's a splendid fellow," said Sir Gareth. "Don't worry, Joe! I am taking Miss Amanda to London, to my sister—and that is the truth."

"I don't want you to take her nowhere," Joe muttered. "I'd like her to stay here, fine I would!"

"Yes, and so would I have liked to stay here!" said Amanda warmly. "I never enjoyed anything half as much, particularly feeding all those droll little pigs, and these lovely kittens, but everything is spoilt now that Sir Gareth knows where I am, and it would be of no use staying here any more."

Her voice trembled, and a tear sparkled on the end of her long lashes. She kissed the sandy kitten and reluctantly set it down on the floor, giving such a pathetic sniff that Mr. Ninfield, a tender-hearted man, said uncomfortably: "Don't you take on, missie! P'raps, if my missis is agreeable—" He stopped as he caught his wife's eye, and coughed in some embarrassment.

"Cheer up, my child!" Sir Gareth said. "This is no time for tears! You must instantly set about the task of thinking how best to revenge yourself on me."

She cast him a darkling look, but said nothing. Inspiration came to Joe, his withers unbearably wrung by her distress. Swooping upon the sandy kitten, he picked it up by the scruff of its neck, and held it out to Amanda.

"You take him!" he said gruffly.

Nothing could have succeeded better in diverting her mind at that moment. Her face brightened; she clasped the kitten again, exclaiming, "Oh! How excessively kind of you! I am very much obliged to you! Only——" Her eyes turned apprehensively towards her hostess, and she said prettily: "Perhaps it is your kitten, and you would not wish me to take it away?"

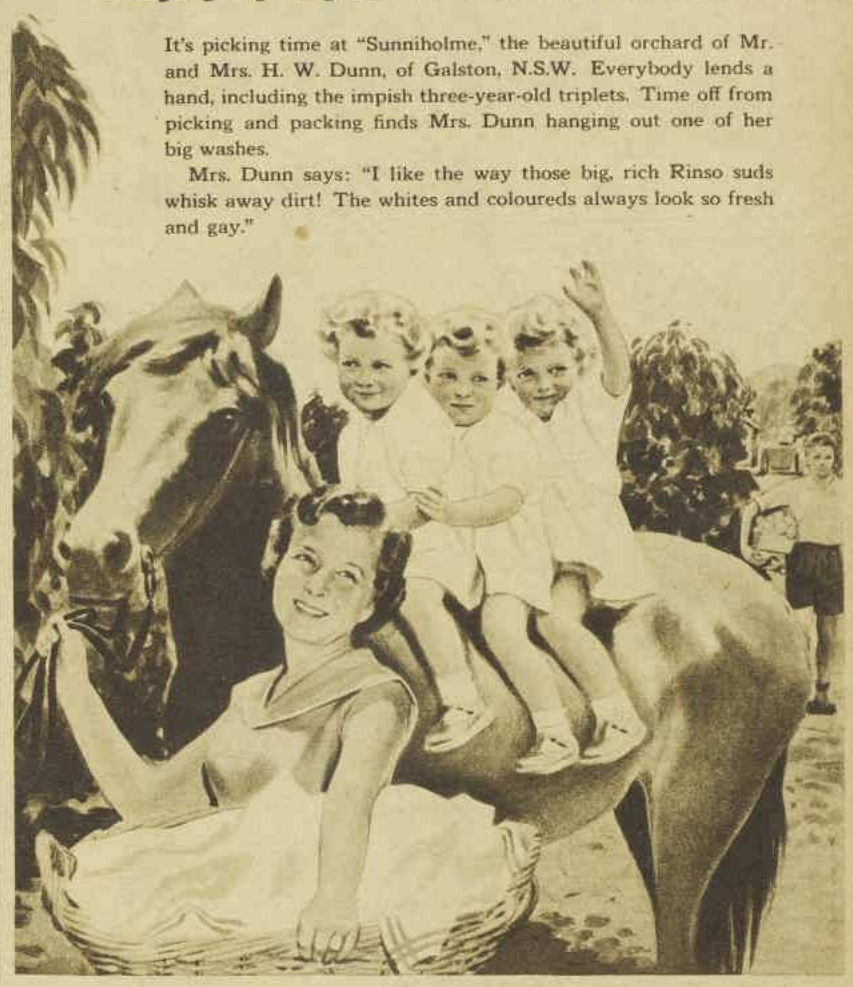
"I'm sure you're very welcome to it, miss, but I'll be bound the gentleman won't want to be worried by a kitten

To page 52

Bringing up triplets on a 16-acre orchard . . .

It's picking time at "Sunniholme," the beautiful orchard of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dunn, of Galston, N.S.W. Everybody lends a hand, including the impish three-year-old triplets. Time off from picking and packing finds Mrs. Dunn hanging out one of her big washes.

Mrs. Dunn says: "I like the way those big, rich Rinso suds whisk away dirt! The whites and coloureds always look so fresh and gay."



3 WASHES A WEEK – AND EVERYTHING DAZZLING WITH RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Three little girls in white—"and not half as angelic as they look"—a six-year-old son and an orchardist husband make plenty of washing for Mrs. Dunn. But, like seven out of every ten Australian housewives, Mrs. Dunn has proved that Rinso takes the hard work out of wash-day, gets the cleanest, brightest, sweetest wash of all. "And look how soft and smooth those Rinso suds keep my hands," Mrs. Dunn says. "It's such a money saver, too!"

"Rinso's an extra help during the picking rush. Wash-ups are so quick, and you should see the plates shine!" says Mrs. Dunn, of Galston, N.S.W.

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Spending a night at home with a good book . . . a game of cards perhaps? Then snap open a block of Mac. Robertson's HAZEL NUT and add to your pleasure. Settle back and enjoy those big crisp hazel nuts — set in smooth milk chocolate, so sweet, so crunchy. No wonder it's Australia's favourite Nut Block!

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Who'll invest a few pennies on this hand? Everyone who knows a good combination! "CHERRY RIPE" gives the tantalizing combination of fresh, milky coconut and choicest cherries — generously coated with "Old Gold" chocolate.

"SNACK" is trumps for value. In fact, it's Australia's best chocolate block value . . . 12 luscious novelty-shaped chocolates, 6 different centres — just like a high-quality box of chocolates. But so economical!

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THE GREATEST NEWS IN GIRDLES — EVER!

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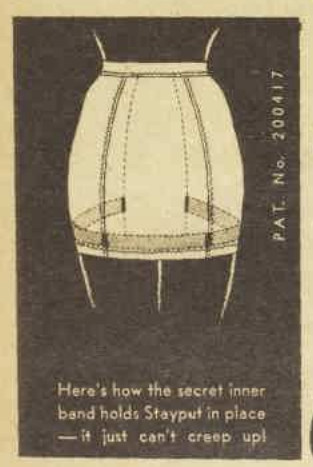
(with or without suspenders)



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Continuing . . . .

Sprig Muslin

from page 49

on the journey," Mrs. Ninfield responded.

"I am going to take this dear little kitten with me," said Amanda, addressing herself to Sir Gareth with immense dignity, and a challenge in her eye.

"Do!" he said cordially, tickling the kitten's ear. "What shall you call it?"

She considered the matter.

"Well, perhaps Honey, because of his color, or——" She broke off as her gaze alighted on the kitten's donor. "No, I shan't!" she said, bestowing a brilliant smile upon him. "I shall call him Joseph, after you, and that will remind me of feeding the pigs and learning to milk the cow!"

At these very beautiful words Joe was so overcome that he grew beetroot-red, and lost all power of speech, merely swallowing convulsively, and grinning in a way that made his fond mother itch to hit him.

Mr. Ninfield went off, in a practical spirit, to find a basket and some cloth coverings; and in a very short time Sir Gareth, silently invoking a powerful blessing on the head of one who had, however unwittingly, averted the threat of a disagreeable scene, was handing his charge up into the curricle, and delivering into her hands a basket from which one small kitten gazed up, intently appraising the change in his circumstances.

. . . . .

It was not to be expected that Amanda's pleasure in having acquired a new pet would for long save Sir Gareth from recrimination. She had never been wholly diverted, but had ceased from further argument because she had perceived how deftly he was cutting the ground from beneath her inexperienced feet.

It made her very angry, but she could not help admiring, secretly, a strategy which she recognised to be masterly; nor, in spite of a strengthened determination to put him utterly to rout, did she think the worse of him for having got the better of her. But that she was certainly not going to tell him, far preferring to relieve her feelings by delivering herself of a comprehensive indictment of his character.

To this, Trotton, perched up behind her, listened in shocked and wondering silence. What Sir Gareth could see in such a young termagant to make him fall madly in love Trotton could not imagine, but he did not for an instant doubt that his master was clean besotted.

"You are meddlesome, and tyrannical, and untruthful, and, which is worse than all, treacherous!" scolded Amanda.

"Not treacherous!" protested Sir Gareth. "I promise you, I told none of those people the true story."

"I am quite astonished that you didn't, for I daresay you don't care a button about breaking your solemn word to people!"

"I didn't think they would believe me," explained Sir Gareth.

"And above everything you are shameless!" said Amanda indignantly.

"No, not quite, because, I assure you, I am shocked at my own mendacity."

"You are?" she exclaimed, turning her head to study his profile.

"Profoundly! I never knew I had it in me to tell so many bouncers."

"Well, you did — brazenly, too!"

"Yes, and you don't know the half of it. When I think of the story I told at the Red Lion, I know that I am sunk beyond reproach."

This ruse succeeded. "What was it?" Amanda demanded, much interested.

"Why, I said that you were a great heiress, and had eloped with the dancing-master, who wanted to marry you for the sake of your fortune."

"Did you indeed say that?" Amanda asked, awed.

"Yes—brazenly!"

"Well, it doesn't make your conduct any better, and I am very angry with you, but I must say I do think it was a splendid story!" Amanda said, rather enviously. "Particularly the bit about the dancing-master!"

"Yes, I liked that bit, too," owned Sir Gareth. "Did you really eat enough raspberries to make you sick?"

"Well, I ate a great many raspberries, but I wasn't sick. That was only pretending, because I couldn't think of any other way to be rid of that horrid old man. I wonder what became of him?"

"An evil fate. After searching for you in a wood until he was exhausted, he got a tremendous scold from Mrs. Sheet, and then, to crown his day, the perch of his carriage broke, and he was obliged to walk a mile in tight boots to the nearest inn."

She gave a giggle, but said: "Have you seen him, then?"

"I have."

"What happened?" she asked, filled with pleasurable anticipation.

"He told me where he had lost you, and I drove back to Bythorne immediately."

"Is that all?" she said, disappointed. "I quite thought that you would have challenged him to a duel!"

"Yes, I know it was very poor-spirited of me," he agreed, "but really I think he has perhaps been punished enough. I fancy he can't have enjoyed the drive in your company."

"No, and I didn't enjoy it either!" said Amanda. "He tried to make love to me!"

"I should forget about him if I were you, for he is certainly not worth remembering. But it is not wise, my child, to let strangers make off with you, however old and respectable they may seem to you."

"Well!" she cried. "When you have been forcing me to go with you ever since I met you, which I wish I never had, because although you are quite old, it is very plain to me that you are not in the least respectable, but, on the contrary, a deceiving person, and quite as odious as Mr. Theale!"

He laughed. "A home thrust, Amanda!" he acknowledged. "But at least I am not as fat as Mr. Theale, however odious!"

"No," she conceded, "but you took much worse advantage of me!"

"Did I indeed!"

"Yes, you did! For when you told Mrs. Ninfield those lies about me, you made it seem as though they were true, and then, when you did tell the truth, you made it sound like a lie! It was—it was the shabbiest trick to play on me!"

He was amused, but he said: "I know it was. Indeed, most

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ıhandsome of me, and I do ost sincerely feel for you. It ust be very disagreeable to paid back in your own coin. ad the dreadful thing is that believe it is rapidly becoming habit with me. I have al- ady thought of another very uthful-sounding lie to tell bout you, if you insist on enying that you are my ward."

"I think you are abomin- ble!" she said hotly. "And if ou do not instantly tell me here we are going I shall imp out of your horrid car- age, and very likely break my g! Then you will be sorry!"

"Well, of course, it might be little tiresome to be obliged convey you to London with our leg in a splint, but on the ther hand you wouldn't be able run away from me again, ould you?"

"London?" she ejaculated, noring the rest.

"Yes, London. We are going spend the night at Kimbol- on, however."

"No! No! I won't go with oul!"

He caught the note of panic, nd said at once: "I am taking ou to my sister's house, so on't be a goose, Amanda!"

The panic subsided, but she iterated her determination not go with him, and was not the least reconciled to her ate when he told her that she would meet his nephews and ieces there. She had a toler- bly clear picture of all that ould happen.

Mrs. Wetherby would treat er as though she were a aughty child; she would be elegated to the schoolroom, here the governess would have rders never to let her out of er sight. Sir Gareth would iscover her name from Neil; nd she would be taken igno- iniously home, having failed ither to achieve her object or o prove to her grandfather that he was an eminently grown- p and capable woman.

The blackest depression de- cended upon her spirits. Sir Gareth was not going to give er the smallest opportunity to scape from him a second time; nd even if he did her experi- nces had taught her that it was of very little avail to escape f one had no certain goal to

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make for. She felt defeated, tired, and very resentful; and for the remainder of the way refused even to open her lips.

There was only one posting-house in Kimbolton, and that a small and old-fashioned building. It did not hold out much promise of any extraordinary degree of comfort, but it possessed one feature which instantly recommended it to Sir Gareth. As he drew up before it and ran a critical eye over it, he saw that its windows were all small casements.

This circumstance solved for him a problem which had been exercising his mind for several miles. Sir Gareth had not forgotten the story of the elm tree.

The landlord, recognising at a glance the quality of his unexpected guests, was all compliance and civility; and if at first he thought that it was odd conduct on the part of so grand a gentleman as Sir Gareth to carry his ward on a journey in an open carriage, and without her maid, he very soon banished any unworthy suspicions from his mind. There was little of the lover to be detected in Sir Gareth's demeanor, and as for the young lady, she seemed to be in a fit of the sullens.

Amanda made no attempt to deny that she was Sir Gareth's ward. However innocent she might be of the world's ways, she was well aware of the impropriety of her situation, and had been carefully instructed in the rules governing the social conduct of young ladies.

It had been permissible, though a trifle dashing, to drive with Sir Gareth in an open curricle; driving with Mr. Theale in a closed carriage Aunt Adelaide would have stigmatised as fast; while putting up at an inn in the company of a gentleman totally unrelated to her was conduct reprehensible enough to put her beyond the pale.

Amanda accepted this without question, but was quite unembarrassed by her predicament. None of the vague feelings of alarm which had attacked her in Mr. Theale's carriage assailed her; and it did not for an instant occur to her that Sir Gareth, odious though he might be, was not entirely to be trusted.

On first encountering him, she had been astonished to learn that so charming and personable a man could be an uncle; she would scarcely have been surprised now to have discovered that he was a great-uncle; and felt no more affinity in his company than if he had been her grandfather.

However, she knew that her private belief that, so far from damaging her reputation, his presence was investing her adventure with a depressing respectability, would not be shared by the vulgar, so she not only held her peace when he spoke to the landlord of his ward, but seized the first opportunity that offered of pointing out to him the gross impropriety of his behaviour. Looking the picture of outraged virtue, she announced, with relish, that she was now ruined.

Sir Gareth replied that she was forgetting Joseph, and recommended her, instead of talking nonsense, to restrain her chaperon from sharpening his tiny claws on the polished leg of a chair.

After such a callous piece of flippancy as this, it was only to be expected that when Amanda accompanied her protector downstairs to the coffee-room she should do so with all the air of a Christian martyr.

The landlord had been profuse in apologies for his inability to offer Sir Gareth a private parlor. The only one the White Lion possessed was occupied already by an elderly gentleman afflicted with gout, and although the landlord plainly considered Sir Gareth more worthy of it, he doubted whether the gouty gentleman would share this view.

But Sir Gareth, in spite of having thrown a judicious damper over Amanda's sudden access of maidenly modesty, was a great deal more aware of the perils of her situation than she, and he had no desire to add to the irregularity of this journey by dining with her in a private parlor.

The landlord, relieved to find him so accommodating, assured him that every attention would be paid to his comfort, and added that since the only other visitor to the inn was one very quiet young gentleman he need not fear that his ward would be exposed to noisy company.

The coffee-room was a pleasant, low-pitched apartment, furnished with one long table, a quantity of chairs, and a massive sideboard. The window-embrasure was filled by a cushioned seat, and this, when Sir Gareth and Amanda entered the room, was occupied by the quiet young gentleman, who was reading a book in the fading daylight.

He did not raise his eyes from this immediately, but upon Sir Gareth's desiring the waiter to bring him a glass of sherry, he looked up, and, his gaze falling upon Amanda, became apparently transfixed.

"And some lemonade for the lady," added Sir Gareth unthinkingly.

He was speedily brought to realise that he had been guilty of gross folly. Amanda might be forced to acknowledge him as her guardian, but she was not going to submit to such arbitrary behaviour as this.

"Thank you, I don't care for lemonade," she said. "I will take a glass of sherry."

Sir Gareth's lips twitched. He met the waiter's understanding eye, and said briefly: "Ratafia."

Amanda, having by this time discovered the presence of the quiet young gentleman, thought it prudent to refrain from further argument, and relapsed into dejection. The quiet young gentleman, his book forgotten, continued to gaze at her exquisite profile, in his own face an expression of awed admiration.

Sir Gareth, already aware of his presence, was thus afforded the opportunity to study him at leisure. He would not ordinarily have felt it necessary to pay much heed to a chance-met traveller, but his short acquaintance with Amanda had taught him that that disastrously confiding damsel would not hesitate to turn any promising stranger to good account.

But what he saw satisfied him. The quiet young gentleman, whom he judged to be perhaps eighteen or nineteen years of age, was a slender youth, with a damask cheek, a sensitive mouth, and a pair of rather dreamy grey eyes. He was attired in a riding-dress whose cut, without aspiring to great heights, advertised the skill of a reliable provincial tailor.

Tentative ambition was betrayed by a waistcoat of such bold designs as might be relied upon to appeal to the taste of Oxford or Cambridge collegiates; and the intricate, if not entirely felicitous, arrangement of his neckcloth exactly resembled the efforts of Mr. Leigh Wetherby to copy the various styles affected by his Corinthian-uncle.

As though conscious of Sir Gareth's scrutiny, he withdrew his rapt gaze from Amanda, and glanced towards him, blushing slightly as he realised that he had been under observation. Sir Gareth smiled at him, and addressed some commonplace to him. He replied with a little stammer of shyness, but in a cultured voice which confirmed Sir Gareth's estimate of his condition.

An agreeable, well-mannered boy, of good breeding but little worldly experience, decided Sir Gareth. Too young to appear to Amanda in the light of a potential rescuer, but he might serve to make her forget her injuries, he thought. In any event, since he would shortly be sitting down to table with them, he could not be ignored.

Within a very few minutes the young gentleman, his reading abandoned, had joined his fellow guests beside the empty fireplace in the middle of the room, and was chatting easily with his new acquaintance. Sir Gareth had seemed to him at first rather awe-inspiring, clearly a man of fashion, but he soon found that he was not at all proud, but, on the contrary, very affable and encouraging. Long before the covers

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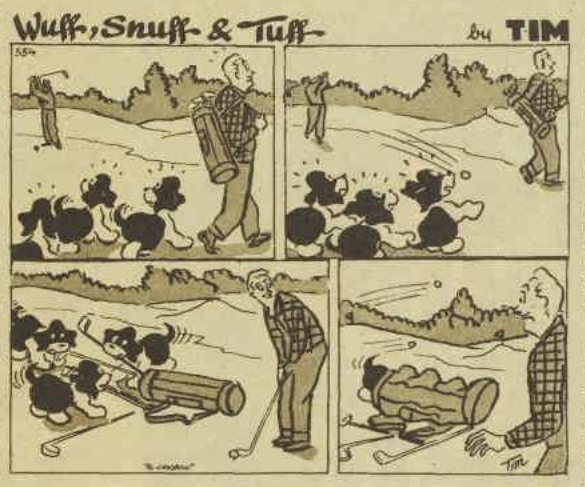
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Continuing . . . . Sprig Muslin

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were set on the table the young gentleman had disclosed that his name was Hildebrand Ross, and that his home was in Suffolk, where, Sir Gareth gathered, his father was the squire of a village not far from Stowmarket.

He had got his schooling at Winchester, and was at present up at Cambridge. He had several sisters, all older than himself, but no brothers, and it was not difficult to guess that he was at once the hope and the darling of his house. He told Sir Gareth that he was on his way to join a party of college friends on a walking tour of Wales.

His intention had been to have spent the night at Wellingborough, but he had been attracted to the White Lion by its air of antiquity: did not Sir Gareth think that in all likelihood the inn had been standing here, just as it did today, when Queen Catherine had been imprisoned at Kimbolton?

This question could not fail to attract Amanda's attention, and she temporarily abandoned her role of martyred innocence to demand further information. Delighted as much to expound what appeared to be a favorite subject as to converse with the most stunningly beautiful creature he had ever beheld, Mr. Ross turned eagerly towards her.

Sir Gareth, thankful at the end of a wearing day to be relieved of the necessity of entertaining his charge, retired from the conversation, enjoying his sherry in peace, and listening, in a little amusement, to Mr. Ross' earnest discourse.

Mr. Ross seemed to be a romantically minded youth, with a strong liking for historic subjects. He thought that there was promising matter for a dramatic tragedy, in blank verse, in the Divorce and Death of Queen Catherine of Aragon. Only did Amanda feel that it would be presumptuous for a lesser poet to tread in the steps of Shakespeare?

Yes (blushing), his ambition was to enter the field of literature. As a matter of fact, he had written a quantity of verse already. Oh, no! Not published! Just fugitive fragments written when he was quite young, which he would be ashamed to see in print. He rather thought that his talent was for drama: at least (blushing more fiercely), so one or two knowledgeable persons had been kind enough to say.

To own the truth, he had already written a short play, while still at Winchester, which had been performed by certain members of the Sixth. Mere schoolboy stuff, of course, but one of the situations had been considered powerful, and he fancied that there were several passages that were not wholly contemptible. But he must sound like a coxcomb!

Reassured on this point, he confided that he had for long nursed an ambition to write a tragic drama about Queen Catherine, but had hitherto put the project from him, fearing that until he had gained experience and knowledge of the world he might not do justice to his subject. The moment now seemed ripe; and the sight of Kimbolton, where, as Amanda was of course aware, the unfortunate Queen had died, had put one or two very good notions into his head.

Amanda, who had never before met an author, much less a dramatic poet, was impressed. She begged Mr. Ross to tell her more; and Mr. Ross, stammering with mingled shyness and gratification, said that if she was sure she would not think him the greatest bore in nature, he would very much value her opinion of his play, as he at present conceived it.

Sir Gareth, lounging in a deep chair at his ease, with his shapely and superbly booted legs crossed at the ankles, watched them with a smile lurking at the back of his eyes. An attractive pair of children: the boy a little shy, and obviously dazzled, the girl quite free from any sort of self-consciousness, and pretty enough to turn far more seasoned heads than young Ross'. She was having much the same effect upon him as she had had upon Joe Ninfield, but she couldn't do much damage to his heart in one evening.

As for the budding dramatist's play, it seemed uncertain whether it would turn out to be a chronicle, starting with Catherine's marriage to Prince Arthur (because that would make a splendid scene), and taking, according to Sir Gareth's silent estimate, at least three nights to perform, or a shorter but much gloomier production, starting with a divorce, and ending with an autopsy.

"Please do stay for dinner. It isn't any bother; just annoying."

The young couple, rapidly arriving at a comfortable state of intimacy, were hotly embroiled in argument by the time the covers were set on the table. Mr. Ross, in thrilling accents, had told Amanda the story of Catherine's exposed heart, so indelibly blackened that not all the efforts of the chandler sufficed to wash it clean. And then the chandler had cut it in twain, and behold! it was black right to the core, with a nameless Thing clutching it so tightly that it could not be wrenched away.

Amanda listened to this horrid tale with her eyes growing rounder and rounder, and was enthusiastic in her appreciation of it. Mr. Ross said that it had taken strong possession of his mind also, but he doubted whether the scene would prove suitable for dramatic production. Amanda could see no difficulty. The autopsy would be performed, naturally, on a dummy, and a sponge, well soaked in pitch, would make an excellent heart.

She was persuaded that no other dramatist had ever hit upon so splendid and original a final scene. But Mr. Ross, while conceding the splendor and the originality, was inclined to doubt whether it would take the public's fancy.

At this point Sir Gareth, who had been controlling himself admirably, caught the waiter's astonished eye, and burst out laughing. As two startled faces turned towards him, he got up, saying: "Come to dinner, you young ghouls! And I give you fair warning that anyone offering me blackened hearts as an accompaniment to roast chicken will be instantly banished from the table!"

Mr. Ross, taking this in good part, grinned, but even as he rose to his feet he noticed that a distressing change had come over Amanda. A moment earlier she had been all animation and interest, her expressive eyes full of sparkle and the enchanting smile, with its hint of mischief, never far from her lips; now, as though at the waving of a wand, all the liveliness had vanished from her face, her eyes had clouded, and she looked as though she had awakened suddenly from a pleasant dream to very disagreeable reality.

For an anxious moment Mr. Ross wondered whether he could possibly have said anything to offend her. Then Sir Gareth, waiting behind the chair which he had pulled out for her at the table, said, not exactly imperatively, but in a voice of authority, "Come along, my child!"

She rose with obvious reluctance, and, as she took her place at the table, cast a look up at her guardian, which considerably surprised Mr. Ross, so resentful was it. He could only suppose that there had been some disagreement between them. Sir Gareth seemed to be very pleasant and good-humored, but perhaps, under his charm of manner, he was a stricter guardian than one would guess.

This conclusion was almost immediately borne out by his refusal to permit Amanda to fetch her kitten down to the coffee-room. Hardly had she seated herself than she started up again, saying that Joseph must be allowed to share the repast. She would have left the table on the words, but Sir Gareth's hand shot out and caught her wrist.

"Oh, no!" he cried.

He sounded amused, but the color rushed up into Amanda's face, and she tried to wrench free, exclaiming in a low, shaking voice, "I wasn't! I didn't even think of—— Let me go!"

He released her wrist, but he, too, had risen, and he obliged her to sit down again, his hands on her shoulders. He kept them there for a minute.

"Joseph shall join us after dinner," he said. "I don't think we want him at table."

He went back to his place, and, as though nothing had happened, began to talk to Hildebrand.

Had he been asked to consider the question dispassionately, Hildebrand would have given his vote against the inclusion of a kitten at the board, but confronted by Amanda's mortified face it was impossible to be dispassionate. She was biting her pretty lip, her eyes downcast, and her cheeks still flushed, and these signs of discomfiture made Sir Gareth's conduct seem a little tyrannical.

However, he had seen his sisters behave in very much the same way when thwarted, and he thought that probably she would recover from her pet if no heed were paid to her, and he resolutely turned his eyes away from her, and listened to what Sir Gareth was saying to him.

Meanwhile, Amanda, rejecting the soup, was struggling with her emotions. Mr. Ross had been quite right in thinking that she had been jerked back to disagreeable reality. While she had been listening to his delightful anecdotes of Queen Catherine, she had forgotten what the future held in store for her. Sir Gareth's voice had recalled her, and all the evils of her situation came rushing in on her with such force that she almost burst into tears.

A bitter sense of frustration possessed her, and the fact that Sir Gareth, who was its author, was as good-humored as ever did nothing to soothe her.

It was the crowning injury that now, instead of coaxing her to drink her soup and wooing her with soft words as Grandpapa would certainly have done, he was paying no heed to her at all, but talking to Mr. Ross instead. This was treatment to which she was quite unaccustomed, for, although Neil had never tried to coax her out of a tantrum, his methods of dealing with her had not so far included ostracism.

The sense of ill-usage grew. Not even the budding playwright, who had seemed to have a great deal of sensibility, cared a button whether she ate what was set before her, or starved. He was telling Sir Gareth all about his horse, which had been given him as a birthday present by his father. The noble animal was even now in the stable attached to the White Lion, for he

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Around the World in Eighty Days

● The film that caused all Hollywood to sit up and take notice is "Around the World in 80 Days," a widescreen adventure that introduces a new camera technique.

UP IN A BALLOON. Phineas Fogg (David Niven), right, and Passepartout, his servant (Cantinflas), hire a balloon in this sequence to fly from Paris to Marseilles. Through a miscalculation they land in Spain. David Niven is still hysterical about this and some of the other stunts he undertook in the picture.

THE technique is the system of filming known as Todd-AO, which is sponsored and owned by Michael Todd, an enterprising Broadway showman, himself as colorful a figure as any along the Gay White Way.

The special feature of Todd-AO appears to be size. In this respect it outdoes anything that Hollywood has yet offered.

An ability to put the audience right in the picture and also to project an image of exceptional brightness and clarity are other claims for the new process.

Australia will have an opportunity to see the film, but it will not be in the Todd-AO medium.

Some of the players and scenes from the picture are reproduced in color on these pages.

In "Around the World in 80 Days," based on the Jules Verne classic, Michael Todd has produced a lavish and spectacular film estimated to have cost between five and eight million dollars — a big budget, even by Hollywood standards.

If the shooting and casting arrangements are any guide, "80 Days" is certainly the most ambitious film ever made.

The facilities of six major studios, involving 140 sets in all, were used in Hollywood.

In addition, five full production crews operated on authentic locations around the world shooting its foreign scenes.

Hollywood moviemakers' startled reactions to these unusual policies were nothing compared with the effect of Michael Todd's use of about 50 international stars of the theatre and screen to play bit parts. But Todd says it's been worth every penny.

Back in London, his job ended, actor David Niven, who plays the star role of Phineas Fogg in the adventure, is full of entertaining tales of how "Around the World" cost so much money.

Mike Todd, he says, shot one sea scene on a studio set costing about £80,000 for a few seconds' screen time. When he saw the rushes Todd grunted, "Scrap it. We'll do this scene at sea."

For another sequence at sea in a luxurious yacht he wanted some seagulls to indicate boats nearing land. "Put down some refuse," Niven said, "that'll attract them."

Todd beamed, then roared. "Refuse nothing!" he protested. "My seagulls get specially imported sardines from Portugal!" And they did, too.

There are three other major roles in the picture besides Niven's. These are the man-servant Passepartout, played by Cantinflas, the brilliant Mexican comedian making his American movie debut, and an Indian princess portrayed by promising newcomer Shirley MacLaine.

These three are trailed throughout by Robert Newton, a member of Scotland Yard who mistakenly suspects the hero of being a bank robber.

The star stockpile of talent persuaded into cameo scenes in the film bristles with "names."

The incomparable Ben Lillie, for example, plays a Salvation Army captain on a soapbox in London, and Sir John Gielgud is a gentleman's gentleman.

Noel Coward, Peter Ustinov, Trevor Howard, and Robert Morley are also there, and Alec Guinness, the man of many faces, turns up as a Chinese waiter.

France is represented by charming Martine Carol and comic Fernandel. Charles

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

PARIS CAMEO. French actress Martine Carol as the pretty passer-by on a Paris street twirls her umbrella gaily in this early sequence of "Around the World in 80 Days."

FLOWER MARKET (right). In this scene Fogg (Niven) and Passepartout (Cantinflas) delay their rush journey to buy flowers in the square opposite the Gare Du Nord in Paris.

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THE BULLFIGHT. Challenged by an irate Spaniard to display his cape work in a local bullring, Passepartout (Cantinflas) amazes everyone by his skill. The spectators alternately cheer and laugh at him.

SHIPBOARD INTERLUDE. Princess Aouda (Shirley MacLaine) and Fogg (Niven) on the way to the United States. The couple meet in India, where Phineas Fogg rescues the girl from death on a funeral pyre. Hoping to find shelter with an uncle in Hongkong, Aouda is unable to locate her relative, and Fogg insists that she accompany his party the rest of the way. Producer Michael Todd describes his film as "a fairy tale for adults."

Boyer owns the balloon that transports the adventurers from France to Spain.

In Spain, dancer Jose Greco and his troupe perform a spirited gipsy number, and there's a spectacular bullfight against authentic backgrounds.

Veteran Ronald Colman pops up in India as an official on the Great Peninsula Railroad, and Reginald Denny enters the scene as Bombay's chief of police.

In another part of the world bewigged Marlene Dietrich goes west to the Barbary Coast to serve strong drink to the tough customers in her old-time saloon.

Sitting at a piano there is a player wearing rolled shirt-sleeves and a bowler hat. It's Frank Sinatra and he's visible for all of two minutes. Red Skelton and George Raft are somewhere around, also.

All these, and many other famous faces, give an international feeling to global adventure.

Set in Victorian London, the story tells how Mr. Phineas Fogg (David Niven), an old-school-tie Britisher, wins a wager of £24,000 by girdling the world in precisely 80 days.

On the trip Fogg is accompanied by his valet (Cantinflas), and others join them later in the story.

Travelling from country to country - against time, the party, using every then-known means of transportation, runs into a string of incidents and problems.

Fogg and Passepartout encounter their first set-back in Paris when they step off the boat-train carrying changes of shirts and socks and a carpet-bag full of money, only to find that an avalanche has blocked a railroad tunnel on the way to Marseilles.

It requires a journey by balloon and a whirlwind boat trip to set them off on the next leg of the adventure—aboard a P. & O. steamer to India.

It is during this trip that the party of two becomes a threesome when Inspector Fix, of Scotland Yard (Robert Newton), is convinced that Fogg robbed the Bank of England of £55,000 through an innocent remark by Passepartout that his boss has a bag of new notes and that they left London in a hurry.

The visitors cause a perfect bedlam in India and are finally forced to run for their lives with a crowd of angry natives at their heels after rescuing Aouda (Shirley MacLaine) from death by fire.

Now there are four in the party and Hongkong the next port of call. Yokohama follows, and this city is the scene of their extremely lively departure from the Orient.

As might be expected, the American continent really turns it on for the travellers, what with an attack by Redskins, a bridge that threatens to collapse as their train roars across it, and a final dash by the U.S. Cavalry to snatch them out of harm's way.

How the hero finally manages to get to London in time to collect the bet provides the film's split-second finale.

BACK IN LONDON. Hurrying to make his 80-day deadline, Fogg (Niven) is detained by comedienne Beatrice Lillie, playing a Salvation Army captain, in this London sequence at the end of "Around the World in 80 Days." Fogg, who had left the Reform Club in London at exactly 8.45 p.m., Wednesday, October 2, returns, somewhat out of breath, at precisely 8.45 on the evening of Saturday, December 21.

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Powder that doesn't cling Shininess . . . Blackheads	Always, before you make-up or powder, film on an invisible veil of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream — instantly protects a freshly cleansed skin. To help your skin throw off its every-day accumulation of oily, dead skin cells, simply cover your face lavishly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Tissue off after one minute. Now — skin glands function normally.	**VANISHING CREAM** New economy size jar 7/3. Standard jar 4/6. Handy tube 2/3.
Parched dry skin Ageing dry lines Rough, flaky patches	Dry skin can *push* you into middle age — and its signs appear even as early as 19. Tiny forehead lines . . . little crowsfeet . . . rough, flaky patches. Dry skin needs extra lubrication, so the richer the cream you use, the better. So start using *Pond's* Dry Skin Cream — richest of all in lanolin. You'll grow lovelier, not just *older*.	**DRY SKIN CREAM** New economy size jar 8/11. Standard jar 5/3. Handy tube 2/6.

See all swift-acting Pond's Creams at your favourite beauty counter.

PC64

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ *The Rose Tattoo*

ITALIAN star Anna Magnani makes a magnificent Hollywood debut in "The Rose Tattoo," a comedy-drama released by Paramount.

Adapted from the Tennessee Williams play, the story of an agonised, passionate Sicilian widow is an ideal medium for Magnani's stormy talents and no lover of the theatre should miss the opportunity to witness her Academy Award winning performance.

"Rose Tattoo" is the star's first movie with all-English dialogue.

Its theme of human passion and frailty is not, perhaps, film fare that will appeal to all tastes, but set against the brawling tumult of an Italian-American community in the bayou country of the South, it is essentially real and earthy.

Dealing first with the sorrows of Serafina Delle Rose, the widow (Magnani), who has lived for three years with the memory of the fidelity of her adored husband—to her a "rose" of a man—the film depicts her gradual disenchantment in some detail, and then focuses on the courtship of Serafina by Burt Lancaster's bumbling truckdriver.

Often funny and occasionally pathetic, these sequences are played with rare insight by both performers.

But generally the role of Alvaro Mangiacavallo, the good-natured idiot whom Serafina describes as having "the face of an imbecile on the body of my husband," defeats Burt Lancaster.

The film's subsidiary plot, a love story involving Serafina's fiercely protected teenage daughter, Rosa, played with spirit by Marisa Pavan, and Ben Cooper's young fair-haired sailor, has serious as well as funny implications.

In Sydney—Victory.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "Good Morning, Miss Dove," color CinemaScope drama, starring Jennifer Jones, Robert Stack, Robert Douglas. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Richard III," color VistaVision Shakespearian melodrama, starring Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Claire Bloom.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Marty," comedy drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Three Stripes in the Sun," wartime romance, starring Aldo Ray, Mitsuko Kimura. Plus "Fury at Gunsight Pass," Western, starring Neville Brand, David Brian, Lisa Davis.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," color CinemaScope drama, starring Ray Milland, Joan Collins, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★★ "The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney technicolor true-life adventure. Plus ★★★ "Siam," technicolor featurette.

PLAZA.—★ "Battle Cry," color CinemaScope wartime drama, starring Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Nancy Olsen. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "The Court Jester," color VistaVision comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns, Basil Rathbone. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "The Blue Continent," underwater documentary in color. Plus ★ "La Spiaggia" ("The Beach), Italian drama in color with English sub-titles, starring Martine Carol, Raf Vallone.

STATE.—★ "Footsteps in the Fog," technicolor period suspense drama, starring Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger. Plus "Hell's Horizon," wartime drama, starring John Ireland, Mala English.

VICTORY.—★★ "The Rose Tattoo," VistaVision drama, starring Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Female on the Beach," romantic melodrama, starring Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler. Plus "The Rawhide Years," technicolor period adventure, starring Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller.

LYRIC.—"Inside Detroit," crime melodrama, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Pat O'Brien, Tina Carver. Plus "Relentless," technicolor western drama, starring Robert Young, Marguerite Chapman. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

PALACE.—"Tall Man Riding," color Western, starring Randolph Scott, Dorothy Malone. Plus ★ "The Big Trees," color period adventure, starring Kirk Douglas, Eve Miller. (Re-release.)

PALLADIUM.—"Kiss Me Deadly," Mickey Spillane thriller, starring Ralph Meeker, Paul Stewart, Marian Carr. Plus "The Ring," boxing drama, starring Gerald Mohr, Rita Moreno. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

REGENT.—"A Star Is Born," technicolor CinemaScope musical drama, starring Judy Garland, James Mason.

ST. JAMES.—"The Swan," color CinemaScope period romance, starring Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan. Plus featurettes.

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CHIPS RAFFERTY, Australia's famous film personality and star of "King of the Coral Sea", has washed his Neva-Press shirt 23 times — never had it within hailing distance of an iron. And it's as crisp and fresh-looking as new. (Note the trim fused collar.) Now Chips wears his Neva-Press shirt when he boards a plane to travel round Australia or visit New Guinea, scene of his new film "Walk into Paradise". Since Neva-Press dries overnight, Chips needn't pack a single shirt. He finds it a blessing for the film star whose public expects him to be well-groomed, no matter how frequent his travels.

INSIST ON NEVA-PRESS

A "Beaucaire" GUARANTEED SHIRT

Continuing . . . .

Sprig Muslin

from page 55

was riding to his rendezvous, which was far preferable to going by a stuffy coach: did not Sir Gareth agree?

His mama had not liked his going off quite by himself, but father perfectly understood that one wanted to be free to go where one chose when one was enjoying the Long Vacation. He was a great gun: not at all like some fathers one had met, who were always finding fault, or getting into a grand fuss, merely because their sons had forgotten to write home for a week or two.

How odious Sir Gareth was, thought Amanda, to encourage young Mr. Ross to forget all about her. It was all of a piece: no doubt he was making himself agreeable just to spike her guns, in case she should try to enlist Mr. Ross as an ally. That was what he had done at Whitethorn Farm, turning even kind Mr. Ninfield against her, and inducing him to believe all the shocking lies he had uttered.

But Mr. Ross had not forgotten her. He had been covertly watching her, and he now ventured to turn his face fully towards her, and to smile at her. She smiled back at him, but so pathetically that he became convinced that something must be very much amiss.

She grew rather more cheerful after dinner, for her stern guardian permitted her to bring Joseph down to the coffee-room, and after Joseph had been regaled with a portion of minced chicken he very obligingly diverted the company by engaging in a protracted form of guerrilla warfare with a ball of screwed-up paper.

In the middle of this entertainment, Trotton came in for any final orders his master might wish to give him, and while Sir Gareth was talking to him Mr. Ross seized the opportunity to whisper: "I beg pardon, but — is anything amiss?"

His fears were then confirmed. Amanda's eyes flew towards Sir Gareth in a way that clearly showed her dread of him, and she whispered in reply: "Everything! Hush!"

He was obediently silent, but he resolved to pursue his inquiries as soon as Sir Gareth gave him the chance to speak to her alone. Unfortunately, Sir Gareth gave him no chance, but very soon dashed all his hopes by breaking up the party at an early hour. He said that since she had had a long and a tiring day, and would have another tomorrow, Amanda must go to bed in good time.

"But I don't wish to go to bed, for I am not in the least sleepy!" objected Amanda.

"I'm sure you're not, but I am, and you can see that Joseph is, too," returned Sir Gareth.

The very speaking look she exchanged with Mr. Ross, as she reluctantly rose from her chair, was intended to convey to him her opinion of persons who ordered her to bed as though she were a baby, but he interpreted it as an appeal for aid, and his chivalry was fired.

Sir Gareth, an amused observer of this by-play, thought it time to call a halt. If this romantic and impressionable youth saw much more of Amanda, it seemed likely that his walking tour would be ruined by a severe attack of frustrated calf-love, which would be rather too bad, for he looked just the kind of over-sensitive boy to be seriously upset by it. So he bade him a kind but firm good-night, shaking hands with him, and saying that perhaps they had better call it goodbye, since he and Amanda would be leaving Kimbolton very early in the morning.

He then swept Amanda inexorably away. Mr. Ross, bent on making an assignation with this distressed damsel, conceived the happy notion of slipping a note under her bedroom door, and suddenly realised that he had no idea which room had been allotted to her.

The only way of discovering this seemed to be to go upstairs himself, as though on his way to bed, and listen carefully at all the possible doors for some sound that would disclose her exact whereabouts. He was pretty sure that she would talk to Joseph while she made herself ready for bed, and in this hope he, too, mounted the stairs.

He found, however, when he reached the square landing at the head of the stairs that it was going to be a simpler matter than he had feared to locate Amanda's room. The sound of her voice came to him, from the corridor that led from the landing to the end of the house, and it was evident that instead of retiring immediately to bed she had detained Sir Gareth to engage him in hot argument.

"You have no right to force me to go with you!"

"Very well: I have no right, but nevertheless you will go with me," Sir Gareth replied, rather wearily. "For heaven's sake, stop arguing, and go to bed, Amanda!"

Hildebrand hesitated. By all the canons of his upbringing he ought either to advertise his presence or to go away. He had almost started to tiptoe down the stairs again when it occurred to him that too scrupulous a regard for his own honor in this instance might militate against his being able to rescue Amanda.

He remained where he was, not, indeed, quite comfortable, but fairly well persuaded that Amanda at least would raise no objection to his eavesdropping. Her next words quite wrung his heart.

"Oh, if you had a heart you would let me go!" she said tragically.

From the chuckle that followed this impassioned outburst it was to be inferred that Sir Gareth was not at all moved by it.

"That is a splendid line, and very creditably delivered," he approved. "Now you must ring down the curtain, for fear of falling into anti-climax! Have you everything you need for the night?"

She paid no heed to this, but said, in a voice trembling with indignation, "I was never so deceived in anyone! No, or those others!"

"What others?"

"All of them! That fat landlady, and the Ninfields, and now Mr. Ross! You made them all l-like you, because you have ch-charming manners, and address, and they believed you when you told the w-wickedest untruths, and you make it so that it is no use for me to tell them that you are not a gentleman at all, but a snake!"

"Poor Amanda! Now, listen, you foolish child! I know I seem to you to be heartless, and detestably tyrannical, but, believe me, you'll thank me for it one day. Come, now, dry your eyes! Anyone would suppose that I really was going to carry you off to that mouldering castle of mine! Instead of that I am taking you to London. Is that so dreadful? I daresay you will enjoy it. How

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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1 SHOT by thieves found stealing his horses, Jeremy Rodock (James Cagney), left, a powerful landowner, receives unexpected help from Steve Miller (Don Dubbins), a naive young stranger from the East who is eager to ride the range.

2 AT THE RANCH Steve, given a job by Jeremy, meets Jocasta Constantine (Irene Papas), a lovely Greek girl who befriends the shy young man. Jeremy, his horses missing, estranges them both by indulging in constant sessions of anger.

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN

★ Star James Cagney has a strong role in Metro's new Western, "Tribute to a Bad Man," in which he plays the man whom some people deem bad because of the iron sense of justice he brings to the lawless frontier of the spreading West. Filmed in color CinemaScope, the story spotlights Jeremy Rodock (Cagney), a horse-breeder of the outback, as the symbol of the tough and courageous pioneers of the early days.

It shows how, through devotion to his chosen task, Rodock is almost blinded to life itself.

Don Dubbins, Irene Papas, and Stephen McNally co-star.

3 ABOVE: Rough justice of Jeremy, who captures and hangs his former dishonest foreman, now a horse-thief, horrifies Steve, who has come to idolise his boss. The dead man's son, 18-year old Lars (Vic Morrow), centre, vows vengeance. His mother merely asks Jeremy to leave the place.

4 RIGHT: Evidence of more rustling is uncovered by Steve, who had earlier left the ranch on account of Jeremy and also because of his growing love for Jocasta. Jeremy and his posse pursue the thieves, led by Lars and McNulty, an ex-foreman whom Jeremy discharged for making a pass at Jocasta.

5 CAPTIVES are not hanged by Jeremy. Instead, he strips them of their boots and forces them to march barefoot to town. Lars accuses him of wanting vengeance, not justice.

6 ABOVE: Shocked into a realisation of his true behaviour, Jeremy sets the men free and returns to the ranch. There he finds that Jocasta and Steve plan to go away together. At first he makes no attempt to stop them, but later on memories of happier days rekindle his spirit and he gallops after the pair.

7 LEFT: Back at the ranch together once more, Jocasta is convinced that Jeremy is again the man she first knew and loved and the man who still loves her. Meanwhile, Steve, the sensitive young Easterner, continues on his way, having learned about the pioneer West.

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PAN AMERICAN

Continuing . . . .

Sprig Muslin

from page 60

would it be if I took you to the play?"

"No!" she said passionately. "I am not a child, and I won't be bribed like that! How dare you talk to me of going to a stupid play, when you are determined to ruin my life? You are detestable, and I see that it is useless to appeal to your better nature, because you haven't got a better nature!"

"Black to the core — like Queen Katherine's heart," agreed Sir Gareth gravely. "Go to bed, my child: the future won't look so ill in the morning. There is, however, just one thing I must tell you before I bid you goodnight. Much as I regret the necessity, I am going to lock your door."

"No!" cried Amanda pantingly. "You shan't, you shan't! Give me back that key! Give it back to me instantly!"

"No, Amanda. I warned you that you were not dealing with a flat. If I gave it to you, you would run away as soon as you thought I was asleep. You are not going to escape again."

"You can't be so inhuman as to lock me up! I might be ill!"

"Oh, I don't think you will be!"

"I might die!" she urged.

"Well, if you did that, it wouldn't signify whether you were locked in or not, would it?"

"Oh, how hateful you are! I might be burnt in my bed!"

"If the house should happen to catch fire, I will engage not only to rescue you, but Joseph as well. Good-night — and dream of a revenge on me!"

Mr. Ross heard the click of a closing door, and the grating of the key in the lock.

He moved softly forward to peep round the angle of the wall, and was in time to see Sir Gareth withdraw the key from the lock of a door and cross the corridor to a room directly opposite.

For several minutes Mr. Ross remained on the landing, not knowing just what he ought to do. When he had heard Amanda beg Sir Gareth not to lock her door, his impulse had been to dash to her support. But before he could do so, all the awkwardness of his situation had been realised, and he had hesitated. Profoundly shocked though he was, and burning to perform some heroic deed for Amanda's sake, he yet could not feel that he would be justified in intervening, or even perhaps successful.

It was cruel of Sir Gareth to lock the door on Amanda, but if he was her guardian no one could gainsay his right to do so. The things Amanda had said to him certainly indicated that he had behaved very badly to her, but what he had done, or why she was so reluctant to accompany him to London, could at present be matters only for conjecture.

He decided that his first step must be to find a way of approaching Amanda, and he did not immediately perceive how this was to be accomplished. A whispered conversation through the keyhole would be a very indifferent way of communicating with her, and might well bring Sir Gareth out upon him.

A little further consideration, however, put him in mind of the fact that her bedroom must, from its position, look out on to the small, walled garden at the back of the inn, and he conceived the happy idea of walking out into it, and of attracting Amanda's attention by throwing stones at her window.

Fortunately, since he might have been hard put to it to distinguish her window among several others which looked on to the garden, this expedient was found to be unnecessary. Amanda's window stood open, and Amanda was kneeling at it, clearly silhouetted by the candle behind her, her elbows on the ledge, and her face propped between her hands.

Thrust firmly into her room, and the door closed on her, the agitation from which she was suffering had found relief in a burst of tears. Without having precisely decided on a course of action, she had been turning over in her mind a plan of escaping from the White Lion as soon as it was light; and the discovery that Sir Gareth had been aware of this provoked her to quite irrational fury.

Though she meant to outwit him if she could, it was insulting of him to suspect her; and his calm air of mastery made her want to hit him. Well, she would show him.

The first step towards showing him had been to run to the window, to ascertain whether it were possible to climb down from it, or even, since the upper story of the house was at no great height from the ground, to drop down from it. She had not previously thought of this way of escape, and so had not inspected the window. It needed only the most cursory inspection now to inform her that to squeeze herself through it would be impossible.

She began to cry again, and was still convulsively sobbing when Mr. Ross came cautiously into the garden through a wicket-gate opening into the stable-yard, and saw her.

The moon was up, brightly illuminating the scene, so there was really no need for Mr. Ross, softly treading along the flagged path until he stood immediately beneath Amanda's window, to attract her attention by saying thrillingly, "Hist!" Amanda had seen him as soon as he entered the garden, and had moodily watched his approach. She could think of no way in which he could be of assistance to her.

"Miss Smith! I must have speech with you!" piercingly whispered Mr. Ross. "I heard all!"

"All what?" said Amanda crossly.

"All that you said to Sir Gareth! Only tell me what I can do to help you!"

"No one can help me," replied Amanda, sunk in gloom.

"I can, and will!" promised Mr. Ross recklessly.

A faint interest gleamed in her eyes. She abandoned her despairing pose, and looked down at his upturned face.

"How? He locked me in, and the window is too small for me to get out of."

"I will think of a way. Only we cannot continue talking like this. Someone may hear us. Wait! There is bound to be a ladder in the stables. If I can contrive to do so unobserved, I'll fetch it, and climb up to you!"

Amanda began to feel more hopeful. Up till now she had not considered him in the light of a possible rescuer, for he seemed to her very young, and no match for a man of Sir Gareth's fiendish ingenuity. He now appeared to be a man of action and resource. She waited.

Time passed, and the slight hope she was cherishing dwindled. Then, just as she was thinking that there was nothing to do but to go to bed, Mr. Ross came back, bearing a short ladder, which was used for climbing into the hay-loft. He set this up against the wall of the house, and mounted it.

He had to climb to the topmost rung before his head rose above the window-sill, and his hands could grasp it, and the

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Sprig Muslin

Continuing . . . .

from page 62

last part of the ascent was somewhat precariously accomplished.

"Oh, pray be careful!" begged Amanda, alarmed but admiring.

"It's quite safe," he assured her. "I beg pardon for having been such an age. I had to wait, you see, because that man—your guardian's groom—was giving the head ostler all manner of directions. Why are you locked in?"

"Because Sir Gareth is determined not to let me escape," she replied bitterly.

"Yes, but—you see, I did not perfectly understand from what you were saying to him why you wish to escape, or what he means to do with you. Of course, I saw how much you feared him long before!"

"Saw how much I—Oh! Oh, yes!" said Amanda, swallowing with an effort her very natural indignation. "I am wholly in his power!"

"Yes, well, I suppose—I mean, if he's your guardian you must be. But what has he done to frighten you? Why did you say he was a snake?"

Amanda did not answer for a moment. She was feeling tired, quite unequal to the task of rapidly composing a suitable explanation. A sigh broke from her. The sadness of this sound wrought powerfully upon Mr. Ross. He ventured to remove one hand from the sill and to lay it tenderly on hers.

"Tell me!" he said.

"He is abducting me," said Amanda.

Mr. Ross was so much astonished that he nearly fell off the ladder. "Abducting you?" he gasped. "You cannot be serious!"

"Yes, I am! And, what is more, it's true!" said Amanda.

"I would not have believed it to have been possible. My dear Miss Smith, you may be easy! I will instantly have you set free! There will be no difficulty. I have but to inform the parish constable, or perhaps a magistrate—I am not perfectly sure, but I shall speedily discover——"

"No, no!" she interrupted hastily. "It would be useless! Pray not do so!"

"But I am persuaded it is what I should do!" he expostulated. "How should it be useless?"

She sought wildly for some explanation which would satisfy him. None occurred to her until, just as she was wondering whether she dared tell him the truth, or whether (which she suspected) he would disapprove as heartily as Sir Gareth of her plan of campaign, there flashed into her brain a notion of transcendent splendor. It almost took her breath away, for not only was it an excellent story in itself: it would, properly handled, afford her the means of being exquisitely revenged on Sir Gareth. It was Sir Gareth's own story now to prove his undoing.

"You see," said Amanda, drawing a deep, ecstatic breath, "I am an heiress."

"Oh!" said Mr. Ross, rather at a loss.

"I was left an orphan at an early age," she continued, embellishing Sir Gareth's crude handiwork. "Alas! I am quite alone in the world, without kith or kin."

Mr. Ross, himself a great reader of romances, found nothing to object to in the style of this narrative, but cavilled a little at the matter.

"What, have you no relations at all?" he asked incredulously. "No cousins, even?"

Amanda thought him unnecessarily captious, but obligingly presented him with a relative.

"Yes, I have an uncle," she conceded. "But he cannot help me, so——"

"But why not? Surely——"

Amanda, regretting the creation of an uncle who seemed likely to prove an embarrassment, with great presence of mind placed him beyond Mr. Ross' reach.

"He is in Bedlam," she said. "So we need not think any more about him. The thing is that——"

"Mad?" interrupted Mr. Ross, in horrified accents.

"Raving mad," said Amanda firmly.

"How very dreadful!"

"Yes, isn't it? Because I have no one to turn to but Sir Gareth."

"Is he a dangerous madman?" asked Mr. Ross, apparently fascinated by the uncle.

"I do wish you would stop asking questions about my uncle, and attend to what I am saying!" said Amanda, exasperated.

"I beg pardon! It must be excessively painful for you!"

"Yes, and it is quite beside the point, too. Sir Gareth, wishing to possess himself of my fortune, is determined to force me into marriage with himself, and for this purpose is carrying me to London."

"To London? I should have thought——"

"To London," repeated Amanda emphatically. "Because that is where he lives, and he means to incarcerate me in his house until I submit. And it's no use saying the parish constable would stop him, because Sir Gareth would deny every word, and say that he was taking me to live with his sister, who is a very disagreeable woman, and would do anything to oblige him. And everyone would believe him, because they always do. So you would only make a great noise, which I should very much dislike, and all to no purpose."

Mr. Ross could see that this was very likely, but he was still puzzled.

"You make everything sound so simple—including yourself."

"Where have you been living?" he demanded. "I don't perfectly understand. You said he abducted you; haven't you been residing under his roof?"

"No, no, I have hitherto resided with a very respectable woman, who—" She stopped, and decided to eliminate a possible danger"—who is dead. I mean, she died two years ago, and Sir Gareth then placed me in a seminary, which is exactly the sort of thing he would do. Only now that I am old enough to be married, he came and removed me, and naturally I was pleased, because then I believed him to be everything that was amiable. But when he told me that I must marry him—"

"I should have thought he would have had more address!" exclaimed Mr. Ross. "Told you that you must marry him when he had only that instant removed you from the seminary?"

"Oh, no. The thing was that he supposed I should like the notion, because previously I had been excessively attached to him on account of his being so handsome and agreeable. Only, of course, I never thought of marrying him. Why, he's quite old. So then I was in a great fright, and I ran away from the place where we were staying last night, and he chased me all day and found me at last, and brought me here. And I cannot think how to escape again, and, oh, I am so very unhappy!"

The passionate sincerity with which these final words were uttered pierced Mr. Ross to the heart. He was ashamed to think that he had for a moment doubted her story, and in some agitation implored her not to cry. Amanda, between sobs, told him of her earlier adventures. These had been almost wholly enjoyable at the time, but regarded in retrospect, now that she was tired and defeated, the day seemed to her to have been one of unrivalled misery and discomfort.

Mr. Ross had no difficulty in believing this at least. He would, indeed, have found it impossible to have believed that anything less than the direst necessity could have induced a gently-born young female to have taken so unprecedented and perilous a step as to cast herself upon the world as she had done. From the moment of her escape, the poor little thing had been mercilessly hounded.

It did not surprise him to learn that the fat old gentleman who had with such false kindness offered to carry her to Oundle had tried to take advantage of her innocence. His sensitive nature made it easy for him to imagine the desperation of terror which must have had her in its grip; and the thought of so fragile and lovely a creature cowering on the floor of a farm cart made him shudder, not the smallest suspicion entering his head that she had thoroughly enjoyed this part of her adventure.

The description of the devilish cunning employed by Sir Gareth to regain possession of her lost nothing in the telling. Sir Gareth began, in Mr. Ross' mind, to assume an aspect of smiling villainy. He wondered how he should have been taken in by his pleasant manners until he remembered certain warnings given him by his father against too readily trusting smooth-tongued and apparently creditable gentlemen of fashionable appearance.

The world, said the squire, was full of plausible banditti on the lookout for green young men of fortune. Their stock-in-trade was winning charm, and they frequently bestowed titles upon themselves, generally military. No doubt they were also on the lookout for rich wives, but naturally the squire had not thought it necessary to tell his son this.

Had some chance brought Mr. Ross face to face with Sir Gareth again, it was possible that his leaping imagination would have suffered a check. But Sir Gareth had gone to bed, and Mr. Ross' last sight of him had been of him in the corridor, locking Amanda into her room. Every word he had said to Amanda bore out the truth of her story, and of his cynical heartlessness there could be no doubt.

Only a hardened scoundrel, in Mr. Ross' opinion, could have laughed at Amanda's anguish. Sir Gareth, not content with laughing, had mocked at her distress. He had also (now one came to think of it) tried to deceive her with promises of generous entertainment in London.

No chance brought Sir Gareth on the scene to counteract the combined influences of Amanda and a full moon on an impressionable youth. Perched on the stable ladder, a modern Romeo discussed ways and means with his Juliet.

To be continued

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Easy does it

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

Something for working wives and busy homemakers who want to cut down on time spent in the kitchen.

DINNERS that can be readied in the morning or the night before and entrusted to the oven to bake mean release from the stove for the cook.

For the baked dishes listed here all that's needed is an occasional look into the oven from the time cooking starts until they are ready to be served.

Spoon measurements are level in all the recipes.

MENU 1

Baked Pork Chops
(with a difference)
Sweet Potatoes and Apples en casserole
Cabbage Salad
Old-fashioned Rice Pudding
Coffee

This easy-going two-course oven meal bakes in 1¾ to 1½ hours.

How to do: The night before or early in the day cook rice, wash cabbage, cook apples. About 1¾ hours before dinner, prepare and start baking sweet potatoes and pork chops and rice pudding. Then you are free until just before serving time, when the cabbage salad is finished off.

BAKED PORK CHOPS
(with a difference)

Four pork loin chops ¾in. thick, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup dried breadcrumbs, pinch pepper.

Trim excess fat from chops; slit rind in 3 or 4 places with a sharp knife. Grease a 9in. pie plate, pour milk into it, add salt. Dip each chop in the milk, then roll in crumbs. Fit chops snugly together in milk in pie plate. Sprinkle with pepper. Scatter remaining crumbs over chops. Cover with an enamel plate or another pie plate and bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours, or until tender.

SWEET POTATOES AND APPLES EN CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds sweet potatoes, 2 thinly sliced green apples, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup water (in which apples are cooked), a little lemon juice.

Cook unpeeled potatoes in boiling salted water to cover. When nearly done, drain them, peel and cut into ¼in. slices. Peel and core apples, cut into thin slices. Barely cover with boiling water, place lid on and simmer until nearly done. Grease an ovenware dish, place in it alternate layers of sweet potatoes and apples. Sprinkle the layers with brown sugar and dot them with butter. Pour water and lemon juice over and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

CABBAGE SALAD

Shred half large cabbage medium fine, add 7 or 8 chopped shallots, salt, pepper, ¾ cup mayonnaise flavored with 1 teaspoeon mustard and extra lemon juice or vinegar to taste, about 1 teaspoon. Toss lightly to mix.

OLD-FASHIONED RICE PUDDING

Two to 2½ cups cooked rice, 1¼ pints milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup evaporated milk, 1-3rd cup chopped raisins, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter, red currant jelly or plum jam.

Drain cooked rice, and while still warm add milk, sugar, evaported milk, raisins, nutmeg and butter. Mix well. Divide between 4 or 5 ovenproof dishes. Dot lightly with extra butter, add a sprinkling of nutmeg, and bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Serve hot or cold, topped with a spoonful of red currant jelly or plum jam.

Note: If preferred this may be made in one piedish.

MENU 2

Savory Cod Casserole
Spanish Green Beans
Jacket Potatoes
Lemon Chiffon with Chocolate Biscuits
Coffee

You can serve this savory fish dinner with pride. It takes about 1 hour's actual cooking time.

How to do: The night before, or early in the day, make lemon chiffon and chill. Prepare fish up to the point where skin and bones are removed. String and slice the beans. About 1 hour before dinner, scrub small whole potatoes, prick well and place on shelf in moderate oven. Finish preparing and cooking fish and beans.

SAVORY COD CASSEROLE

One pound smoked cod, lemon juice, pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut fish into service-sized pieces. Cover with cold water, add a good squeeze of lemon juice, bring slowly to the boil; drain. Remove skin and any bones. Melt butter or substitute, add crumbs and stir over heat until lightly browned. Stir in flour, cool slightly, then add to the cheese, tossing lightly to mix. Sprinkle 1-3rd of the mixture into a thickly greased ovenware dish.. Add half the fish, dust with pepper, add another 1-3rd of the crumb mixture. Repeat, finishing with a layer of crumb mixture. Pour milk carefully down the side, cover and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve hot, sprinkled with parsley.

SPANISH GREEN BEANS

Two and a half cups cooked French beans, 1 dessertspoon bacon fat, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, ½ cup tomato juice, ½ cup stock.

BAKED PORK-CHOPS, sweet potatoes and apples en casserole, cabbage salad (slaw, the Americans call it), and old-fashioned rice pudding, illustrated above, make a delicious and easily cooked dinner. The menu and recipes are given on this page.

Place beans in an ovenware dish greased with bacon fat. Season with chopped onion, salt and pepper, add tomato juice and stock. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

LEMON CHIFFON

One dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, cream.

Soak gelatine in water for 5 minutes. Add half the sugar to the lemon juice, salt and egg-yolks. Mix well, stir over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Remove from heat, add grated lemon rind and softened gelatine. Stir frequently as it cools. When beginning to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with balance of sugar. Pile into dish, chill until set. Serve with cream and chocolate biscuits.

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APPLE SNOWBALLS look very professional but they are as simple as ABC to make. The secret of success lies in using eating apples (always best for baking) and allowing them to become quite cold before applying the meringue. See prize recipe.

Sweet wins £5

● This week's prize of £5 is awarded to a recipe for apple snowballs, as appealing to the eye as they are to the palate.

MADE with apples steamed until tender, then baked with a delicious filling of banana and a coating of meringue and coconut, these snowballs are a sweet to suit all tastes.

Cold cooked veal left from the weekend joint can be used to make appetising cassolettes as suggested in the recipe which wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

APPLE SNOWBALLS

Five small eating apples, 5 dessertspoons brown sugar, 5 cloves, 1 banana, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, few drops vanilla, coarse coconut, blanched almonds, cherries.

Peel and core apples. Place 1 dessertspoon brown sugar and 1 clove in each core cavity. Stand apples in large saucepan with water ½in. deep in bottom. Cover with a tightly fitting lid, cook gently 10 to 12 minutes or until soft. Remove apples from saucepan, pour off sugar syrup in centre cavity; allow to cool. Fill cavity with mashed banana mixed with lemon juice. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat to meringue consistency, add vanilla. Stick with almonds, sprinkle with coconut. Place on oven-tray, bake in moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Decorate with cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. James, 40 North East Road, Walkerville, S.A.

VEAL CASSOLETTES

Two cups mashed potato, 1½ cups minced cooked veal, ½ onion minced, 1 tomato skinned and chopped, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup gravy, 4 eggs, 4 slices bacon, 1 tablespoon melted shortening.

Line bottom and sides of four greased individual ovenproof dishes with mashed potato, pressing down smoothly. Mix veal, chopped onion, and skinned chopped tomato, season to taste. Place ¼ of mixture in each dish, sprinkle with lemon rind, add a little gravy. Break an egg into each dish, season with pepper and salt. Cover with remainder of potato and brush over with melted butter. Cook in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove rind and cut bacon into pieces. Make into rolls and secure with cocktail stick. Place in oven 10 minutes before serving time and cook until crisp. Place one on top of each dish before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. B. Lawson, Town Hall, Launceston, Tasmania.

FAMILY DISH

A BAKED dish with a difference is our choice for the family this week. Economical yet tasty and satisfying, it costs 4/9 and serves four or five.

SAUSAGE AND APPLE BAKE

One and a half pounds beef or pork sausages, 1 onion, 2 cooking apples, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups stock or water, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, gravy browning, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Brown finely chopped onion in hot fat; remove and place in casserole. Peel, core, and slice apples, arrange half in casserole. Coat sausages with seasoned flour, fry lightly, and place on apples. Cover with remaining apple slices. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Pour stock, Worcestershire sauce, and little gravy browning into dish. Cover casserole and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Sprinkle top with chopped parsley before serving.

Tony's luxury dish

LOBSTER FIGARO

"SHELL-FISH must be fresh for best results," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club. "But if you cook the lobsters at home they may be stored in the refrigerator to be served later."

Boil two fresh lobsters (about 1¾ to 2lb. each) for 20 to 25 minutes in Court Bouillon or in vegetable stock. When cold, split lengthwise, remove the tail-meat whole, and trim lightly. Chop the meat from the claws finely, add the tail trimmings to the tomalley (the liver), if liked, with a little crab meat and one tablespoon chopped chives, chervil, and tarragon mixed together. Bind with 2 or 3 tablespoons of mayonnaise flavored with chilli sauce.

Fill the half shell with this, replace the whole tail-meat on the top, and decorate with thin strips of red pepper, anchovy fillets, and capers. Coat with aspic jelly. Serve with mayonnaise.

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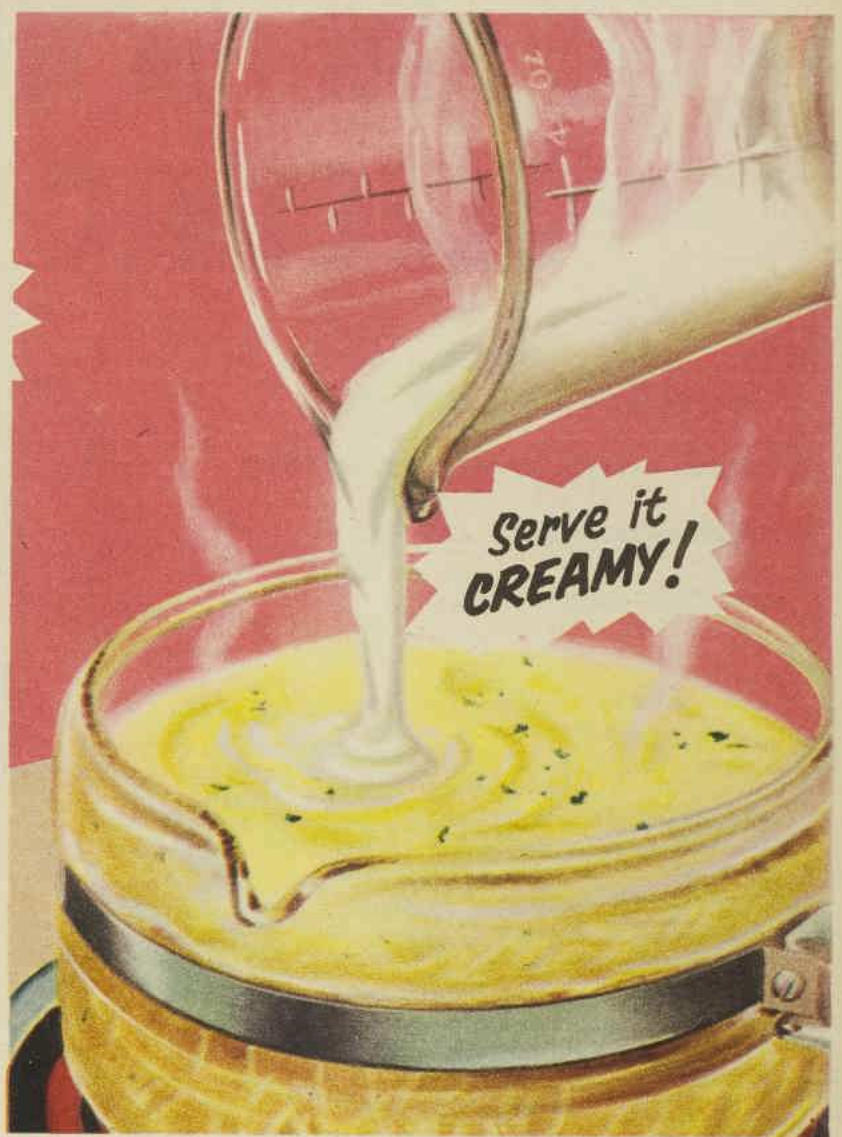

"For those who like a thick soup, Continental BRAND Chicken Noodle Soup can be served cream-style in a matter of minutes"

says Betty King, Home Economist of World Brands.

Naturally soup tastes better when it's fresh home-cooked, so you won't begrudge the 7 minutes spent in simmering Continental to a gleaming Clear Chicken Soup. Then, if you'd like it as a creamy soup, add a white sauce. Just follow Betty King's simple recipe at right.

Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is made from plump spring chicken, egg noodles and tasty seasonings. It's a good idea to buy the handy Continental packets in twos. That way you can always have a packet on hand, ready for those unexpected visitors.

Betty King's **RECIPE FOR CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP**

Cook 1 packet of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup as directed, but use 3 cups of water instead of 4 as stated on packet. Stir in cup white sauce.

Suggested recipe for sauce: Add 1 level tablespoon flour to ¼ oz. melted butter or margarine. Cook several minutes without browning, then add 1 cup milk. Stir till sauce boils and thickens.

Let Continental BRAND Soups help you plan your week's meals

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NEW MUSHROOM SOUP

Truly magnificent, rich and creamy with real mushroom pieces.

TUESDAY

NEW PEA SOUP

A velvety puree of young peas in seasoned beef stock.

WEDNESDAY

NEW THICK VEGETABLE SOUP

A thick soup with garden-fresh vegetables in beef stock.

THURSDAY

TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP

5 vegetables and golden egg noodles in a rich, ripe tomato stock.

FRIDAY

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

Rich with the flavour of delicious, juicy celery pieces.

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

CHICKEN NOODLE CLEAR OR CREAMY SOUP

Try Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup both delicious ways. Serve it clear on Saturday, creamy on Sunday.

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Architect's diary

New bathroom design gives happier family life

● The Chapmans (the name is mine) have recently bought a well-constructed old weatherboard house. Like many old homes, it is spacious and roomy but is not very convenient.

THE first problem on which Mrs. Chapman asked for advice was the bathroom.

"First I would like to consider doing up the existing bathroom to make it look more attractive," Mrs. Chapman said.

"I would like another estimate for changing the present kitchen into a bigger bathroom and building a new kitchen with modern fittings and cupboards.

"This would avoid the early morning squabbles that result from two grown-up sons, twin daughters, and a husband all wanting to use the bathroom first."

An inspection showed that the kitchen was not good, and the bathroom was inadequate for a four-bedroom home. Walls and ceiling had been lined with timber, the floor covered with lead sheeting on timber, while the old-fashioned fittings were unattractive.

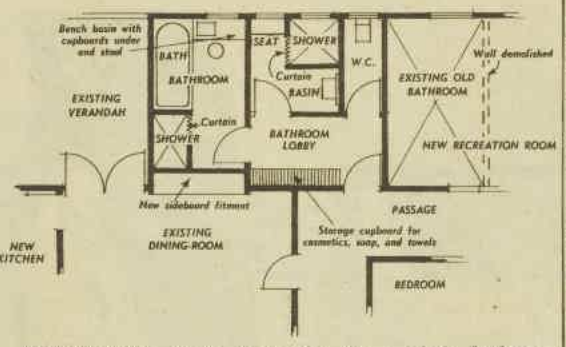
"Is it possible to have the walls of a timber-framed room tiled?" asked Mrs Chapman.

"Quite possible," I replied. "The walls are covered with a wire mesh which has a covering of terracotta material. This provides a backing for cement render and the walls can be tiled in the normal way.

"An alternative would be to sheet the walls to a height of six feet with colored laminated plastic and treat the walls above and the ceiling with enamelled hardboard finished at the joints with aluminium cover moulds."

"What about the floor?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"To avoid the expense of replacing the existing wood floor with concrete, the old lead could be removed and colored plastic or asphalt tiles used as an attractive substitute."



ILLUSTRATED above is an idea for a whole bathroom suite comprising bathroom, a shower-room with basin, and a toilet-room. The bathroom lobby provides storage for towels and cosmetics. This idea will help to solve the large family's morning rush problem.

"The old fittings would have to be replaced," said Mrs. Chapman, "but I wondered whether the old bath could be built in?"

"The shape of the old-type bath is not satisfactory for building in, as the ends are rounded," I explained. "It is difficult to provide a neat and waterproof finish against the walls. I suggest a new bath."

By
Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

"It would be a tremendous improvement," agreed Mrs. Chapman, "but it still doesn't solve those early morning priority squabbles."

I told her her idea of converting the kitchen to a bathroom would be the only way to solve that problem.

The existing kitchen is 14ft. by 10ft., but an old stove and a terrazzo sink are the only built-in equipment.

"This space would let you have a small bathroom lobby," I pointed out, "which would provide access to the main bathroom and also to a separate toilet and cubicle containing shower recess and basin. This would allow the toilet, shower recess, and bathroom to be used simultaneously during the early morning rush.

"The old bathroom space could then be incorporated into the smaller adjacent spare bedroom to make a recreation-room for the children.

"The lobby would contain a towel cupboard and space for storing cosmetics and soap. Instead of a cabinet in the main bathroom I would suggest a plastic bench top with a porcelain bowl set in and a cupboard below incorporating drawers and a bathroom tidy. With a mirror behind and a stool, this arrangement gives you a comfortable extra dressing-table."

Mrs. Chapman agreed that this would solve the problem and asked for an estimate of cost for alterations along these lines.

Bill McMurray

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You can buy your copy of the Knitting Boook from all bookstalls and newsagents for only 2/-.

NAUGHTY CHILDREN

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

NAUGHTINESS in children is sometimes the result of some physical disability, and usually has some explanation which, if sought, found, and understood by parents, will greatly help in the management of a "difficult" child.

In almost every child's life there will be some difficult phases. Scolding, punishment, and nagging will not meet the situation. In most cases, such an unsympathetic response in the parents will only make matters worse.

An imaginative and sympathetic understanding of the child's viewpoint is necessary before any behaviour difficulties can be ironed out.

A leaflet giving hints on the management of a difficult child can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request.

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RUSH FLIGHT FOR MORE TEA

Carrying his unique tea caddy, Mr. A. H. Pycraft, better known as the Lipton Man, is seen alighting from the Qantas Super Constellation on his return at Mascot. Asked to comment, Mr. Pycraft said: "You badly needed a new, more satisfying tea . . . that's why Lipton's introduced New Yellow Label Blend this year, using mountain-grown teas. However, owing to very great demand, I had to make a quick buying trip to India, Ceylon and Cochin, to obtain further supplies of the special-quality teas which I need for this extremely popular new blend."

"In Ceylon and India, I selected special, flavoursome mountain teas," says the Lipton Man.

"Your continued enjoyment of Lipton's fine-quality Yellow Label Blend, depends on supplies of special teas for blending. As I have often said, *better teas in the blend mean better taste in the tea.*"

"**Fragrant mountain-grown Maturata** is just one of the delightful teas that flavour your cup of Lipton's. **Bandara Eliya,** a bright-brewing tea from Lipton's own gardens, adds flavour and aroma — gives that brisk, cleaner-tasting quality. **Strong Assams** from North-West India give richness and body — perk you up. Very satisfying!"

Keep asking for Lipton's New Yellow Label Tea in your tea order, and ensure that you too enjoy the priceless flavour of the world's best teas.

NEW YELLOW LABEL BLEND

Lipton TEA

Better teas in the blend — better taste in the tea

L151. WW144E

Continuing . . . .

Never Leave Me

from page 3

Tom, you'll know I'm here. You'll love me, and you'll regret the long years wasted.

During the past two years he had come to her apartment now and then for dinner. Away from the office, he sometimes called her Ann, and the name fell softly on her ears, as intimate as a heartbeat. While she cooked dinner he would relax on her bright chintz divan. As she moved gracefully and efficiently between the kitchenette and the perfectly appointed table in the living-room she would smile at his dark head bent over a magazine.

He might sip a cocktail while they discussed their latest case or contentedly listen to the radio, and she would think: He belongs in this room. I've built it around him, really. Some day, some day . . .

Once, raising his thick, dark eyebrows, Tom had said suddenly, "Do you know, Ann, you remind me of a silver fox with your black-and-white hair and your quick, gliding walk. A slender silver fox. That grey housecoat becomes you."

She had stood quite still beside the table set for two, savoring the fact that Tom had at last noticed her appearance. She had worn a great deal of grey from then on, and she had doubled her efforts to make her hands look better, spending far more than she could afford on lotions and creams and oils. And from that time on, when she saw her reflection in a shop window or a mirror, she would think: I'm a slender silver fox.

Long after their brandy and coffee, a long time after Tom had gone that night, Ann had sat reading about the habits of foxes. She had found little about the silver fox, except that it provided valuable furs —which made Tom's compliment the more endearing—but a paragraph at the bottom of he page interested her, and she read it carefully:

"Foxes are noted for the cunning they evince in avoidance of traps . . . for the methods they adopt in breaking the line of scent left by their footfall on the soil, even by leaping on the backs of sheep . . ."

And it wasn't until she planned to murder Thelma Collins that this bit of data was taken carefully from an orderly drawer of her mind and used.

Thelma Collins had come to New York City five months ago. It had been a day in June, with clouds in the sky like big white fleecy powder-puffs. Ann Tabor remembered it too well. It had been a laughing day, filled with bright sunshine and summer flowers. Above all, she remembered it because she had bought a new blue-grey dress and a daring grey hat that Tom must surely notice.

Thelma was from Ann's home town in New Hampshire. Ann had asked Thelma to live with her while getting organised, because Ann had known the girl's parents years before. The two of them could share expenses, Ann had said, and in the autumn Thelma could get a place of her own if she wanted to.

It had all been a mistake. Ann knew this two weeks after the younger girl moved in. It had been a ghastly mistake, because Tom Smith had come for dinner one night and had met Thelma Collins.

He had sat there in the candlelight bewitched, forgetting to eat Ann's excellent dinner, his gentle smile turned in the direction of the girl opposite him: and in quiet desperation, Ann had seen him fall in love with Thelma Collins. Thelma was twenty years old, small and slender, like a golden stalk of corn. Her cap of shining hair was straight and daffodil-yellow, and her skin, tanned by the sun, was the color of dark honey.

It was Thelma's hands that irritated Ann most of all. They were lovely hands, with long tapering fingers and perfect pink nails. Useless hands, Ann muttered grimly to herself, although they had got Thelma a job modelling for nail-polish advertisements.

Besides Thelma Collins' slender fingers, Ann's looked larger and rougher than ever, so that she began secretly massaging them with renewed effort. You've got to look nice, she would think in a kind of despair. Some day you'll wear Tom's ring.

Three months after Tom met Thelma he asked her to marry him, and Thelma said yes. Every time Ann saw them together she was consumed with anger and frustrated pain.

She began to hate Thelma Collins with a poisonous hatred that grew insidiously inside her like a fatal mushrooming cancer. It was the day Tom and Thelma announced their engagement that Ann had decided to kill Thelma. She began slowly and carefully to plan.

On this Friday morning in November, at nine o'clock, Ann Tabor entered her office as usual. She removed her expensive pigskin gloves and placed them beside her purse on her desk. From habit she hid her red hands deep in the pockets of her grey suit as she said good morning to Miss Barton, the stenographer, and to Will, the office boy. Without removing her hat she walked swiftly across the room towards Tom Smith's private office and knocked on the door.

"Come in," he said.

Ann went inside. "Good morning," she said.

Tom didn't look up from the papers he was studying. "Good morning, Miss Tabor."

She stood quietly before his desk. "You said yesterday that you wanted me to do some shopping for you today," she said. "Shall I do it now or in my lunch hour?"

Tom raised his head. "Do it now if you like. Why spoil your luncheon?" His slow smile widened and he reached for a cigarette.

"I'd like you to go to Benchley's and get me two or three ties and a dozen white handkerchiefs. And look" — the happiness in his eyes made him look much younger these days —"you know Thelma's taste, so get the kind of ties she likes."

Ann nodded and swallowed the rising bile in her throat. For years now she had chosen Tom's ties. At times she had picked out his shirts, even his pyjamas.

He had often complimented her on her good taste, and she had treasured those compliments as another woman might treasure words of love. Now she waited until the sudden stabbing pain left her temples before she said, "Yes, I know Thelma's taste quite well by now."

Tom laughed the deep, indulgent laugh of a man in love. "Thelma says I've been dressing like a man of fifty instead of thirty-five. Perhaps she's right. Here's fifty dollars."

He gave Ann a crisp new bill. "Bring them back with you instead of having them delivered—I'd like to wear one of the ties tonight. It's nice

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4084.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's one-piece dress. Sizes: lengths 20, 23, 28 and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires ½ to 1¼yds. 36in. striped material, ¾ to 1yd. 36in. dark material, and ⅜yd. 36in. white material. Price 2/6.

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.*

F4087.—Accessory set, including hat, scarf, bag, and belt. Requires 1yd. 54in. fur fabric, ⅝yd. 54in. plain material. Price 3/9.

F4086. — Stem-slender one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F4090.—Chic slender-line dress designed with a free-swinging back panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F4088. — French-styled wrap-around blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.

F4089.—Prettily flared separate skirt. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 5yds. bobble edging. Price 3/-.

F4091. — Lace-trimmed petticoat-slip. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. net, ¼yd. 36in. lace, and 2yds. of ⅝in. ribbon. Price 3/9.

F4085.—Smart-styled torso-dress finished with a chic white collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 219.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Smart one-piece dress finished with white pique collar and cuffs is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. The clan choice includes: Dress Stewart, Royal Stewart, Victoria, and McDuff.
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 35/11, 36 and 38in. bust 37/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 220.—DUCHESSE SET

Duchesse set featuring a pretty daisy-and-leaf motif is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edging is not supplied.
Sizes: Centre mat 11in. by 17in.; side mats 7in. by 9in. Price 8/11, postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 221.—LAYETTE

Three-piece layette obtainable cut out ready to make. Each garment is lace-trimmed. The material and color choice includes flannelette in white, blue, pink, and lemon and dacolaine in cream, lemon, blue, and pink.
Prices: Frock in flannelette 12/11, in dacolaine 21/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; nightdress in flannelette 25/3, in dacolaine 29/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; petticoat in flannelette 9/-, in dacolaine 14/6, postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 222.—SMALL GIRL'S VELVETEEN DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes pastel pink, lemon, blue, and red.
Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years 28/6, postage and registration 2/9; 20in. for 4 years 29/11, postage and registration 3/-; 23in. for 6 years 33/6, postage and registration 1/-; 28in. for 8 years 36/9, postage and registration 3/-.

• *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

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Will Cordiva stay
like new?"
"Yes, it's rub proof,
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Thirty times longer*
to serve your need."

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Have you any of these skin troubles

ECZEMA
SPOTS
PIMPLES
RASHES
SORES?

THEN TRY THIS NEW DISCOVERY

If you suffer from eczema, spots, pimples, rashes, sores or other common skin troubles there's a wonderful new treatment for you.

British scientists have perfected a new, double-antiseptic skin balm. This quickly gets rid of the cause of these complaints, and so clears them up quickly.

Valderma, as it is called, contains two powerful antiseptics. No single antiseptic can possibly kill all the germs causing common skin troubles. That's why this new treatment contains two. These sink quickly under the skin's surface to the germs causing your skin trouble.

Because Valderma's base is a non-greasy oil-in-water emulsion, septic matter is able to filter away through it and escapes. Itching and irritation are relieved. In a few days your skin is clear and healthy. Then further regular application of Valderma will help avoid any recurrence of your skin complaint.

Valderma is invisible on the skin. Get some today and see your skin trouble vanish. At chemists: Jars 3/6, Tubes 2/6. *Reg. Vic. 4659.
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and stops tooth decay BEST!

Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream, you can actually *feel* how smooth and clean they are. Your teeth are whiter . . . brighter . . . and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

That's why Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream.

VG5 Get the family economy size and save up to 1/8

NO TIME OUT FOR GINGER!

Meet Joy ("Ginger") Mitchell . . . the tiny 15-year-old tomboy who captivated Australian theatre audiences in the popular play, "Time Out For Ginger".

These days, there's never a dull moment for Joy—she has regular drama lessons . . . handles all the secretarial work in her father's real estate business . . . and still manages to enjoy lots of horse-riding.

Joy Mitchell starts her busy days with Vegemite on toast for breakfast. "Vegemite is delicious and I know it gives me precious vitamins."

Every teenager needs vitamin-rich Vegemite—the richest known natural source of the three vitamins our bodies cannot store up . . . Vitamin B_1 for healthy nerves, Vitamin B_2 for firm body tissue and Niacin for clear skin and good digestion.

For vitality, enjoy Vegemite every day. Made by Kraft.

KV611

Continuing . . . .

Never Leave Me

from page 70

of you to shop for me. Pretty soon Thelma will be doing it and you won't have to bother."

"I've always liked to," Ann said, but she knew that Tom didn't hear her. He had dismissed her by going back to his papers. She looked down at his dark head and she thought: Thelma Collins will never shop for you, because I'm going to kill her. I'm going to kill her this morning.

She turned abruptly and walked from the office. When she reached her desk she put the fifty dollars in her purse. She pulled on her gloves, smoothed each finger carefully, and spoke clearly to the stenographer: "What time do you have, Miss Barton?"

The stenographer stopped typing and looked at her wrist-watch. "Five minutes after nine, Miss Tabor."

"Five minutes after nine," Ann repeated. "I'm going shopping for Mr. Smith. I don't know how long I'll be gone. You'll take over for me?"

"Of course, Miss Tabor."

Ann picked up her purse and walked briskly from the outer office. Today was the day, and now that it was here, she was thinking, nothing must go wrong. If she kept a cool, clear head everything would work as smoothly and as perfectly as she had planned.

Thelma was home asleep. When she didn't have an appointment for modelling she often didn't wake up until noon. Today, Ann thought, Thelma would never awaken.

Today was also the day when Rose, the maid, came to clean. She usually arrived at the apartment around one o'clock in the afternoon. This had figured in Ann's plans, too: Rose would discover the body.

When she was out on Lexington Avenue she walked towards Benchley's, a men's store a few blocks away. Again she felt the stabbing pain in her temples. Hate could have a strange effect on a person, she decided.

Benchley's was not crowded so early in the morning, and Ann was waited on at once. Her expression was grim as she passed up the rather conservative ties she would have bought, moving on to the ones that Thelma would have chosen.

She picked out three gaily patterned ties. She bought a dozen white hand-rolled handkerchiefs. The salesman knew her, and, as he made out the sales slip, he asked pleasantly: "Shall I have them delivered?"

"No. I'll take them with me."

She watched the salesman wrap her purchases in heavy white paper and tie the package with a red cord. The back of his head reminded her of Tom's, and she thought: Tom Smith belongs to me. With Thelma out of the way we'll go on as we always have. In time he'll forget her; I'll make him forget her.

Her lips twisted in a bitter smile as she thought of Thelma, small and soft and fragile. How could such a snip of a girl give Tom all the love he deserved? she thought . . .

The salesman was coming towards her now, and she said: "Have you any nice silk shirts? White ones? Mr. Smith might like to know. He's getting married soon. And where's the sales slip, please? I always show it to Mr. Smith just to keep the record straight."

"The sales slip is inside your package, Miss Tabor." The clerk gave her the parcel and some change. "Our shirt department is now on the second floor," he said, "but I know we have a new shipment of silk ones in."

"Thank you. I didn't know the department had been moved," Ann lied. "I'll go up and look at them. Mr. Smith's marrying a lovely girl. She's from my home town in New Hampshire. I introduced them, as a matter of fact."

"Playing Cupid, I see."

"Have you the time?"

"Why, yes. It's just nine twenty, Miss Tabor."

"Nine twenty. Thanks so much," she said, and started towards the back of the store.

When she got to the elevators she looked back over her shoulder. It was just as she had planned and timed it: the store was beginning to fill with shoppers. The salesman who had waited on her was busy with another customer; there was no need for her to make a show of going up to the second floor. Slyly, as a silver fox might, she slipped through a side door, rounded the corner, and was again on Lexington Avenue.

Her headache was entirely gone as she hurried up the street, thinking: So far, so good. She had alibi number one, and a most important alibi. If he should ever be questioned, the salesman could swear that he knew Miss Tabor well and that she was in the store at nine twenty or thereabouts. He couldn't possibly swear how long it had taken her to look at the shirts on the second floor.

And the salesman on the second floor of Benchley's? How could they prove that she hadn't spent some time up there just looking around? Ann was counting now on her theory that most people have poor memories, plus her belief that only one person in ten is keenly observant.

While waiting for a traffic light to change she stood on a corner, mentally checking the contents of her purse. In it were several articles from the five-and-ten-cent store: emery boards, side combs for her black-and-white hair—this and that, trivia she had bought one day last week in her lunch hour.

She had purchased them for this day, for this time of murder. Who, in New York City's teeming millions of people, could prove that she hadn't shopped in the dime store this morning for at least a half-hour?

The traffic light changed and Ann crossed the street, still planning carefully. When she got back to the office she'd show Tom the items in her purse. She'd tell him she had taken a few minutes of his time to do some shopping on her own. And he would smile at the trinkets a woman could manage to pick up in the five-and-dime. He'd done it before.

Clutching her package under one arm, her purse safely under the other, Ann hurried on up Lexington Avenue until she came to 51st Street. Poised at the subway entrance, tall and tailored in her grey suit, she glanced around; people were hurrying up and down the street, intent upon their own affairs. Ann walked quickly down the subway steps.

She had her token ready. She had planned this carefully, too. She wouldn't take the smallest risk that the man in the change booth might later be able to identify her. Taking the subway would throw the pack off the scent—the pack in this case being the police. I'm sly, I am, she thought wryly. I'm sly like the fox.

Ann usually rode a bus to

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Why you should use Harpic <u>every</u> night . . . to keep your toilet clean and bright

Scrubbing is unpleasant — and tiresome as well. And no brush can reach around that hidden "S" bend where disease germs may lurk and breed. To be sure that your lavatory bowl is thoroughly clean at all times, use Harpic.

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New, pleasant way! Simply sprinkle Harpic, leave it overnight and flush the bowl in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and kills germs around that bend. Harpic leaves the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. And Harpic not only removes the cause of unpleasant odours but, being delicately perfumed, it keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic is perfectly safe for cleaning the toilet bowls of septic tank systems. On sale at all stores.

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1. Cleans round the "S" bend. 2. Disinfects. 3. Deodorizes. 4. Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls.

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Continuing . . . .

Never Leave Me

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and from work, but in the past few weeks she'd taken the Lexington Avenue subway four times, so that she might clock the ride to 59th Street, where she lived.

That was another part of the data she had collected for the perfect crime. The ride from 51st to 59th Street sometimes took a minute and a half, sometimes two minutes, all depending upon the train's speed and the load of passengers it carried. Today the ride took a minute and a half.

She got off at 59th Street and went up the subway steps at 60th Street, her heart pounding hard and fast—for next came the element of chance! The most important consideration of all, Ann knew, was the chance that someone from her own neighborhood would see and recognise her.

She took a deep breath and plunged down the block towards her apartment building. She passed several people on the street, but got to her entrance without seeing anyone she knew. She hurried along the empty hallway towards the first-floor rear apartment.

For a long time she had quietly studied the movements of the tenants in the four-story building where she lived. All were business people like herself, who went to work at approximately the same time, with the exception of young Mrs. White, who had a small child and lived on the second-floor front. She never got out of her apartment until around 11 a.m., when she took the baby for an airing.

The superintendent of the apartment building was the one to watch out for, Ann thought. In the mornings, she'd found out, Mr. Sweeny swept the hallways and fired the furnace and then went back to bed. He had gout and needed rest.

She paused for a second at her door and looked once more up and down the empty corridor. And then, without removing her pigskin gloves, she took her key from her purse. She opened the apartment door noiselessly and stepped inside, closing the door ever so softly behind her.

When she came out of the bedroom there were loose strands of black-and-white hair floating gently about her face. Her hat was slightly awry. She didn't stop to fix her hair or straighten her hat. She walked silently across the living-room into the foyer.

For an instant she stood with her ear against the outside door, listening. There still remained the element of chance: she still had to get back to the subway unrecognised.

There were no sounds in the outer hallway as she picked up the white-wrapped package from the foyer table and tucked it under her arm. It was then she saw that the red cord had come untied. The package gaped open suddenly, and Tom's silk ties slithered on to the floor like three brightly colored snakes.

Exasperated at this precious waste of time, Ann swore savagely under her breath at the stupid salesman who had slowed her in her flight from murder.

She bent over to pick up the ties and suddenly stopped in terror, turning to stare at the door. Along the corridor outside she heard the slow thump-thump of the superintendent's cane, the slow drag of his gouty foot.

He had a key to her apartment, as did Rose, the maid. Ann had reported her faulty refrigerator a couple of days ago and had forgotten about it! Was Mr. Sweeny coming in this morning to check?

> **Happiness is a butterfly, which when pursued is always just beyond your grasp, but which if you will sit down quietly will light upon you.**
>
> ***—Hawthorne.***

In an agony of terror she waited, but evidently he somehow knew that Thelma was home today, for the thump-thump of his cane moved on past the door. With an explosive sigh of relief, Ann heard him going down the basement stairs towards his apartment.

Her gloved hands trembled as she snatched the ties from the floor. But, even in her haste, she folded them, wrapped them neatly with the handkerchiefs, and tied them securely once more with the red cord.

With her purse clutched tight under one arm, her package under the other, she went out and closed the door behind her, hearing the lock snap into place. She hurried down the empty hallway and stepped out into the November sunshine. Once again she passed dozens of people on the street, but she knew none of them; no one so much as glanced her way.

Yet it wasn't until she was on the subway, roaring towards 51st Street, that she breathed freely again. She looked at her wrist-watch. The time was eight minutes to ten o'clock.

She reviewed her steps quite calmly now, feeling nothing except regret that she could never discuss with Tom Smith the perfect crime and how easy it had been, how smoothly it had worked. Standing in the lurching subway train, Ann thought about Thelma Collins.

Thelma had been asleep when Ann had entered the half-darkened bedroom. Without hesitating, Ann had stood beside the bed, put her strong gloved hands around the girl's neck, and choked her. Thelma's eyes had opened and stared at Ann in horror.

She had lifted her hand in a feeble gesture and torn at Ann's black-and-white hair. And then, after a final struggling attempt to rise, Thelma had lain perfectly still, as if she had gone back to sleep.

Ann had stood rigid, listening. The apartment house was as still as death. From somewhere out in the streets a car horn had sounded a warning and then was still. An aeroplane had roared overhead.

In a frenzy of venomous hatred, Ann had snatched the square-cut diamond engagement ring from the dead girl's finger and dropped it into her purse, thinking: "It's my ring! It was always mine!"

During the next few seconds she had worked swiftly, silently. She had hurried around the room, pulling out bureau drawers and dumping their contents on to the floor. She had rifled two of Thelma's handbags and one of her own, and then tossed them on to the dressing-table.

The wide window was open; the screen had been taken down. The window overlooked a cement courtyard with a wooden fence around it. Motive for the murder? Robbery, of course.

The killer had entered through the open window, the police would say, and they would putter out there in the courtyard—putter and photograph and scratch their heads. Ann had smiled slyly at the thought. It had amused her that she would perhaps be standing by while they summed it up.

The subway train ground to

To page 74

IRON-ON TRANSFERS

NOVEL rabbit and dog designs in bright colors on iron-on transfer No. 1007D will add charm to all children's wear. Price, 2/6.

These lovely transfers save hours of embroidery. All you have to do is press them with a warm iron.

Also available, and ideal for use with the transfers, is the little girl's apron with divided centre pocket, illustrated at left. The pattern comes in sizes to fit 4, 6, 8, and 10 years, price 2/-.

Order your pattern and transfer from our Needlework Department. See the address on page 85.

For the best, the loveliest of Mothers

"Dri-Glo" the best, the loveliest of towels

Before you buy that special gift for Mothers' Day you must see the lovely Dri-Glo Gift Set containing a Dri-Glo bath towel with two matching face cloths. All mothers love the Dri-Glo colours, the soft luxury, the sponge-thirsty cotton and the long, long wear. Besides the Gift Set there are a host of beautiful Dri-Glo designs in different weaves, different patterns, different textures. You can gift wrap yourself. See them at your favourite store today.

More women buy Dri-Glo towels than any other brand because they have recognised, for over twenty years, the long wearing qualities of the Dri-Glo double underweave. Every Dri-Glo towel is woven with the strongest underweave known, the two ply underweave. Not only do Dri-Glo towels last longer than towels with single underweave, they are super absorbent too. A Dri-Glo will absorb up to three times its own weight in water.

"Dri-Glo"

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Only fully automatic washer that does not need a hot water system

There's no trouble, no work in washing when you own a Malleys Automatic. A Malleys does all your washing, from sheets and heavy overalls to delicate baby woollens, filmy nylons. It's so easy — all you do is set the dials, press the button and GO — your Malleys does the rest!

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PRESS-BUTTON WASHING. Just drop in the clothes, turn on the cold water tap, set the automatic dials, press the button, and GO! The Malleys washes thoroughly because it pre-soaks, boils, rinses in warm and cold "live water", spin-dries — all automatically.

OTHER FEATURES — The Malleys has no clutch or gear-box to wear out. Safe top loading. Costs pounds less than any comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas as a SEMI-Automatic with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. Both models are available on the easiest of terms.

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90 DAYS' FREE SERVICE
FREE INSTALLATION TO APPROVED SITES

Service and installation are handled by Malleys' own experts, without delays.

Continuing . . . .

Never Leave Me

from page 73

a stop. Ann got off, stopped for a moment in front of a chewing-gum-machine mirror and fixed her hair. She straightened her hat. She walked casually up the subway steps to Lexington Avenue and hurried on towards the office.

"Back so soon?" Miss Barton said, and looked up from her typewriter.

"The stores weren't crowded." Ann hurried across the outer office. "I even did some shopping for myself while I was out." She knocked on Tom's door.

"Come in."

She went inside his office and walked over to his desk. "I picked out three very gay ties"—she smiled at Tom — "and I thought you might like to know that Benchley's have some nice white silk shirts. I also did a little shopping for myself. I must have spent a good half-hour in the dime store. Trinkets, you'd call them." She dug the emery boards and the side combs from her purse and showed them to him. "I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not, Miss Tabor. Let me see the ties. Will Thelma like them?"

"Thelma?" Ann was alarmed to find her hands trembling. "Why — of course she'll like them." She put the package on Tom's desk and unwrapped it. "Here's your change. The sales slip is right here——" She broke off abruptly, and then said, "It's here somewhere!"

Tom was looking at the gaudy ties. He laughed and held one up. "Wait till she sees me in this one!"

"The sales slip!" Ann's voice rose slightly as she clawed frantically among the handkerchiefs. "It isn't here! But it's got to be here. The salesman said he put it inside the package."

"It doesn't matter, Miss Tabor."

"It does matter," Ann cried. Her knees were trembling. "I remember asking for it specifically. I've lost it!"

"What difference does it make?" Tom went on inspecting his ties and Ann stood before his desk, trying to control the dreadful shaking inside her. Her thoughts backtracked wildly. In the foyer, when Tom's ties had fallen from the parcel, had the sales slip fallen out, too?

Had it perhaps fluttered behind a chair or the foyer table in that second of terror when she'd turned her eyes towards the door, when she'd heard Mr. Sweeny in the hallway outside?

Ann could feel her whole body trembling. What she ought to do, she thought wildly, was to call the salesman at Benchley's and check. She discarded this idea at once. Benchley's employees were reliable as a rule, and Tom might remember her concern over an insignificant piece of paper.

The sales slip must be in her apartment. Her number-one alibi had written her a neat ticket to prison and to the electric chair! She had to get it back. Yet she knew that to make another trip to her apartment would be to defy all laws of chance.

Desperately she saw Tom put the ties aside and heard him say: "Why be so upset over a missing sales slip, Miss Tabor? It must be in your pocketbook." Smiling, he reached across the desk and picked up Ann's big purse. "I've often wondered what women carry in these overnight bags."

"No!" she cried out in panic. "Don't open that!" With the fury and terror of a wounded animal she leaped around the side of Tom's desk, tearing the purse from his hands, holding it tightly against her thudding heart.

Tom leaned back in his swivel chair and looked at her quizzically. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "You know I wouldn't open your purse."

Ann tried to smile, to make her voice normal. "I'm not hiding anything. I just don't like to have anyone go through my bag." The thought that Tom would have found the ring sent a convulsive tremor through her body. I've got to get back to the apartment, she thought. I've got to.

She backed away from his desk. The sharp pain began in her temples again as she groped for the doorknob.

Tom picked up some of the papers on his desk. "Don't leave yet, Miss Tabor. I'd like you to go over the Johnson case with me after I telephone Thelma." Lighting a cigarette, he reached for the telephone.

"But I must——" she began, and then stopped. If only her head would stop throbbing so she could think. "I mean," she went on desperately, "Thelma's asleep. She really doesn't like to be disturbed this early."

Very quietly Tom put the telephone back in its cradle. He took a puff of his cigarette, looking at Ann through the cloud of blue smoke. "Miss Tabor, I've known you for years. There's something wrong. Very wrong. Is Thelma ill?" An expression of fear came into his face. "That's it!"

He put out his cigarette in an ash-tray, got up, and strode across the room towards her. "Something's wrong with Thelma, and you're afraid to tell me!"

Ann's nerves snapped like a violin string too tautly drawn. "Thelma! Thelma! Thelma!" she cried, her voice rising in a crescendo of hysteria. "Can't you think of anyone else! Dead or alive; all you think of is Thel——" Her shrieking voice cut off into sudden silence, a silence that screamed even louder in the small office.

The silver fox had trapped herself. She bit her lips savagely and tasted blood on her tongue. And it seemed to steady her for a moment. She saw Tom's eyes narrow and become hypnotically demanding.

"What did you say, Miss Tabor?" Tom's question was soft-spoken, almost gentle. He reached out and took the big purse from her hands.

Ann slumped against the wall, shivering. She knew the hard ruthlessness that was behind that quiet voice. It would pound and beat at her until she told him everything there was to tell.

In the deadly silence there was a knock at the door, and Tom said automatically, "Come in!"

Miss Barton opened the door and stuck her head inside. "I knocked a couple of times, but I guess you didn't hear me, Miss Tabor"—the stenographer stared curiously at Ann's grey face—"I forgot to tell you when you came in. A clerk from Benchley's telephoned. He said to tell you he's dreadfully sorry, but he forgot to put the sales slip in your package this morning. He said you made a point of asking for it, so he's sending it over."

Ann Tabor began laughing —quite softly at first, then louder. She raised her hands to her mouth and bit into them in her effort to stifle the high, hysterical trill.

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The Daughter of Bugle Ann

MY name is Baker Royster and, although I don't actually play an important role in this story, I was close enough to the tragedy to relate it.

For as long as I can remember my father always used to take me at night up into the hills to let our hounds run. We always went with Springfield Davis and Benjy, his son. We used to light a big fire, because us folks in Missouri are people who appreciate the spout of flames in a wood fire when hounds are making music across the hills.

You couldn't sit around a fire and you couldn't breed and run hounds together in those pretty Missouri hills and valleys—not for years on end as we did—without knowing one another inside out . . . muscle, purse, and heart as well.

Thus I realised what made Benjy Davis tick, in those years when of necessity he never mentioned the name of the girl he had grown to love. In a gayer season, and with relief, I stood beside him when he was joined to Camden Terry; following on, there waxed the private tenderness and beauties, the little blissful things which they observed between them.

Take violets. First springtime after that young man was married, I found him at dawn in a flat ravine which spread off from Broken Gully. Rich purple violets; his strong brown hands were full of them, and it was something strange for me to confront Benjy burdened with posies in the damp, sweet gloom of early morning, when I was hunting for a hound I'd lost.

I stared; it couldn't be helped, for at times he wore a silent menace in his spirit. He was not the type to go picking flowers when there were chores waiting on the farm.

"For Camden," he said, and held up the bouquet to show me. "She sent you to pick them?"

He shook his head. "She loves violets. Likes the yellow ones quite well, but these blue ones just set her crazy. I figured they were out by now, and thought I should bring her . . . well"—he flushed—"a small surprise."

Anyone might understand what made him do it, loving Camden as he did, for her eyes held the very color of those blooms . . . The simple things: the eat-together, work-together, play-together life of newlyeds who have no other current problems, and never have acquired children yet. They savored these frail

Continued overleaf

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN"

spiritual belongings; they never talked of the miracle they shared, but still it was apparent.

Camden owned a ukulele; her singing voice was only fair, no matter how we loved to hear her speak: when she sang, her tunes were faulty. But not to Benjy's ears.

One night I worked with Benjy by the barn, helping him fasten a dog box on a truck. Suddenly I saw that he was listening, and from the darkened porch (then being rebuilt) we heard the flat soft song which Camden made.

He whispered, "She bought that ukulele when she was a little kid."

The melody rose thin and wavery, but it had a hauntingness. Benjy crossed the yard halfway, to stand in gloom and call to her: "Camden, sing that one you sang the other night."

"'Nita, Juanita?" I heard her querying.

"That's the one."

He strode back, getting busy with the truck once more, but giving only half an ear and eye. It is probable that more of him was on that half-built porch than worked beside me at the barn. He saw her as she must have looked—so slim and wistful, big-eyed, rosy-haired — a musing child, sunk down on that old hammock, and whispering the chorus in a kind of wail.

"Ask thy soul
If we should part——"

She didn't need to ask his soul or hers: they didn't want to part. But still be it remembered that each of these young people was possessed of hidden bitterness which previous years had hammered in. Each had soft iron of the spirit which could cook to hardness at a word or deed.

Newcomers to our region, maybe visiting relatives over Sunday, and singing "I Love to Tell the Story" with us at our church—newcomers heard queer talk of the Davis': they would hear hound-dog names, and mention of a murder; and they would wonder how such a marriage ever came to be made between the dark Benjy and the dainty Camden.

"It was a match made by a thirty-thirty rifle," my father, Cal Royster, might say.

My mother would cry to him to be silent. "It was a match made up in heaven," she'd declare, and, since I held more or less the same opinion, a burden of explanation fell on me.

Our tall neighbor Spring Davis reared a little hound from out a legend. More fabulous in limb and power and in wisdom than any foxhound ever tracing through those hills, his Bugle Ann possessed a voice of sheerest melody. She was the talk and toast of men on every ridge, and how they envied Spring his prize.

Then in moved Jacob Terry, occupying an abandoned farm where once his in-laws dwelt, and putting ugly fences through the woods. He was a large and surly man, unliked by most; but his daughter Camden was neat-patterned after her dead mother: a Camden through and through, aloof and dignified, except for red hair from the Terry strain.

And Benjy Davis, right next door, got fairly on his knees in worship. Secretly he designated Camden Terry as his own, and she gave back to him her shy devotion. Then came an evening when she and Benjy drove to see the moving pictures; when they returned the feud and trouble stood on high, with tall black smoke and angry heat inside.

Bugle Ann had disappeared beyond Jake Terry's barricade of wire fence. She wouldn't answer to the Davis horn, and all of us went searching. Terry appeared with shotgun handy, and he cursed us wild, and ordered us to leave his land. He swore that he'd slay any hound which stepped upon his grass.

"Jacob," said old Spring, or words to that effect, "if you kill Bugle Ann I'll blow you clean to glory."

I reckon Terry doubted him, and never feared. He went back to his house, reviling all —and, worse than that, reviling his own daughter when he found her home.

"You've been out with that snaky Davis boy again," he roared. "I tell you now, you'll never go again! Nor even speak a word to him, nor let him even glance at you."

Eighteen years old and tender as she was, young Camden had the courage of soldiers and of judges in her veins. "You have no right to put such laws on me. I'll go with Benjy Davis any time he asks me." So her father slapped her.

THAT was enough. She took her clothes and packed them in the car which was her own; and Jacob Terry never dared to strike her more —not when he saw the last sharp arrows of the glance she turned on him.

She drove off quickly, and just beyond the Terry gate her right wheel knocked the shape of Bugle Ann aside. The tired hound, unharmed by Terry but full exhausted from her hours of seeking after a far-run fox, was trotting on the road to home when she was struck.

She wasn't killed; she cried in agony just once, and then she fell to moaning. Camden Terry picked her up. "I knew that there'd been trouble," she explained long afterward. "If it were known that I'd hurt Bugle Ann, I feared worse trouble might occur."

And so she took the injured hound far up to Jackson County, where an uncle lived, and told that she had found some nameless dog run over in the road when she was driving there. But the tragedy which Camden hoped to forestall happened.

Bright and early in the morning Springfield Davis went out, his rifle in his hand, and neighbors following, warning against the course he contemplated. Bugle Ann's small tracks were found leading to that gate and never going past it. It looked as if Jake Terry'd slain her with an axe, as he had threatened.

Terry appeared, his weapon ready, but old Spring Davis fired first. Thus we had a murder trial, the first in years; and thus our worthy neighbor went away to serve his time behind the prison walls, at eighty-two.

Terry was dead, and Bugle Ann was surely dead as well, to all of us; for Camden never told the whole. She believed in sincerity that matters would have gone far worse for Springfield Davis if she'd spoke her piece, and jurors perceived that Bugle Ann had never been destroyed.

In withdrawal and in solitude, Camden bred that pretty half-lame hound to a good dog named Proctor Pride, and one of the pups betokened that she owned all of her dam's endearments and her skill.

Bugle Ann did not remain for long to see this patterning; she waited till the pups were weaned, and then she lit for home. She'd pined so thin, dreaming of her native thickets. I reckon that she pined for Springfield Davis, too.

One night we started from our beds. We heard her voice, and knew it for a chant of ghostliness. Remember, we had never known that Bugle Ann still lived. She bayed that night with honey sounds, and how the rumors ripped around, though she was never seen again within the flesh.

I found her bones myself, with her own home-made collar hanging close—found them beneath a scroll of rusty wire where she'd choked herself, and Benjy Davis buried her underneath a sweet-crab tree.

Next June, old Springfield Davis won a pardon, instigated by the act of Camden Terry, for her mother's folks were active in the Government, and what she said and what they said bore solid weight. Not even realising that the daughter of the man he'd shot had unlocked his prison door, the veteran stood within his own dooryard at last. We celebrated fiercely, and then we went to run our dogs, because the night demanded it. Our souls demanded, just as strong.

Deep distant in those trees a voice besought our ears. The voice of Bugle Ann, we all believed—and yet so sure that we were crazy, and sure that folks would shrink from us, and banish us because we'd heard a ghost. Not till we found another fire in the timberland on Heaven Hump, and Camden Terry waiting there, did we discern the truth. We'd heard the voice of Bugle Ann's own pup.

Her name was Little Lady, and she owned a prime clear note, the smooth blast of a metal horn, which had kept the whole community in admiration years before. She could handle a fox more than fairly. So, at last, come home to Heaven Creek where rightfully she belonged, Little Lady could go tonguing brilliantly, with other hounds in cry. She was marked much the same as Bugle Ann.

She brought a power of happiness into the later days of Springfield Davis. For a well-loved dog is a gift from the Creator, whether it ran in this century or far earlier—when the hounds and the wild men first started living together, away off back somewhere.

. . . . . .

Our dogs rustled out a fox, south and east beyond all hearing, and they were running like they were tied to him. It was

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN," by MacKinlay Kantor

eleven o'clock at night, middling damp and black-dark, for the young moon had already gone to hide.

We squatted on the west slope of the Divide above Heaven Creek—the usual four of us, armed with boiled eggs and onion sandwiches, and we carried along a water-jug, and my father had half a pint of whisky. Our trucks were under the oaks. The spooky places among the trees were full of moths, and beetles were buzzing.

Benjy Davis pulled his thin brown face away from the fire: the blaze was good to watch but hard to sit by. He said to all and sundry, "She's just about coming in."

We knew without his saying that he meant Little Lady.

"Yes," said Benjy, agreeing with himself. "This should be the last time for a while."

Springfield Davis moved his jaws around the usual rich wad of chewing-tobacco. "Now, I was over to the Maitland place week before last. Young Lee Maitland took me there in his car to see Flying Bobby Ford."

"If Little Lady belonged to me," spoke up my father, Cal Royster, "I would have had a couple of litters from her before this."

Benjy spoke short. "Little Lady doesn't belong to you."

Pa took out his flask and squinted against the flame to see how many swallows were there and how long they'd do him. "The greatest foxhound in captivity, the daughter of Bugle Ann, and you've never let her have a pup!"

"No," spoke Spring Davis' calm old voice. "She belongs to Camden. And Benjy."

"She belongs to you, pa. Camden presented her, right in these woods."

"Oh," said Spring, "just call her a Davis dog."

Indeed it was share and share with those fine neighbors of ours nowadays. After Spring was pardoned, and after Little Lady was escorted mysteriously to run on the same extensive ranges where her mother's voice had spoken—and after Camden Terry and Benjy had been wed, right there on the Davis porch beneath an arch of wild phlox—there had to be a new arrangement for living.

It worked to advantage. Benjy and Camden toiled for weeks prior to their marriage, fixing up the old Terry place as a cottage for themselves and their future family if ever they would own one. Benjy had money in the bank, and he employed a carpenter and plumber, and he and Camden painted outside and in.

The fate of farmers had improved. Prices went up, and electricity was brought down into our region on high lines. We sported trucks and telephones and suchlike, where in many cases we hadn't experienced them before; and my mother loved the radio, and kept it going on a shelf above her dishpans.

But though we had all grown modern and prosperous, we still loved to hunt our dogs, and did so as much as was possible. Sometimes it seemed that we were even neglectful of other matters, when foxes smelled sweet.

Spring liked to keep his fine stock close to hand, so only Little Lady dwelt with Benjy and Camden. That was fitting, for Camden had reared her from the first. But Spring went calling over there whenever the spirit moved him, and that was frequently. He sat often on the canvas porch swing with the pink nose of this fabulous animal pushed against his trouser lee. Just call her a Davis dog.

These knowledges and understandings prevailed in my mind on this night; I studied them and found them good.

Then came a clarion echo, like the love song of some savage ghost who paced across the wooded miles all dressed in deerskins and his eagle feathers.

It was a baying which commanded over all the insects, and Benjy and I heard it first because our ears were younger.

"She's in front again." He spoke without exasperating pride, but just as if he'd said the world was round.

"That's a good dog, right up there with her," and I was taking note of our own Vinegar Blink, who was keenly close on the fox, even if he couldn't sing like Kate Smith or someone else.

My father took a next-to-the-last sample of his whisky. "I'll testify to God," he said. "They do pack well, Spring. Ours and yours."

Spring Davis smiled under his moustache. "They always have, Cal."

I stood and snapped my fingers in pleasure and counted out the names of those we owned, and Benjy named the Davis'. Old Spring just leaned against a black-oak trunk and crushed a sandwich in his long claw hand. His ears were hearing only one good trumpet over all the clacking.

He said, "There never lived a voice like that in any time or nation. Excepting one."

My father took a final swallow from his flask, and screwed the top back on; he tossed it in the flames. And pretty soon the flask would burst like any bomb, and then we all would dodge and laugh; and Spring would shake his head, and ask my pa how soon he'd grow up, anyway.

Pa said, "You'd have some other mouths as good. With luck you'd get one or two in any litter that you bred."

SPRINGFIELD sighed, and ate the last of his sandwich. "That's the rub," his foggy voice declared. "We can't agree. I guess we'll breed her, but——"

"Well, she ain't ready to be introduced to anyone tonight," my father said. "Now, Blake, just sit and listen to the tune."

And there I was, not saying anything. Just marvelling at it all. For we were happy; and strange it was to reason that such pleasantness could ever have emerged from all the cruelties which lay on us before—especially upon the Davis'.

Old Spring had slain a neighbor for Bugle Ann's own sake, and faced his penalty without a murmur; but still the daughter of that murdered man had been the key to open up his gaol-house door. So we were joyful, though never speaking much about it. We had no inkling of the fury to come.

Spring talked about this breeding business, when the fox trail swept off distantly again and took the voices from our ears. Sometimes he felt a mood to tell fine stories of the days agone: the war he'd known when he was beardless, and feuds and fightings, and the bushwhack days.

How he was wounded at Pea Ridge, and people held him down to probe the bullet from his thigh. He had the bullet yet; it weighed an ounce, and he'd let children hold the lead, but never let them use it for a marble, though they asked frequently.

On this night he talked about great foxhounds of the past — how tall they bred them then, and how they holed a panther till the menfolks smoked it out. He spoke of Triple Trouble, Triple Choke, and Buck-and-Ball — the long-eared dogs my grandfather had owned — and how, if they were living in this age, he'd like to bring one of them to Little Lady.

Benjy spoke his share. They talked back and forth; they never could agree. Not Flying Bobby Ford, said Benjy, or any other Maitland which he knew. The Lanceys owned some good producers, and two of them were ready for the stud; but Spring just snorted loud, he prophesied their faults.

It was half an hour later when the fox holed, over in the Bachelor's timber, and we brought the hounds in and put them in their boxes. Once more the Davis bugle came to play; that was the summons Little Lady answered to, as had her mother before her. We doused the fire and prepared to go. I thought about how we worked this enterprise, and how our dogs enjoyed it, too: a race, with no intent to kill. Indeed, we cherished all our foxes.

Camden came to our place about ten o'clock the next morning, a bright August day. I was clearing out the stable.

There I stood, fork in my hands, and nigh up to my knees in straw and other stuff, when Camden drove her way down the lane. I felt a mite embarrassed, dirty as I was; she always looked so clean and like a little girl, and fresh. She had the ruddy hair of Terry folks, but there resemblance stopped; her face and eyes and mouth were made for quality and gentleness, like all the Camden tribe.

"Just wondered," she cried, "whether your mother had any trading I could do for her in town?"

I hid behind a waggon, for my shirt was off. "Don't know. You better get out and go in and ask her. You going to Wolf Centre?"

She shut off the engine and stepped to the ground, slim and dainty and graceful. I envied Benjy Davis, and so might any man. She gave a giggle as she turned towards the house. "Main purpose of my errand is to get some extra chicken wire. Benjy's fixing up that old pen on the slope, and resetting the posts."

So that was where he would put Little Lady this time. Earlier they used to pen her at the Davis', and that made for hullabaloo, with other hounds around.

"It's a good place, Camden," I agreed. "Ground slopes enough so any rain will clean the place out properly. I don't trust these dog runs on the bottom land. They're germ collectors and distemper breeders."

She nodded, and went to speak to ma, who only wanted blue yarn and some arnica. We always did that, back and forth, when anyone was driving into town: it saved a lot of fuss and gas.

I was past their place, a few days after, and Benjy showed the structure off with pride. Little Lady stood within the mesh and tried to signal me how glad she was to see a friend.

"You approached any decision yet?" I asked of Benjy.

He shook his head. "Tried to interest pa in the Lancey idea again, but no good luck. That big Champ Clark of theirs is always out in front, he'll run a fox until it walks; but pa says that he's got a parrot jaw."

A few days more, and Little Lady had a visitor.

Just where this particular suitor came from, nobody ever knew. But he was there when Camden looked out early one afternoon. He was sitting just outside the pen, looking in at Little Lady, and she lay there solemn with her nose squeezing the grass, and let him look.

Camden didn't recognise this dog as belonging to any farm in the neighborhood, and no wonder. This new character looked as if he had started out to be a hound and then decided to be an Airedale as an afterthought. His face was sharp; his eyes were glass; he looked poor and skinny—a kind of tramp and gipsy who had no moral scruples so far as other people's chickens were concerned. Or other people's ladies, big or little.

Camden went out and said "Shoo, get away," and made as if to pick up a rock and heave it at him; so obligingly he got out of the way, but not as if he believed it was a real rock she was throwing.

"You go away," ordered the young woman in her little-girl voice, and she pretended to find another imaginary bullet to let fly at him. So the dog trotted off another few yards, and then he turned and observed, and sat down calmly on his haunches. He sat with fuzzy face directed square at Little Lady; he gave Camden Davis no more heed, though she played at throwing further stones, and actually did sling a handful of gravel which went wide of the mark.

Then down she strolled, all the way to the pen, and petted Little Lady through the fence, calling her baby names as women will; I reckon Little Lady liked that part well enough. But now and again the hound would twist her neck away from Camden's hands. Ears and deep wide eyes and famous muzzle, she would turn to gaze at that skinny old dog squatting in the sun.

"You wouldn't have anything to do with some rapscallion like that, would you, honey?" said Camden. "No, of course you wouldn't. You're fine and special. You're by Proctor Pride out of Bugle Ann. You're the one like her," and so she proceeded, as she confessed afterward, to say scornful things about that shaggy heathen.

No neighbors stopped by during the afternoon and Benjy himself did not appear until it was time for the evening chores. One of the Pettigrews had lain sick for a month, so everybody was over there, helping with the threshing.

CAMDEN heard the sound of Benjy's car; she ran out to kiss him, ready to help with milking and feed, and bragging about the guinea-hen she was fixing for supper.

"How's Little Lady?" he wanted to know.

"She's not happy in that chicken pen."

"Happy or not, there she stays," said Benjy Davis. "If we don't make up our minds about breeding her this time, it's just her hard luck."

Camden told him about the gentleman caller, if such an elegant term could be used, and Benjy started off toward the chicken run with speed.

"Oh, Benjy. He won't hurt her. That wire's tough enough; he can't get to her."

Benjy glowered over his shoulder. "Naturally, he wouldn't hurt her. But I don't want him hanging around. I mistrust all the hounds in this county holding a convention here. Which one is he? You didn't say."

"Course I didn't, honey, I don't know. He's brushy in the face. Looks something like Whisky Wilson, down in front of the pool-hall at Wolf Centre."

That cunning hound never lingered. He hiked away, showing more speed than Benjy could have guessed. He ran clean across the run which puddled down the slope below the barnyard, and then in usual fashion he sat down and stared with his glass eyes.

Benjy threw a few rocks; all came close, none struck. He hoped that would be proper warning, and hastened up to his chores so Camden wouldn't feel obliged to undertake the heavy work. Benjy figured that women-folks had enough to do in their houses, and it galled him to imagine Camden handling a pitchfork; his own mother had had to do that often enough when he and his father got too busy with the dogs. He was ashamed of certain things in the past, and swore he'd never make those selfish errors his father had made, however much he worshipped Springfield Davis. So did we all.

When Camden and Benjy came back together to feed Little Lady and change her water and baby her awhile, there was that same hairy savage just outside the wire, fairly begging for rudest punishment. Again the running feet and yells and stones being flung; one must have hit the wretch this time, for he gave a yelp and Camden pressed her hand against her mouth.

She cried, "Oh, Benjy!"

"Plague that buzzard!"

"But you oughtn't to really hurt him."

"I've got to hurt him to make him stay clear of her. Suppose he managed to sneak under that wire when our backs were turned? My pa would never forgive us; I swear he'd never speak a word to us again. If . . ." He shook his head and said no more.

Then later they went in the moonlight to take Little Lady for a walk, and she frisked at the end of a piece of clothesline which Camden held wrapped around her own wrist. Benjy was taking no chances; every so often he'd say, "Wait," or "Hold on a minute," and all three of them would stop and stand, looking out across those hills which seemed to have melted and spooned together in the mist.

Surely they had a Presence following on. He danced well out of range of switch or any stones which could be slung, and mostly out of their combined sight, too. Far up the creek some of us were out with our dogs—myself and my father, Cal Royster, and maybe a Lancey or two. The hounds were driving a fox south of the Bachelor's timber, and it was hard to tell the boss.

Once Little Lady swung her muzzle high, and seemed about to give fair voice in answer. But good custom rules: she was no babbler, nor came from any cheap line. Therefore she lowered her nose again and uttered a kind of sigh, and that was all. She'd never give voice to a fox which other hounds were working; it had to be her own quarry if she was to tongue it.

Times she'd lift her ears slightly and gaze into creeping shadows where the mist lay like flat white rivers above each low place. She knew that that unkempt stranger with the broom-stubble face was lurking nigh: her nose told her. If dogs do make up their minds I guess hers was made up before this and she must have concluded she would bide her time.

They closeted Little Lady securely and went to their rest. But still that spiny reprobate clung, to speak in silence his eagerness toward the creature whom he courted—to lie near, persuading and promising and tempting her—as if she needed promise or the barest temptation. He was still around when the sun came fresh.

Where he ate or slept, no one ever knew, or even whether he ate or slept. Camden spoke of him as Bristles, for he was thick with them; but no prince of fairy legend ever kept a truer vigil.

And he had courage, because when other dogs approached he would rise and show his teeth and make wicked sounds within his throat that bespoke his claim to Little Lady's graces. Some of the local hounds did get loose and scamper toward the Terry farm, as most of us still called it. Old Bristles handled every one.

Toul Sector there was, an ancient dog of my own, who could mingle behind a fox fast and well if he was properly escorted, but who had run as many miles upon his own trail, giving full voice the while, as he had on any varmint's. He seemed to forget the rheumatics of the elderly which now possessed him; he trotted fresh and willing through the fields when some peculiar grapevine

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"Separate bills, please!"

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN," by MacKinlay Kantor

summons concerning Little Lady reached him.

Old Bristles dived out of the currant bushes where he had been hiding, and in no time Toul Sector was headed homeward on three legs.

Later there came Five Point Nine and Saint Nazaire, both from our bunch. Then the Armstrong dogs. Seemed like there was a kind of shuttle running, with a parade of foxhounds venturing nigh, and another parade journeying away with agonised cries.

"You ought to quit throwing rocks," cried Camden to her husband in indignation. "You ought to quit breathing fire and slaughter against that poor fellow. You ought to give him a medal instead."

Benjy grunted. "A mite of dust and sprinkle, with a dose of gunpowder behind it, would be better."

Camden showed pallor as she always showed it when there was mention of guns. The former porch was gone, and a modern one stood constructed in its place; but still she remembered how her father had fallen from the porch with a bullet through him.

"Don't you dare to fire on that dog, Benjy Davis."

She looked out, now and again when Benjy was busy in the fields, and observed how Bristles hung outside that chicken wire, talking to Little Lady through the mesh. It was no longer an irk she felt bound to resist—only a sore pity in her heart. Again she would cry to herself. If he was only a purebred foxhound.

Bristles looked more gaunt and sorry than ever, though Little Lady didn't seem to take offence. Finally Camden could stand it no longer, with her kindly heart and all. When she saw Bristles weak and close beside the pen, nuzzling an old ear of corn as hard as flint, she was fit to be tied. Water he could get close to hand, but food for stray dogs there was none.

Camden cooked up a huge mess of corn-meal mush and took out this for Bristles, who fled when he sensed her coming.

But he was back in no time, smelling in amazement as if he couldn't believe his own true nose; and then he really set to work, with Little Lady watching him from within her gaol, and approving with every nod of her ears.

About that time something boiled over on the stove, and she couldn't watch longer through the window. Thus she forgot about the guilty evidence of that pan.

Benjy himself found it there when he came to inspect Little Lady, sweaty and dirty as he was from the fields. He stamped into the kitchen angrily.

"Did you feed that tramp?"

"What tramp? There hasn't been one near our place in a month of Sundays."

"There's one right now, with bad blood and scandal about him. You know what I mean. Did you feed that dog?"

Her chin came up. "I can't bear to see any dumb animal in starvation."

"Let him starve, if he hasn't got better sense." The bright kitchen seemed mocking them, with its bridal-shower pots and skillets still looking new. "He could go off and catch a ground squirrel if he wasn't so stubborn."

Camden whispered, "Honey, I guess he loves her."

"Loves! You talk like——"

"I talk just like you Davis' have always talked. Bugle Ann was a person to you—she was better than many a human relation. Your father——" Tears came; Camden could say no more. She went flying upstairs, and that was the first time she ever locked the door against Benjy.

He ate his supper in ugly silence when the chores were done; he did them alone, though ordinarily Camden was prone to help him in light fashion, and they even made fun out of it.

At last Benjy's wife came down.

Benjy said, "You better eat some supper."

"I'm not hungry, thanks. I'll take a glass of milk."

This was their first quarrel since marriage, but it was an important one, and not done yet by any means. Anything which concerned Little Lady was bound to be impressive. She was the daughter of Bugle Ann, and thus fame and some misery and a certain ghostliness would be her lot.

WELL apart, Camden and Benjy sat on the porch, she in the swing and he on the steps. They heard the first hounds of evening beguiling among the higher reaches of Heaven Creek where some of the neighborhood boys were out.

Deep plunged in misery, Benjy didn't even have the heart to go chasing that undesirable sentry who without doubt still walked his post outside the pen. Then Little Lady made a sound such as she always made when the wind brought her knowledge of Springfield Davis. Benjy climbed to his feet and went to meet his father.

The old man walked slowly these days, for he was well in the eighties, and he carried a strong cane of thick-cut willow to help him on his course. He was nearly tree-tall in the dusk, his shoulders humped and head carried forward. The long white hair beneath his hat seemed to have a frost you could see in the dark.

He came, thin and dusky—just thought he'd take a stroll, he said, the same as always. But both young folks knew, for all their spite, that mainly he had come to see how Little Lady was doing.

"Doing all right," Benjy said, speaking short. "Only trouble we've got is with a tramp which Camden encourages to hang around here."

The young woman had come down to stand beside Spring Davis. Her face seemed to glint perilously fair in the gloom.

Springfield looked at them. Elderly as he might be, he could smell a ruckus when one was boiling. "What tramp are you talking about, Benjy Davis?" he asked with caution.

"He's been here mainly all week. Just a dirty tramp with bristles on his face. He wandered into the neighborhood."

"Dogs like that," said Spring. "They will go wandering far, when Nature tells them to."

Benjy said, "Nature had better tell this one to get out of here by tomorrow, or I won't answer for consequences. You want to go down and see her, pa?"

"Always," Spring said, chuckling slightly with a catch in his voice. Doubtless he was thinking of the fine races Little Lady had run and would run once more, with the inheritance of her angelic bugle cry rising silver behind hilltop fires.

And maybe, too, he thought of pups which would come to her in time, when a proper mate had been selected; and thus her music would be echoed along a century with other, as yet unborn, ears to hear it. Even if Springfield Davis himself went to the dust, as he would need to do before long; even if the bones of Little Lady settled in well-dedicated soil where the relics of Bugle Ann had already gone.

The people made their way across the yard and down the slope, with Camden holding tight to the veteran's arm, and Benjy moving fast ahead.

Old Bristles darted off before they got there, and Benjy swore. Spring Davis tried to see the scamp in dimness, though his eyes were weak.

"Never worry, he reassured his son. "You got good, neat safe, strong quarters for her to stay in."

"Mr. Davis!" Camden spoke beseechingly out of her discomfort. "Can't you menfolks make up your minds and get this thing settled? I call it downright cruel. She should be having pups, and raising them, and playing with and teaching them. She ought to be a mother. She—"

Spring laughed; he gave her ruddy hair a tweak. "Honey, these things take a certain amount of time and decision. Now, yesterday I was heart and soul considering Redwing Master that the Lanceys brought over here from Hickory County. Bought him off a man named Sappington. He don't seem to have a true fault, and from the looks and actions of some of his pups he's a top producer."

Benjy stood near to shake a head. "Poor mouth. I heard him run on Wednesday."

"I said yesterday," his father told him, chiding. "But today I dropped the notion. Children, she's scarce more'n a pup as yet. If we let matters rest for this time, why maybe during next winter—"

Camden spoke softly. Yet her tender voice had the edge of a knife coming through this swaddle of darkness which claimed them.

"You kept Bugle Ann waiting for over five years."

They walked in silence to the houseyard, and Benjy reckoned he'd walk some of the way home with his father; the ground wasn't wet enough to be slippery, but still there were tricky spots for an aged man to travel. Camden sat where her husband sat before, on the clean wooden steps. She looked up and tried to find the moon. Only its spectre showed behind the draping clouds.

Down towards the cage where Little Lady was wired in enforced seclusion, that mud-dried mountebank, with burs against his hide, was lingering anew and crying his love to Little Lady. Camden figured that Benjy would actually shoot that dog on the next day. She squeezed her own hands until they hurt. She tried once more to see the reflection of the moon, and couldn't.

. . . . . .

Henry Pettigrew got a fearful coughing attack at five o'clock in the morning, and within another hour he was dead of the malady which had weakened him so long.

In a region such as ours, where people had been thoughtfull of one another's needs since the first trees were blazed, that made for busy calls upon the telephone. People were lifting their receivers and listening and talking all along the line.

Camden and Benjy prepared to leave home as early as they might, when their own morning tasks were hastily done up. Sad plans for the funeral must be made, and comfort offered. There must be the gathering of relations from distant points; five small Pettigrews needed to be looked after as well.

Camden it was who gave Little Lady her breakfast on that fateful morning; in Benjy's estimation she took an uncommonly long time doing it. He had put on clean overalls and was ready with the car, backing it out the driveway where they kept it, when Camden joined him.

He looked at her coldly. "You spent quite a while."

"I fed her," said Camden.

"Did you feed him again, too?"

She wanted to cry, "None of your business if I did!" but she was softened by distress, thinking of Amy Leah Pettigrew and how round-shouldered and straggle-haired she always

Continued overleaf

Slave to the kitchen? Or household executive?

AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIVES FIND EXCITING WAY TO BETTER LIVING

By Dorothy Summers, Home Economist, Home Freezing Authority.

Almost every day, in the course of my work as a lecturer and demonstrator, I meet Australian housewives who are now enjoying home freezing. Without exception, they all tell me that home freezing has improved their way of living more dramatically than anything they have ever known.

They think, and I agree, that home freezing is far more than another convenience. Home freezing is a way of living that changes the whole complexion of the housewife's daily work. In a way, it's like owning your own food store . . . with food on hand, cooked or uncooked, whenever you want it.

There's a whole world of benefits in freezer-living! You can eat better food — tastier and more nutritious dishes. You can save an amazing amount of time and trouble — give yourself hours extra every week for your own interests and leisure. And—here's an important point—you can reduce your food costs so much that the money you save helps to pay for the home freezer itself.

Yes, freezer-living is modern living. It gives every woman the chance to lead an easier life. That, anyway, is the opinion of enthusiastic owners. I've met and talked with these thoughtful Australian housewives, and their views are worth listening to.

Mother of four.

This lady occasionally goes a whole week without cooking. How does she give herself such a wonderful holiday and still serve the family a hot, delicious meal every night? Well, once a month she spends a day cooking so that they can bank in the freezer about five main dishes in double quantity. A typical range of dishes consists of a Beek Steak Pie, Veal Casserole, Chicken Curry, Beef Strogonoff and Sole Mornay. Desserts, stewed fruits, pastries such as apple pie, she also prepares on her "cooking day" and banks in her freezer. The result is that whenever she feels like a holiday from cooking, she takes it. If, one night, she decides on Chicken Casserole as the main course, she merely removes the dish from the freezer some time during the day — lets it thaw out by itself —pops it into a dish at dinnertime, heats and serves. And so her week passes — a wonderful week that has given her time for leisure and relaxation. Here's one woman who is an executive, rather than a slave to her kitchen.

Another housewife finds that freezer economy is an important factor.

There are hundreds of true experiences which illustrate the money-saving advantages of a home freezer. One that comes to mind was told to me by a Sydney woman who purchases her vegetables in quantity, direct from the city market. Compare these prices with what you would be paying today at the local shopping centre. Last January she bought 48 lbs. of tomatoes at 2d. a lb. Stewed and frozen, her tomato puree will be put to a dozen uses right throughout the year. Peas — costing in the vicinity of 3/- a lb. in Winter — she bought in quantity, during the season last December, at 4d. a lb. At the beginning of last month, she was able to buy a quarter of beef marked up as a "special". Before storing it in her Kelvinator Home Freezer, she had her local butcher separate it into cuts. She estimates that she will reduce her weekly meat bill from £3 to £1 a week. Altogether — with a carefully planned economy — her home freezer will pay for itself — her savings in actual cash covering the weekly payments.

Excellent in the country.

What could be better than to step into the garden for the freshest, choicest vegetables . . . and be able to bank them in your home freezer for use right throughout the year? As you can imagine, dozens of Kelvinator owners make the most of their home freezer this way. It points out, yet again, that apart from the general benefits that home freezing brings, there are many, many advantages that relate to each owner's specific need. The mother with school-children — her favourite home freezer benefit is the immediate availability of pre-made sandwiches. The busy housewife who entertains a lot — she prepares snacks and dinners in advance. The "working wife" — she arrives home together with her husband, but there's no waiting for dinner "at eight" for them: they sit down to a pre-cooked meal in a matter of minutes. I could tell you of hundreds of similar examples, of Australian housewives who make no bones about it, they now live better, easier and more economically.

If you're interested in this new way of living, let me tell you how home freezing can help you. Just write to me — Dorothy Summers, Kelvinator Australia Limited, G.P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide, South Australia, and I will send you my booklet which gives you complete information on Home Freezing.

The Kelvinator Home Freezer — a beautifully made six cu. ft. model which holds 210 lbs. of food. The Kelvinator Home Freezer, backed by Kelvinator's famous 5-year protection plan, is priced at only £185 . . . and is available from your local Kelvinator retailer on the lowest deposit and the easiest of terms. (The price is slightly higher in country areas.) KHF16

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN,"

looked. Camden maintained politeness, merely nodding in answer to the question.

Benjy spoke low. "Thought I made it apparent that I didn't want him fed."

"Thought I made it apparent that I don't allow any stray animal to die of starvation on my place," and there was a jab in that, too; the Terry place was rightfully Camden's own, and had belonged to her ancestors before her.

So they drove, stiff and unhappy. This was bad in Benjy's case, for he was the sort of person whose rages built to high temperature when they were blanketed like red coals in the ashes of his silence.

"Blood is blood," he said presently, fairly clipping the words by their tails. "I thought you appreciated Little Lady, and what she's meant to us and the world, and what she might mean in future times if —— I see now I must have been mistaken."

Camden turned one slim shoulder toward him, and soon he knew from the motion of her body that she was crying, and yet never making a sound. Somewhere inside himself (he said long afterward) there were the tiny voices of decency and affection, declaring how he had offended all truth.

Maybe it was the restrained quietness of her weeping which enraged Benjy Davis still further, and sent him on and on into an ugly forest of contention. Pretty soon he was piling mean words behind him like logs which he could never climb back over.

"Harboring a cur like that! Saying that maybe she loves him! Ah—"

For more reasons than one, Camden was nervous as a cat on this morning. She screamed to him to stop, to say no more.

"All right. Just this: I truly believe if you had your way, you'd put the two of them together."

"I would," she cried. "You're right I would!"

"I'll make certain that you never get your way," said Benjy. He locked his jaws shut until the car turned in at the Pettigrew yard, and he was compelled to speak to folks who came trooping sadly.

The young Davis' served their neighborly stint in that house of bereavement, maybe for an hour or so. Other men were already looking after things on the place which needed to be seen to; and there were perhaps too many well-intentioned women crowding the porch and kitchen for the widow's peace of mind.

It was agreed that Benjy should take the Pettigrew car and drive over to Buttonball, a good forty miles, to fetch Amy Leah's parents, who were elderly and unable to transport themselves but whose presence was earnestly desired.

So Camden drove for home by herself, with lips set tight. She was trying all the while to wipe from memory the awfulness of her conflict with her man. She sought to bandage every wound by consideration of Nature's kindliness; she strove to remember it was a blessing that their poor sick neighbor had found rest at last, and would never more lie feeble and consumptive.

But it was impossible for her to do, remembering that her slight hands were holding now the wheel which Benjy had held when he spoke that bitterness aloud.

Here was the bridge. Planks rattled deep beneath the car, and shaggy timber of Lancey's old mill were tumbled just beyond, with snags of black walnut sticking up to mark the ancient dam. Fish might glint beneath the sweet waters of the stream; a smell of roadside flowers might rise like musk; and Camden witnessed laughter of three boys who worked and talked, stripping sugarcane. But her heart lay unascending and cold.

Camden set foot at last within her yard, the house empty and shaded beyond, an old sow muttering comfortably to her young in a lot beside the barn. But Camden stood with hands clamped against her pretty head and then she started to run.

"Little Lady!" she called, eagerly trying to reassure herself as she scampered. "Hello, honey! I've been——" But from afar she could see that wired gate open, she could hear it whine as the light breeze took it idly shut and opened it again.

No Little Lady, proud and slim behind the chicken wire. No rugged-haired old Bristles, snorting and running out of range of rocks, and streaking off when you threatened him. The gate turned lazy, open and loose. How and why had she done this thing?

Oh, she could have sworn upon a stack of Bibles that the fastening was made full well —the hook sunk deep within its proper staple. But all the upset in her soul, and thinking of the Pettigrews, and mad and worried by Benjy's meanness; and then she had hastened with the pans in hand, the little breakfast for the dog, the bigger bait for that old rascal with the whiskery face——

Somehow she'd done it, with no defiance or intent. And now the pen stood free of any occupant, with only one slow-moving velvet butterfly to drift above the wire, and wag its wings across a truant wind, and then lift high—take speed for uplands and the miles of brush beyond, where those lovelorn dogs had fled away.

CAMDEN felt how dry and hot her eyes were burning, though wet tears stung her spirit underneath. A little boy? she thought. Could some neighbor have come and—— But in all that region there was no person, big or little, who would have done this trick of mischief.

There was bare ground before the gate. There'd been a sprinkle in the night, and so all tracks were plain to see: the big toe pads of Bristles mostly, and those few dancing marks Little Lady had left when she galloped to her freedom.

Camden's own traces appeared, going and coming, and going and coming again—the small print of her heels in soil where at some previous time the hogs had wallowed. No other feet had trod that ground upon that day, and Camden felt sweat frosting across her forehead. It was she and she alone who'd done this thing.

She raced to the house, now, and snatched the bugle from its hook. Out on the porch she made the first two notes, and more and more — the warm wind fluttering at her dress.

Down at the nearest fence, and pointing her bugle at the wooded hills out yonder, sending keen the notes to race past willows, and up through harder timber on the higher slopes.

Such neighbors as were not up to the Pettigrews' or gone to town — the nearest people working in their fields or kitchens—every ear could recognise those two round notes repeated often, and speculate upon them. Little Lady, shut up tight against the demands of circumstance: we all knew that. Here was the summons, hard and constant. Only one dog might be called by them —the same who had the marks and voice of Bugle Ann. Only she or the wraith of her mother would have answered and come in.

Over at the Davis place across two fields, old Spring creaked lamely from his chair upon the porch, and he could feel a cloud of misery descending on him.

"Adelaide," he said. "It must be Camden. She's trying to blow Little Lady in."

"But they had her in a wire pen." Mrs. Davis wrapped her apron around her hands.

"Fetch my bugle, too," the old man ordered quietly.

He walked across the rear yard, moving stiff. He went past barn and cribs: and Mrs. Davis went part way, too, and then she stopped. Gabe was seated on a keg beside the barn, riveting a strap which had parted. He put his riveter down slowly and came to stand beside Mrs. Davis, watching Springfield go ahead.

I heard them blowing now, far over at our place—Spring Davis and the daughter of the man he'd murdered for the sake of Bugle Ann (and still he hoped she'd nurture flesh of his descendants in her body). Both bugling—as if in wildest mockery and rivalry, and then somehow getting together in a warlike chorus, and then straying unhappily apart again.

They met down at the second fence, with Heaven Creek bubbling in shady trees beyond, as if it and its fishy inhabitants had no concern with the strange power that dogs could wield over humankind.

Camden was drenched and scratched, for she had waded and pushed through bushes.

"You were blowing for her," the old man faltered. "I heard you. Thought I'd come to help."

"Oh, Mr. Davis," the girl cried, gripping him. "She's gone! If Benjy — It's Little Lady, Mr. Davis, like you guessed. She's gone."

. . . . . .

The errand of mercy on which Benjy had departed was fraught with delays. The old couple were in tears, and they couldn't decide what clothing to pack with them on their desolate visit; and at the last minute the old lady made Benjy drive back three miles, for she had forgotten a basket of cookies she planned to offer to her grandchildren.

Thus it was two o'clock before he returned to the Pettigrews' and had a snack there from baskets which the womenfolk had fetched — later still when he got home to Heaven Creek and heard bugles resounding.

He went quickly to his mother's place, and learned the tidings about Little Lady's flight. There may have been some compassion towards Camden stealing into his conscience before he arrived; now he was filled with anger. He was no man to trifle with when he stopped by our place, carrying a repeating rifle with him.

I was on a ladder out behind the house, picking apples for my mother to can, but I came down fast enough when I observed that Indian look on Benjy's countenance.

"They never ran past here," I said, when he questioned me. "How come the twenty-two?"

"Got it loaded with long rifles," said he, referring to the type of cartridges. I figured what would befall Bristles when he was caught up with.

"I'll finish these apples, then I got a thing or two to do at the barn, then I'll join you in the woods. Whereabouts?"

He said, "I'll be over towards Bachelor's, in the high timber. The rest—" For a moment his throat was so dry he couldn't talk. He looked at the ground, and then lifted his black eyes. "Pa and Gabe are out. Of course, pa can't move very sprightly. Ma said they'd already combed all along the middle part of Heaven Creek, with Camden, using the horns. But no results."

"I don't want to eat it, thanks . . . just hold it there so I can see the rest of my food."

When he uttered the name of Camden he sounded so unsteady that a stranger might have deemed Benjy was on the verge of crying. That was bad. It marked the most dangerous wrath which lived in this young man and could emerge when it was touched off by any grievous spark. Once I had observed him speak that way in McKee's Crossing when he overheard some political enemy of his father's describe Spring Davis as a gaolbird. The man was only thirty-eight, and weighed a good fourteen stone; but he had Benjy up before the justice, after he had recovered. Benjy Davis paid twenty-five dollars and costs for that assault.

Among the trees I joined him, soon as I was free to, and searched with him until dark. We didn't find hide nor track of Little Lady, nor of the fugitive who had charmed her away. Far behind us on both sides, along Chilly Branch and in Big Panther Hollow, the bugles were still sounding. Little Lady heeded not.

We talked of trailing her with other dogs, and then we shook our heads, for that would never work. No proper foxhound of the kind we raised would cry another dog—except old Toul Sector, whom I mentioned earlier, and he would only cry himself. No, voice and eyes and trumpet calls must do the trick.

"Reckon she'll come back," I told Benjy at sunset, "when she's good and ready. Of course—"

He looked at me; he turned his bony face aside.

"It'll be too late by then," I finished up.

"It'll be too late now," he said. "But that's not all. I got to get her back. For pa is old; I'm scared he'll have a stroke, worrying. Bake, I got to keep on hunting long as I can. You know how they act at such a time—run heedless on the pavement, any road or any place. These folks in cars go burning up the slab a mile a minute. If she was hit—" We could say no more.

I went home through the dusk. Wouldn't have left then —for often I've missed some meals without their bothering me—except that I was concerned about the whisky situation. My own little father wasn't near as old as Springfield Davis (and a mighty friend of his), but frailities had crept upon him. One of them concerned the pleasant stuff which he called Forty-Rod, and now the doctor had limited him to one pint per day.

These pints he preferred to absorb in the evening, or later when we were out with the dogs; and I carried the magic key in my pocket at all times, for the flesh of my father, Cal Royster, could turn remarkably weak on occasion.

He was awaiting me on the front step, hunched down like a dwarf.

"You're late," he said. "And your mother's got the ham in the oven. They found anything?"

"Not a sign."

"Reckon she's run over somewheres."

"Scat," I said, "she'll turn up. Brisk as always, and carrying mongrel pups."

I went out to the tool shed and unlocked the cupboard where we kept my father's case. I even cast an eye on an extra bottle with speculation in my own interest, but soon decided no. Whisky and me never did mix: I used to get fighting mad, long ago when I got out of the Veterans Hospital, and I paid worse fines than Benjy Davis ever did.

Supper was a quiet institution at our home, but it was quieter than ever this night; my father was deep immersed within the Davis problem, though he didn't like to let on. He said gloomily that he reckoned Camden had opened the pen gate on purpose, to spite Benjy; and ma told him not to say such things and eat his ham and beets instead.

The ham had been cut from the carcase of our own tall red hog, and it was good as ever I cured; only my good mother could contrive such smooth and buttery beets. But on this evening we might have been eating straw for all the taste we found.

I went to see how our dogs were, and pa walked in darkness, following me there. Thus we stood beside the wire, with hounds jumping and wagging on the other side.

My father came nearer and tapped me on the chest. "Bake, I been thinking."

"Have you got any good ideas?"

"The wind's just right, what there is of it, and I felt the grass a while ago. Dogs haven't been run in a coon's age" — three entire days, in fact—"and they're spoiling. They'd do better than you and Benjy and the rest."

"You think she'd leave him, and join the pack?"

"By this time, yes. I get certainer and certainer, the more I dwell on it."

Those hills had conversations and silences all their own, but distant shadows were still disturbed by a bugle cry. I concluded it was Camden making it, or maybe Benjy blowing his father's horn.

"Take them in the dog box," pa continued.

"Dog box won't hold but five." We were speaking of the box on the back of my little truck.

"Five will be plenty. Take some that are always out ahead, and mean business; we could cross the ford, and make a cast on Heaven Hump. Their voices will carry from there, and she'll know what's doing within five minutes after the pick-up."

He gave me his pint bottle to keep for him, so he might have some liquor left to solace him beside the fire. Pa trotted to the house to tell ma, and get a snack; I took a lantern and selected the hounds. Five Point Nine and Bullard's Dainy, Vinegar Blink and Border Princess and old Toul Sector: these were the lucky five, and the rest lamented it.

The bugle cry had silenced before we reached the higher ground. As soon as the fire raised color in the sky, we had some company. We heard the rattle of the ancient Davis truck, and here they came, laborious up a pair of tracks which crawled from gullies. Benjy and his father. They brought no dogs along.

Benjy installed Spring Davis on a seat, and stood with us to listen. "I didn't have a stomach for this thing tonight," he said.

"Pa thought it might work."

Spring Davis sat motionless upon his stump. "You mean—with Little Lady?"

I said, "She's bound to hear them all."

"It's well into evening," old Spring said. "She might be willing to depart from him by now."

Our hounds had been a long time making any pick-up—why, I do not know: perhaps so many human paths had walked that way, and they were puzzled. Then Border Princess got the necessary whiff, and let her high note go, and then the rest were with her. The fox strung over east, where Benjy and I took some timber out the year before. There were a lot of unburned trash piles such as foxes like to sneak among. They crossed the Spur, and echoed out of hearing.

I wondered just where Camden was and how she fared. Benjy seemed thinner, as he always seemed when mad. His active eyes were narrowed down and showed a gleam when shadows left his face.

And then I thought of just how Little Lady and Bristles had skipped away that morning, scooting wildly round and round, and running bigger circles as she sniffed the wind of liberty and found it good.

Away back in fastnesses they must have run, but always he would stay attendant, courting her; and so she stuck to her opinion—dog's opinion, just as straight as humankind, when folks are never there to meddle —that he was just the one for her.

No bell and book, but only choice and luck and final certainty. I reckoned that the first fierce race of hounds had

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by MacKinlay Kantor

risen from such queer determination, and maybe the chance of that same swinging gate—if early men had gates across the mouths of caverns where they slept.

Then, before the dogs came back, we heard the horn again.

It called in lonely desperation from the valley back of us, and the small words which we'd planned to use were left unsaid. In the gloom I watched poor Benjy's face go into knots. He never spoke, but every note of that bugle went right through him.

"That'd be Camden," came the faint remark of Spring. "Reckon she went over to her place awhile, maybe to eat some supper, and wash up, and maybe rest."

My father coughed and—"Reckon so," he said.

But stronger than the trumpet cry, and in a contrary direction, our Royster dogs began to be heard now. That same beleaguered fox was going north, and they were right on top of him.

And far away another throat was opened now; another tongue was flapping in the night, and Spring got off his stump, and Benjy froze. It was Little Lady, sure enough. Away off yonder, she lifted up her melody.

All alone, remote upon the track, she told our Royster dogs to wait, hold on, she'd come to join them; how they needed her, she cried. It was the voice of Bugle Ann, without a doubt; so once again gooseflesh tingled our skins; it always did; we couldn't help it, even though we knew so well the tale of this identity.

Sometimes, by folks who never were so fortunate as us and never heard the voice of Little Lady or her dam, I have been asked just how it sounded. It sounded like the mystery of lonesome woods where maybe ghosts were foot-loose. It made you think of gipsy dogs, and hollering around the wigwams where some Indians dwelt. It had the air and smell of danger; still there lived a sympathy.

I reckon when the first ferocious pioneers came poking on across the Mississippi, they led some dogs like that along. So the germ lived sleepy in the blood of old Missouri hounds, time out of mind, until a miracle of breeding worked by Springfield Davis brought it out again, but only in one body and one soul; and able, by the grace of God, to be transmitted to her daughter.

Our fire picked out Camden, coming between the oaks—first her pale face drifting and her pale hands with bugle horn tight clasped, and then the darker movement of her gown. Her gown was blue, with flame-suggesting purple on it also. There she stood at last, close by.

Greetings were murmured low to her, but haltingly, because we all were centred in our hearts upon that hound voice pealing out behind our Royster dogs. Camden held her chin on high, and kept her eyes shut as she listened.

I don't think she and Benjy interchanged a word. Not even when the fox had holed, not even when our hounds came in, not even when Little Lady panted up at last, responding to a final order from the horn.

. . . . . .

Camden was sitting in the breakfast nook they'd made in that old kitchen when Benjy finally came and stood beside her. Camden had tripped off solitary on the forest path as soon as Little Lady made her return. Full well she knew the way, and could have found it in the darkest night which ever pressed.

Old Spring kept Little Lady at his place that night; he said he'd worried so, and wanted her to lie beside his bed.

Long afterwards I learned the thorny words exchanged.

"You did it," Benjy Davis told his wife, "like you said you'd do."

"It's all my fault," she whispered. "I'll bear the blame. I guess you'd not believe me if I told you it was done by accident."

"You contend it was an accident? It wasn't done for spite?"

"No, not for spite," she said. "I did it. I don't know how it came about."

He shuffled round. "It's wrong to have some strains mixed up. There's types of blood that quarrel with other blood."

And Camden rolled her flashlight back and forth upon the table, never lifting up her eyes. "You're speaking of the Davis blood and Terry blood."

"I never mentioned such a thing. But you—you, honey—loved that dirty beast. You kept him here, feeding and babying him. If you'd drove him off, the way I ordered—"

So it went, and there are never words which scald so hot as those in anger, pitched back and forth between young people who are strong in love.

Types of blood that quarrel with other blood —— He spoke of this again, and she flung the same hot charge that he was meaning Davis' and Terrys. All right, he said. Suppose he was? She'd willed the deed, by wishing it. It was her stubborn unconscious self, praying that the hook upon that gate would never find the staple; so it never had.

BENJY cried she'd done it, just as wickedly as if with full intent; and now they'd be a laughing stock all through the whole vicinity. They'd picked and chosen and denied a breeding match with any hound around there, when there wasn't a man who hunted fox within a radius of fifty miles who wouldn't have got down on his knees and begged the Davis' to bring Little Lady to his best hound.

She didn't scream at him to stop, for she was past that stage now. The Camden heritage was ruling her at last, and it was mighty stern and proud. She rose up soberly while Benjy still assailed, and she went upstairs and shut her door. Her mind was made. She wouldn't stay to have his eyes accusing when his voice had ceased.

So they slept apart that night, and in the forenoon Camden walked through corn rows to the Davis place. She paused to kiss her mother-in-law, and then went on through the sitting-room and found Spring Davis throned as usual in his green rocking-chair. He sat out on the porch where his dim vision might command a view of the distant road, though nobody went along it very often.

Little Lady was spread beside him, legs straight out, and tail whacking the floor when she heard Camden's step. The girl got down on her knees beside the old man's chair.

"All I can say is I'm sorry."

He moved his silky white head in agreement. "There's reason for regret. But I do believe you never done it on purpose," he told her.

"Benjy believes I did."

Springfield sighed, and groped around with his fingers until they found Little Lady's ear, and he played softly with this precious toy. "It's a matter between you two. I never did hold with elder folks getting mixed up in the problems of the young."

For a time Camden sat with glance turned down, but her blue eyes were wet no longer; she'd cried all her tears. Then she raised her face to meet Spring's gaze.

"Mr. Davis, there's the matter of Little Lady."

He shifted around, sad and uncomfortable in that most comfortable rocker in the world. He got out his tobacco sack and put it back again. "Oh, there's nothing can be mended now where she's concerned. Wait until the litter comes, and then get rid of them in any easy manner. Next year"—he brightened just the slightest—"next year we'll mate her right, I reckon."

"Until you ask for her," said Camden softly, "I'd like to take the care."

The old man made a sound inside his chest, as if his heart was saying things in other languages. "I'm old. I might not be here in another sixty days. Are you dead certain that you want to have her close to you?"

She told him, speaking flat, "The way that Benjy feels—no, Mr. Davis, I should be the one. I took care of Bugle Ann, and I reared Little Lady and the rest when Bugle Ann was sick and couldn't feed them proper. I'll cherish Little Lady till she whelps."

He nodded; it was hard for him to say a word. Slowly then did Camden rise and kiss Spring Davis on his cheek. She got a leash, and she took Little Lady back across the field. Upstairs in the Terry place she packed the things which she desired to take; perhaps she worked in fog, but it is certain that her mind was made.

Benjy was busy at the barn. His best cow had milk fever, and he was waiting for a vet to come from town. But now he witnessed Camden walking back and forth. One suitcase she brought out, then another, and some clothes on a coat-hanger. Benjy went to stand beside the car.

When she emerged again he questioned her, and with a stranger's tone. "Going somewhere?"

She said, "I'm going home."

"Where's that?"

"Up yonder," and she nodded towards the north and west. "In the lowest corner of Jackson County, where once I went before," she told him.

He stood and looked, not at the wife he loved, but at the timberland. "Your Uncle Elnathan is dead. A year ago last Christmas. Have you forgot?"

"Florry's there," Camden told him. "Or have you forgot? My cousin, and she's teaching in the new school that they've built, and she's hired a man and wife to work the place. She's always wishing that I'd come to visit. Guess the time is here."

Wrens were busy in their tiny house atop the garden post, and chattering because a jay had come; both the young folks watched the birds awhile. "A visit?" Benjy Davis asked again.

"Yes, a mighty long one."

He cleared his throat; his shoulders seemed to bend and tighten when he did it. "I guess you made your choice. There's nothing I can say."

"You said enough. Last night, and some before."

"You take the car. The

Continued overleaf

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN," by MacKinlay Kantor

corn is doing good. If prices hold when we have got it picked, I'll trade that old wreck which I keep at pa's, and buy another car."

She moved up towards the porch, and Benjy followed her.

"If you need money—"

"No, I don't," Camden said. "Have you forgot again? I sold those lots my father used to own in Warrensburg; I've got the money put away. Come on," she whispered, gently as could be, to Little Lady.

She led the foxhound out, and Benjy Davis gave a growl.

"Who told you you could take her with you? Who—"

"Your father told me," Camden said. "And me, I guess I told myself. Goodbye." She drove away.

At times there dwells a meanness in the best communities—in a community of human folks, or one of foxhounds, for I've seen it work both ways. The news came out as soon as Camden stopped down at the bank in town to cash herself a cheque. Roy Lancey saw the pretty dog in her car, and all the suitcases piled up.

So people had their calls to make, inquiring of the Davis', and then the word went round. "Vacation, ha!" the women all declared; the most of them were on the side of Camden, critical of Benjy; though there were hearts which held a jealousy for both, and spoke it out.

The men, on the other hand, blamed Camden for leaving her husband. They swore they'd never let their own wives do a thing like that, though just what means they'd have taken to stop their wives in such a case they never did describe.

We heard that Benjy stalked the woods, the .22 beneath his arm, determined to hunt down that Bristles dog. But any trail the dog left behind him was just as hard to discern, now that his mischief was worked, as it had been when he and Little Lady first departed to the wilderness.

No track of him was ever glimpsed again: he'd gone and lost himself in other neighborhoods long since; and people guessed that Satan must have come to fetch him.

Benjy kept a solitary life that year, eating mostly at his folks', and keeping well aloof except when working with the dogs. He had another dog to hunt with, come the middle of the winter. Late one afternoon, when he was getting feed down for the stock, he heard the grinding of an unfamiliar car. He came out, and there it stood, a blue sedan. The face above the driver's wheel was unfamiliar as well.

SOME ears went up behind the seat, and there was wagging fit to kill. Benjy walked with slow pace to the car and turned the handle of the door. Little Lady dived on him.

"My name's Butler," said a young man, grinning there in front, and they shook hands. It seemed that Butler was engaged, or nearly so, to Camden's Cousin Florry; he had to drive to Rolla to see his folks, and our region wasn't much outside his route. Camden had asked him to fetch the foxhound home again.

"Better stop awhile," Benjy muttered, but young Butler claimed he had to be getting on.

Benjy said abruptly, speaking from an unhappy heart so mightily disturbed. "How's my wife?"

"Camden? She's just fine, far as I know. I only saw her briefly when I stopped to get the dog."

In another minute Butler'd shaken hands again and driven off. Benjy stood, with Little Lady rubbing tight against his leg, and watched the car recede. He put his hand down slowly, feeling Little Lady's head and mouth and then her soft and tender underside.

She was dried up, but you could tell she'd had some pups. Did they look like that hairy old father of theirs? thought Benjy Davis. Bet ten dollars Camden kept the lot. She couldn't drown a pup. She couldn't—— Then he swore within himself, and lifted up his arm to brush across his face. He went back, old and heavy, to his work, and Little Lady bounced along.

But rumors still persisted through the months as they were bound to do. At last one whisper reached the ears of Benjy and drove deep like a nail into his brain.

It was spring and I was in our truck. Benjy turned sharp right out of his lane. As our cars met and passed I must have looked my astonishment, because he was dressed up with a suit and necktie—not his usual clothing.

I peered back; he had halted, so I stopped my own car and walked towards him. He didn't get out—just sat there with his hand on the wheel and the clean new motor still turning, even when I stood near the door.

"Word came to me," he said. "Maybe it's not so. I did hear that Camden was sick in the hospital."

"Whereabouts?"

"Guess it would be in Warrensburg, Johnson County. That's just about as close to the farm as Independence or Kansas City, and her relatives have got an old doctor friend there."

I had heard the same tale through my sister-in-law, and even more than that, but judged that Camden would inform her husband if she really wanted him at her bedside. "Do you think she's very bad?"

"The story that I heard didn't say," he told me.

This was merely a time for the rubbing of fingers on a car door, for listening to the light breeze and new frogs in the slough—not a time for asking specialised questions.

"You seem to be on your way."

His tanned face looked grim. "Little Lady's over at pa's. I've fixed it with your brother Del, for him to look after the stock." And off he went.

Later he related some portions of what was in his heart, but the whole story was long in the telling. He said that he broke something in his car when only part way to Johnson County. Therefore it was late in the evening before repairs could be made and the remaining miles could be crossed, and he might park beneath strange trees in Warrensburg.

He had inquired the way and found it with ease. Now that he was arrived he couldn't bring himself to step inside the hospital door. He walked across and around, patrolling the region of the hospital for hours. He was fighting back the vanity of his spirit, and then yielding once more, and having it rise in wrath to direct his steps.

There spread ghastly bright lights in what might have been an operating room; and he thought of Camden there with masked people all about; he thought of her lying silent beneath some towels on her face, as he had witnessed in the films.

So at last Benjy forced himself along a sidewalk and through a door, determined to stand beside her bed; and maybe she would let him take her hand; and maybe she would only turn her head slightly to the side, and look away forever.

There didn't seem to be anybody in the hospital offices at that hour. Benjy went looking, and down a far corridor at last he saw a little desk and a white shape sitting. Thus he went up, bareheaded and on tiptoe and all constrained, asking after his wife but not saying that she was his.

"Mrs. Camden Davis?" The nurse or sister (Benjy didn't know) repeated the name that way. She didn't say "Mrs. Benjamin S. Davis."

The lady smiled and said, "Why, she's fine. She was discharged from the hospital yesterday."

"I'm obliged to you," said Benjy, and he turned and walked away.

The nose of his automobile seemed pointing toward the late Mr. Elnathan Camden's farm, over yonder across the county line, when again Benjy stood in the street. Like an eager metal dog the car seemed lifting up imaginary cars, demanding, "Shall we go?"

BUT sternness of nature and habit wouldn't let him soften. His spirit should have been buzzing with reassurance and thankfulness that the one he loved was now strong. Instead there dwelt in him only the same sodden emptiness which had oppressed ever since a special hour in August, so far and hideously gone.

He climbed into his car and drove back to the house above Heaven Creek.

Certain I am that Benjy cussed himself a thousand times for the cruelty with which he had treated Camden. A lesser man—or kinder, softer—or one less flavored by the stony happenings that made their mark before: oh, such a man could not have stood it long. He'd have been there, low upon his knees, begging by all that he held sacred in its beauty, begging for mercy and forgiveness and a swift return.

Not Benjy. That was not the Davis way. Just like his father, quiet and tough and knotty. Not another person in our region could have shot Jack Terry down for the apparent slaying of Bugle Ann; plenty would talk, and want to take strong revenge, but none would have dared to pull the trigger.

Other young husbands might have argued with their wives, and yelled and tilted, spoken abuse and taken it; they might have even severed paths awhile, although I doubt it. But once the evil stood committed, they would have felt a change of heart, and crept around and cried amends.

Not Benjy Davis. He went his stubborn way in solitude; maybe he wanted to melt; he couldn't melt because he never had the habit. He told me once, in purest confidence, that he had started letters plenty of times. He sat there in the breakfast nook and scratched on drugstore paper. "My Dear Camden . . ." he'd begin. Or "Dear Wife, how are you? I am fine . . ."

He had neither mood nor nature for the task. He couldn't confess the emptiness within himself, the raw regret, the love he'd borne and still would bear, no matter how long she stayed away. So another wad of paper in the stove, another rub on Little Lady's head, another walk outside to listen to the whip-poor-wills or sleet, depending on the season.

He had made the deepest hurt in her—far graver than she hacked in him—so he could not forgive himself; and so he walked through life, a young man turned to bitterness. He worked his farm; he tended on his parents, faithful and devoted as could be, though never speaking long; he went to the hills with the rest of us with our hounds but never found such childish joy as he had known before. And all his silences were longer.

Thus lagged a summer, winter, spring again, and on, until two years and more had passed since Camden fled to Jackson County. People had talked about the Davis business until they wore it nigh to death, and

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN," by MacKinlay Kantor

buried it—and sometimes they dug it up again.

Oak leaves curled once more, the maples frittered off their yellowness and red; thorn apples turned to pink, and there was smoky haze banked up against the clouds each sunset.

All the hound men in that area began to lay their bets. Early and late their dogs burst through the valleys; this was a time for culling the packs by hand, and loosing them to run by day instead of night, trying to correct all faults which showed, and robbing Peter, paying Paul—looking at toe-pads, changing feed, and guiding young hounds in the manner of the best and eldest. The day of the running of the "Butternut" was approaching.

The old tan Rebels of the long ago were called by Yankees "Butternuts." They didn't have the proper sort of cloth for uniforms, and had to dye it from the husks of nuts, like squaws. So finally they took in pride the name applied to them, and used it for their own.

The war was fought, and soldiers came home—at least those menfolks came who hadn't found a couch in Arkansas or Tennessee. One fine autumn day some early Davis' and Lancey's and the rest, they had their dogs working on a fox or two; and bets were passed, and arguments were aired. A jug of liquor was the prize.

That's how it started, in the olden times, and through the years our "Butternut" was always held in autumn. It got to be an institution—a reunion, too, for all the Rebel Butternuts turned out. They met, they ate, they downed some jugs; their wives and sisters had a wonderful gossip; and children galloped underfoot.

Finally, the Butternuts widened it, thus including neighbors who had worn the Blue and fought upon the other side.

I could remember it when I was a child. Baskets on the table, piled high with bowls and pans—the apple salad with its tasty dressing, and sweet-potato pies, and ham all fried and cold, and one big cake with little speckled candies on the top. And Grandpa'd lock his arm with old Cap Hurley, and they'd sing Rebellion songs.

Cap Hurley didn't own a dog—not any more; he'd lost his farm and all his folks were dead, and it was simple charity which made the younger Pettigrews retain him as a hired man. Yet he had ribbons from those other Butternuts so long before; he pinned them fast upon his shirt, with his Confederate medal.

This was the Butternut we'd managed, each autumn all along the years, though I missed a few when I was gone to war or in the hospital. A show, a race, a contest and a get-together, with fiddle songs and ballads in the night that followed; and they used to have a superstition that any romance which developed at a Butternut would be blessed with scads of children.

Once, when the Army needed special wood to use on aeroplanes, somehow or other they sent a bunch of knowledgeable men around in the timberland, to hunt the necessary sort of walnut trees. Old Cap Hurley in his dying year still owned a patch of woods considered merely fit for hogs to range in.

Those Government men, they bought Cap Hurley's timber, nearly every stick of it; and he paid but seven dollars taxes previously. And when Cap died he left the bulk of his good fortune to the Pettigrews; everybody thought it well deserved. But one fine thing he'd done for the vicinity: he'd taken that old hand-turned jug they used to use for the prize at the Butternut, with names of dogs and owners scribbled on in pencil.

He made the local watchmaker send it off somewhere or other; and, sad to say, it was not returned until Cap had died, chasing foxes in his sleep with dogs he hadn't heard for forty years.

But when the jug came back, delivered in a locked-up trunk down at the station, marvellous voices spread the news. That old grey jug with rosy varnish round the top—it wore a silver band, a band as broad as any lady's sash, or even broader. On that band was engraved the name of every dog and every individual who owned him, who'd ever won the Butternut—all taken down, with dates, before the pencil marks were scrubbed away.

It was a monumental trophy sure enough; and each year after it was on display men locked it up again down at the bank. Then, each season when the date was set again, the Butternut jug came out of hiding, to be admired and desired by every soul who'd had a hound to win the race before, and every soul who hadn't. The name of Springfield Davis blazed the most—nine times; and there were Maitlands, Pettigrews, and Lanceys in profusion. Old Ed Armstrong won it twice, and so did pa; and thrice the name of Benjamin Davis loomed. I was there once.

ALWAYS a new name for the winning dog each year. That was a rule: no hound who'd ever won a Butternut could run in one again. And every owner limited to a single entry. A hound of any age could be entered, so long as he could run: a dog or a bitch, it didn't matter which.

It was a Saturday—the last one in October. We poked and peeked at almanacs and signs, and trembled when the storms protracted; we quivered when it rained the night before, we said a Hallelujah when the morning dawned with just the barest delicacy of mist, and skies turned cool and saucer-blue above, and no hint of a south-east wind.

If we'd possessed burglars in our county they would have had good pickings on that Saturday, for practically every house was empty before ten o'clock when the dog show started.

I was chairman for grounds and parking, like I'd been the past two years, so I was present at six o'clock or just before; my brother Del was chairman for refreshments and the barbecue, and he'd been there with other members of his committee since the night before, toiling with pit and firewood.

Smoke ascended spicy among the boughs and drifted out to scent the valley sides of lower Heaven Creek. We'd held the Butternut in this same grove for at least a generation. There was a claybank out beyond, where folks could sit by scores and catch each shouting of the dogs as they went speeding over the ravines.

Just before our programme started up, when I was working with a loose plank of the platform we had built on hollow tiles, I rose to see the form of Benjy Davis striding close and staring hard. His eyes were little chunks of coal, and he was pale beneath his tan as if he'd seen a dozen ghosts—and liked them, though they frightened him.

"She's here," he blurted.

Something gave a pound inside me. "Just who's here?" I asked, pretending calm.

"Camden. She's got a funny dog on leash. I guess it's one of those—" He stared a moment longer, then turned abrupt and walked away, the judge's badge apparent on his shirt.

I worked an old brick underneath the plank so it lay true, and then made my way towards that small table where the owners signed. A line stretched out, with dogs in tow, and Uncle Punch Lancey sat alongside old Ed Armstrong, signing hounds for race or show or both.

And there stood Camden in the row, waiting her turn, and looking lovelier than any branch of autumn leaves. She wore a skirt and sweater of the shade of robins' eggs, and had her red hair wrapped up in a silken scarf. I went and grinned and squeezed her hand, as many others did; and usually the rest went off to whisper afterwards, and wonder what this meant, and turn their crafty glance to Benjy.

"Well," I said. "It's good you've come."

"The Butternut," she said. "I didn't want to miss it."

"Camden, are you entering?"

She murmured that she was, and we both fell silent, looking down at that strange dog which she was leading. Bristles, sure enough—you couldn't miss the mark—with hair all bushy on his neck and face, though he had legs like Little Lady. He looked as whiskery as that old skate who sired him.

"He's good," came Camden's little voice. "Bake, you never need to look like that. I haven't lost my mind."

But still I thought she had, and so did everyone. I gazed around for Benjy; he was standing, lonely and aloof beyond the chairmen's table, and people gave him room.

"Tell me, Bake. Is Mr. Davis here as yet?"

"No," I said. "He's far too old, and he has seen a lot of Butternuts. He doesn't care too much for the show, and the long programme wearies him. My brother Tom will pick him up and fetch him, before the race begins this afternoon."

All this while the line deployed, moving on slowly to the entry table, and finally Camden waited with her sorry potlicker before the gaze of Uncle Punch.

Now he was liked—regarded with amusement, too. But Uncle Punch was far too pompous and he had a stuffiness of attitude. He'd been a mailman in his time, and also did some veterinary work, and taught a singing school for years without success, and always ran for county clerk but never won. He was bald and brown and squinty-eyed, and tried to talk like a senator.

"Name?" he demanded, though he knew her name so well.

She gave her name.

"One moment," then said Uncle Punch. He laid his pencil down and squinted fierce at Camden. "The race is only open to the folks in this here county. I take it that you're not a resident no longer."

Behind him, Benjy Davis cleared his throat. His face was burning bright, but still he never looked to watch his wife. "Uncle Punch," he called, no matter what it cost him in embarrassment, "I guess that you've been misinformed. Camden's my wife, and she's officially a resident as much as you."

Uncle Punch Lancey pursed his lips solemnly and seemed about to write, and then he put his pencil down again. "But this thing she's got with her. I always understood the Butternut was open solely to the breed of foxhounds. I wouldn't try to run Old Rags, my collie," and a laugh went high but nervous through the crowd.

"O.K., how was that again . . . if Jim has 45 apples and John has 32 . . .?"

Camden stiffened. She seemed about to speak, but her young husband was ahead of her. "Uncle Punch," cried Benjy in disgust, "don't be a worse fool than you are! That dog is out of Little Lady. Little Lady won the Butternut three years ago—her first time in—as everybody knows. You can't scratch out a pup from any champion," and people buzzed about it. A dozen men declared, "That's right," so he had to write it down at last.

The name was Little Bristles. Camden opened up a big limp leather bag hanging from her arm, took out a purse and paid five dollars' entrance fee. She walked away, remote and never looking back, and all the little kids were skirmishing to get another look at that strange Airedale-coated animal as if he was a lion or a bear out of a circus.

She placed her dog within her car, and let him lie on blankets she had folded, and she fetched fresh water from the pump and filled his pan. She'd let him snooze, I knew, until the Butternut was called. The programme started soon; and there'd be the show, then the barbecue and dinner. Then everyone would take it easy—sit and talk, and smoke and visit round—until the race was called.

The prayer was by the Reverend Monterey Adair. Then there came music, for as usual we'd hauled a little parlor organ from the Pettigrews', and Widow Amy Leah played it sweet.

The dog show started up, with dogs upon the platform—people holding high their tails to show how wonderful a form and carriage each one had. Although I didn't give a hoot for the show, and always thought what was the use of holding any hound's tail up on high if he could never hold it up himself.

But all the while I searched for Benjy from the corner of my eye, and could not find him. I went away from all the crowd at last, to hunt him out; and finally he was there, alone above the claybank cliff, sitting with arms around his knees.

"Benjy, you're maybe tasting better luck than you deserve."

"How so?"

"To have her coming back like this."

His voice was scratchy, but it didn't shake in wrath. "I don't say she's come back. She's never spoke a word to me, nor acted like she saw me. No doubt she's only come to run that mongrel in the race; and it's an insult to us all." But still he had no fury in his tone, for he was softened by the beauty of his wife, and seeing her so again.

"Bake," he said. "I guess you heard. I make no doubt that it was talked around. We've got a child."

"Oh, yes," I told him. "It was a boy, they say."

"And Camden never even sent for me, nor wanted me to stand beside her bed."

"You went—and you came back."

"She'd left the hospital. They told me she was fine. I couldn't bring myself to take a further step. I didn't know it was a baby at the time."

I'd had enough of his restraint and sourness. "This is your chance. It's my belief she came on purpose just to give you opportunity. I hope you won't be pickle-headed all your life, and lose your wife for keeps, and rob your son of a father's care," and then I walked away. But Benjy never showed up for the show or barbecue; nor did I see him till the race was called, and judges stood to get their places and assignments.

Spring Davis never got a glimpse of any dog before the race began. He came slowly but eager-eyed, with people shaking hands and welcoming on every side. He looked like majesty itself, all dressed up in his long grey coat with rich embroidery on the sleeves, and his medal dangled bold, and that old slouch Confederate hat was pulled upon his milky hair.

Folks lined five deep above the bank where the clay shone bright—and all the little tufts of colored leaves rolling on the forest roof below.

My brother Tom brought folding chairs, and made Spring sit in one, but Mrs. Davis said that she preferred the grass; she spread her knitted shawl and sat upon it like the other middle-aged folks. My father, Calhoun Royster, squatted near Spring, and offered him a wager.

Benjy was out there in the woods to take his proper station; and his wife was down below the hill, to loosen Little Bristles. When she and the other owners came back upward through the oaks, climbing the deep-trod path, she went at once to see old Spring and Mrs. Davis; and she kissed them both, though people standing by said words were never spoken. They said that Mrs. Davis wiped her eyes, and clung to Camden's hand. And Springfield slowly beckoned her to sit between the two of them; so Camden knelt, and old Spring tweaked her hair just like he used to do.

All the crowd was hushed, waiting for the jump and stretching ears and eyes towards the gullies down below. There would be no voice uplifted till the fox was started true. Just moans and grunts among those earnest hounds, said judges who were in that neck of timber. For these were the cream of cream throughout our region. All foolish hounds had been left at home, along with former winners.

Then bango. Flying Jesse started. He had a good long note, but it was coarse and rumbley. Lee Maitland stood aloft and beat his hat against his thigh; he pulled out forty dollars, then and there, offering to bet that Flying Jesse would scatter hounds from here to breakfast.

Bango, another hound struck up, and not ten seconds after Jesse. You heard excitement all round. "A double-header," everybody yelled. Widow Amy Leah Pettigrew got up and clapped her hands, because it was her Music Boss who'd made the second pick-up.

They split and went to work. One bunch, with Flying Jesse captaining, tied to the fox down Broken Gully; and the other gang had cut Heaven Creek in two within a minute, and giving voices like they'd made a sight.

Once in a while we'd see them in among the trees, burning the ground apart, and people yelled that they had seen a fox, and once in a while you'd glimpse the tiny figure of a judge alerted at his station down below.

Then it happened. Over all the yelling: "That's my Shinbone!" . . . "There goes Honey Dew!" . . . "Baby Butch, get in there and ——" over all the clamor, a new voice soared from out the trees. It was close up on Flying Jesse, seeking to take the lead away from him; and it's my guess that there was only one soul in our throng who reckoned he could do it.

Face after face was turned towards Springfield Davis. The outcry died along that claybank, and in a few more seconds all you could hear were the cries amid the hazy timber out beyond. Surmounted by an angel solo at the front.

Spring fought to climb from out that canvas folding chair, and I stepped close to help.

"Spring!" came Ed Armstrong's fat, accusing voice. "Brother, you never entered her, and yet she's running."

And others yelled. "He couldn't enter her! He couldn't enter Little Lady, because she won three years ago. But that's her, up there on top, right next to Flying Jesse!"

Spring Davis whispered, "Someone let her out. I had her locked up, safe at home. But that's her." He tried to strengthen his old tone, and make a peace with everyone. "I tell you, it's an accident. If Benjy—But no, he wasn't there. She must have burrowed—"

"She's got it!" Reverend Mont Adair was bellowing. "She's grabbed the lead. She's took it clean away from Flying Jesse!"

So it sounded, and at first I made no doubt, no more than anybody else. The voice of Little Lady, sure enough—the voice of Bugle Ann—the same as blew forever. A trumpet blast which seemed to grow from out dark earth.

But then I looked at Camden, trying to get up, and so I took her arm and so she stood. Spring gazed, saw the

Continued overleaf

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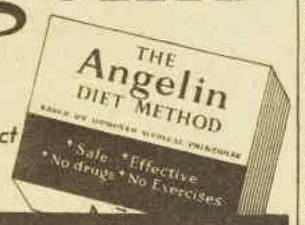

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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN"

tears running down her cheeks. He couldn't well believe—And yet, and yet—

"Honey," he whispered, "isn't that Little Lady? Seems I can hear her, clear up on the heap. How did she—"

The others heard and saw, and then it all came over them. It couldn't be, yet here it was: that scraggly high-arched thing she'd led upon her leash, and signed as Little Bristles.

Uncle Punch Lancey spoke the truth to all. "Gentlemen!" For once he had attention paid him even as he thought that he deserved. "And ladies! Number Seventeen, the one which Camden entered. I take it you all recall how Little Lady got enticed by an old tramp who come by, back two years ago last summer."

Old tramp or not, his offspring chained himself against that fox. He didn't scatter hounds—too many good dogs wading in, and they were tightly packed in speed and driving. But Little Bristles just the same was throwing dirt against the faces of the ones who followed.

It was pathetic, for the bunch which trailed with Music Boss and Amy McPherson and the rest, progressing up the creek and back, were doomed to barest recognition except for what their owners gave them.

It was almost as if the fox which Flying Jesse took at first (and Little Bristles took away from him) could understand that he was helping history. He cut to right, and right again, he crossed the Penny Branch, and right again; that brought him fairly underneath the claybank. Dangerous indeed, for kids were hanging at the edge, to try to see; and all of us might let our souls just wallow in the rare, delicious sounds.

I looked at Spring. He swallowed fast, his fingers shook; I feared he'd have a stroke before the hunting ended.

"That voice," he muttered often, kind of catching at his breath. "I bred her first. My Bugle Ann. And Little Lady has the same. That voice—it does breed on. And coming through the matrons' side."

You'd wonder what he saw—the bars up at Jeff City, maybe, prison bars he lay behind. And then his sound belief in ghosts, once he was pardoned, and heard the voice again. And all the fires he had sat beside, and all the faces vanished now, and all the hounds who loped from immemorial time.

It wasn't only voice to wonder at, for Little Bristles had that track enfolded tight beneath his tearing paws, and so he kept it. He was a whirlwind on the drive, and he would stay.

Lee Maitland still made offers of impressive bets, but his vociferation had a desperate ring; and when Roy Lancey covered twenty dollars Lee just put the rest away.

And Camden, weeping still, and kneeling there upon that brink, twitching her fingers on the flap of her limp leather bag. I reckoned that she heard the words of Benjy once again, defending her to Uncle Punch, and speaking of his wife with deference which nobody could disregard.

And Benjy, out there, standing deep in dry leaves, watching with pad in hand whenever either pack would scorch up nigh him. How many hours when he lived bereft, nailed inside the coffin of his own bullheadedness? How many lone sad sleepy times, when he would toss in bed, and have delusions through his slumbers of the magic tongue which Davis' dogs were giving?

Oh, it was a childish cussedness we had, for sure, when we abused our gifts. When menfolks let their women do the heavy work, the while they snored, pretending to have grippe or something — when actually they'd been upon the hilltop all night long. When children didn't have the food or clothes they should and could have had—because the fathers spent too many hours in the brush with their hounds instead of cultivating corn.

It was a weakness, like my own pa's taste for whisky, or Ed Armstrong's love for pork which loaded him with fat. But there was a glory human tongue might not describe, when people measured it within their lives and found the proper balance. It must have been the same in ages past, when folks first intertwined with hounds away back somewhere in the marshy weeds.

The fox went in the ground more early than we might have wished, before the sun had hit the hazel bush. Dogs were called. My father cussed, and said no fox of modern times would give our dogs the hours which they used to give. I was old enough now to half agree with him.

A bugle came from Camden's leather bag, the summons blew, and Little Bristles panted in as he was bound to do by virtue of inheritance, at least upon his mother's side. But it was Benjy's hand which leashed him up, and offered him in turn to Camden, and she looked her gratitude. Something rare and softening possessed those two by now, so I gave thanks. We saw it in their faces, though they never bandied words around.

Old Spring kept begging, "Let me look. Oh, let me see that dog!"

They finally fetched up Little Bristles, burs and muddy legs and slather, and people gathered near. Many would have laughed, except for recognising a queer priestly glowing in the face of that old man.

He muttered, "Here's the number painted on him. Seventeen." It was done that way to help the judges.

Spring touched the rugged coat, and said a word below his breath, he only raised his sight when Camden came.

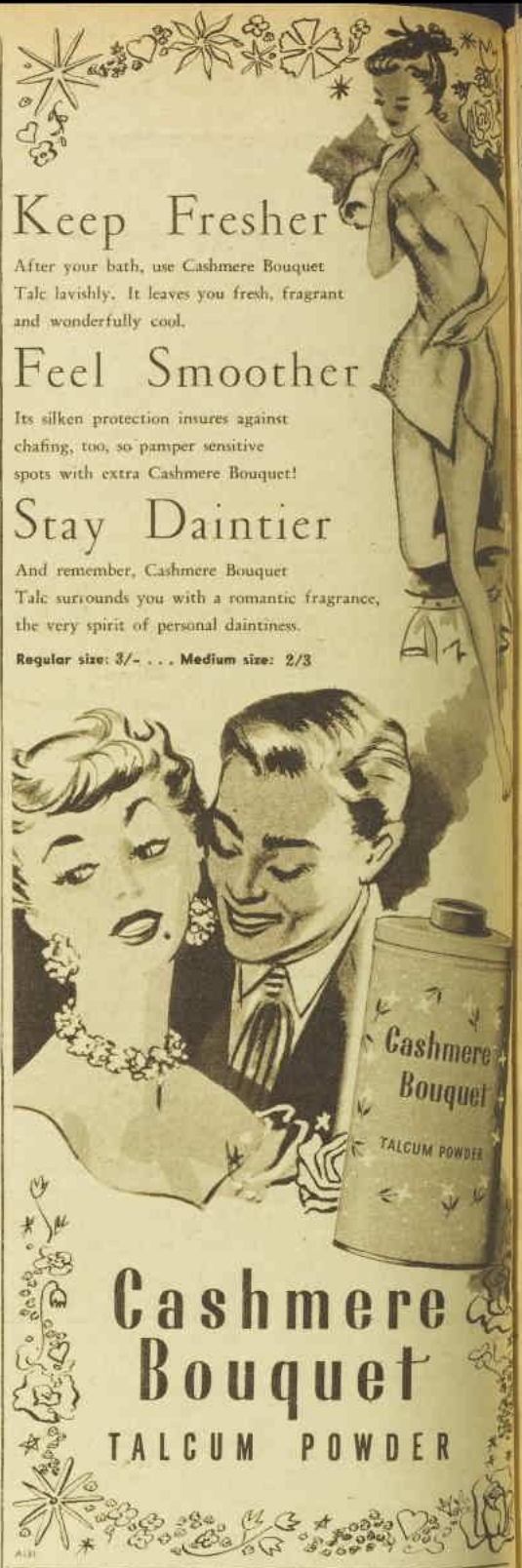
"You know," he asked her and the rest of ignorant humanity, "what you've got?"

Low sun glimmered on that scarf she wore, but not so much as on her hair. "I guess you wouldn't call him"—she tried to chuckle, but a smile was all she made, and choking sounds—"quality. Except his voice. Two in the litter had the bugle voice; I lost the other with pneumonia. So I trained him. Little Bristles."

Springfield Davis said, "That night." He spoke as if no other persons lived around; yet he knew that they were there, for his weak glance went skirmishing among the throng, and finding Benjy bright-eyed, way over on the end. "Come here," he said, and Benjy came.

"That night, when I walked over to your place, you told me of this scrub hanging close to Little Lady. Said he was a vagabond. I tried to see him, but it was nigh onto blackdark by that time. Well, Benjy, Camden." Still paying no attention to the rest of us, though we were lapping every word, and puzzled half to death.

"You see," he said, "I thought they were extinct. All



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"THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN," by MacKinlay Kantor

bred and gone, and dead and gone. You called him Bristles? That's what he was. A Whitlock Shaggy. A product of as fine a stock as ever ran."

Long ago, said Springfield Davis. Oh, maybe when he himself was a boy. A man named Alf Whitlock, far over in Kentucky—he sharpened up a breed of hounds from Maryland. All shaggy-coated and glass-eyed—not pretty, but possessed of force and staying stuff.

They grew out of some old Irish strain; and some of them had hair like manes to hide their collars. And, said Spring Davis, they were the fathers of the Goodman hounds, and even showed up in ancient records of the Walkers.

Some of them were brought on, farther west, and some were even running down in Arkansas—long, long ago, when he was young, Spring said. He'd seen them work like demons, and they had a voice to brag about.

But they were all absorbed or petered out, and scarcely any but the oldest hunters could know a Whitlock when they saw one—which they didn't nowadays. Younger folks would never even recognise the name.

So that was Bristles, bred self-determinedly to Little Lady; and Little Bristles was the pick of both. And where that tattered father of his came from we could never guess. It resembled fairy tales of yore (and yet as solid and flavorable a chunk of truth as you could bite): the servant boy in rags, the worn wanderer scorned at castle gates—and all the time he was a king in his own right, if folks had only known.

Oh, a poor hound dog could never own a castle, or have a pile of chests filled up with jewels and crowns and sceptres. But he could possess a thing which might be pondered on as better still a line of ancestors who'd done their feats, and all as staunch as knights who went to gallop in the Crusades.

It could have been, we all considered, lineage like that from which old Bristles sprang. Fresh from thickets and the willows he'd traced his keen, unerring path, and found a pen wherein the horn-mouthed marvel of our region waited him. Maybe if there is a brown god of wilderness and hunters, him it was who set the gate ajar, beyond the tiniest manipulation of Camden Davis. It was something to be decided in timber where the foxes ran.

. . . . . .

In best official manner the judges were assembled on the platform, and they read their tickets out, but you could scarcely hear the words of Benjy when it came his turn.

First in Hunting, Eight. First in Speed and Driving, Seventeen. First in Endurance, Seventeen. First in Voice, Seventeen.

Though the conclusion was foregone before they reached him, and after that, too. Points had mounted sky-high for Seventeen, and the noise which people made might have flabbergasted wiser hounds than Little Bristles. He lay and heaved his sides, and let the children finger at his fuzzy coat.

The jug came forth, and Uncle Punch, he made the presentation; but guns had started up before he rambled on his speech. You'd hear a volley and a bang, and then the dogs would lift their voices, and the kids would yelp in glee or terror; then more guns, and women holding hands across their ears. I felt my eyes grow wet.

Cap Hurley's silver band shone bright. Camden stood quiet-eyed and beautiful when Uncle Punch took his crusty fist and wrapped her fingers round the handle in a ceremony of award. And, "Take a drink," the menfolks yelled. "Camden, you got to take a drink. You've won the Butternut!" But still she stood and squeezed her eyes shut, and made as if to run away.

"I can't," she cried. "I couldn't take a drink of that pure stuff. And—the jug's so heavy I can't even lift it. Uncle Punch," she said—"and all. My husband's in the crowd somewhere. I'll ask him to come up and take the drink for me."

Folks pushed Benjy through the rows, and more than one man took a hard whack at him for his obstinacy.

Then all who wanted to drink in ceremony, toasting the hound and owner who had won, they formed in line. I stood my turn and had my drink; my father, Cal Royster, was behind me, taking longer swallows than the rest, and I could never forbid him upon this day.

I looked out for the Davis', but they had gone by now; and Little Bristles, he was carried off as well. Old Spring and Mrs. Davis—Benjy and Camden had toted them away, clean over to the the Delbert Royster place; and that was related to what my brother informed me on that morning.

Camden had halted there and left her baby with La-Vonne. The child was waiting in a pen out on the porch, and long LaVonne described the scene that dusky evening and beamed to tell each memory of it.

There they came, the Davis', driving in at last. The child stood sober, holding up against the play-pen bars, and laughing only when he saw his mother and felt her hands on him again.

"Not all blood quarrels with other blood, you see," said Camden, still with a tiny edge of hurt inside her voice.

Benjy said, "Camden, I'll try to make it up to you. What do we call him?"

"Spring."

Then they stood silent, Benjy holding up that child with bright black eyes so like his own, and watching as his pa traversed the yard.

Old Spring came slowly; he was edging ninety in this year. His wife moved there, assisting him; and she was only fifty-nine, but she was crying. Her face was like a little lantern while she sought a first glimpse of that grandchild which stubbornness had held away from her.

It was delight to recognise the way that hound voice bred itself into the years coming. For, when the last firm-spoken old Confederate—who was Springfield Davis—had gone his way among the cedar trees, the voices of the kin of Bugle Ann would still go echoing. Wisdom of the Davis kin would breed and manage them.

And Spring could rise through long imagining, and sally forth as in the flesh. Doubtless we would hear his bugle note among the crickets and the berry vines, compelling hounds to come, and loving them forever. So did we all.

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NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

Our next novel, "CASE FILE: F.B.I.," will be published in two parts. It is a thrilling and interesting story written by The Gordons, a husband-wife combination that is one of America's most popular mystery-writing teams.

It bears the stamp of authenticity, and is the inside story of a hunt for three criminals — a murderer, an extortionist, and a thief — by the internationally famous Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The film version of this story, entitled "Down Three Dark Streets," has been showing in Australia.

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1. Contestants are required to send in a family snapshot.
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3. The selected feature should be written on a sheet of paper together with contestant's name and address, and attached with a Velvet Soap wrapper* to the snapshot.
4. Judgment will be based on originality of photograph submitted and selection of the Velvet feature which research shows to be the most popular choice of housewives. Neatness will also be considered.
5. Entries must be posted to VELVET "Happy Family" Contest, Box 7067, G.P.O., Sydney, to arrive not later than 26th May, 1956.
6. All prizewinners will be notified by mail and major prizewinners announced over "Give-it-a-Go" on Monday, 11th June. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with this contest.

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"BETSY."—Small girl's dressing-gown styled with long sleeves and a good wrap-around front. The material and color choice is the same as "Elise."

'Betsy'

'Elise'

Ready to Wear: Sizes 2 years 39/9, 3 to 4 years 41/6, 5 to 6 years 45/9, 7 to 8 years 48/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 2 years 24/6, 3 to 4 years 25/9, 5 to 6 years 28/3, 7 to 8 years 31/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

"KITTY."—Attractively styled smock made in a pretty drip-and-dry, no-iron cotton check. The color arrangements include: Black, white, and cherry; red, brown, and green; turquoise, black, and orange; pale blue, deep blue, and red.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/11, 36 and 38in. bust 62/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/9, 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

• *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 71. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

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POP goes the Weasel!

IT'S NO CHILD'S GAME as far as the men of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition are concerned. **Their** Weasels, at isolated Mawson Station in MacRobertson Land, are used for transporting men and materials over the hard blue ice of Antarctica's coastal slopes, on the compacted snow surface of the inland plateau and, in the winter, over the sea-ice along the frozen Antarctic shore.

Capable of hauling 2 tons, the Weasels generally tow a living-caravan with accommodation for three men, and a cargo sledge carrying fuel and general supplies. The versatile Weasels are playing a useful role enabling the men of Mawson to explore, investigate and study the resources of Australia's 2,472,000 square miles of Antarctic territory and observe, record and assess a wide variety of scientific phenomena. It's essential, therefore, for both the continued success of the A.N.A.R.E. expeditions and the safety of the men doing the job, that—in the words of the old nursery jingle—the Weasels go 'pop' and keep popping when the starter buttons are pressed.

During the two years which have elapsed since the Mawson Station was established, it has frequently been found necessary to pre-heat the sumps of the Weasels before starting from cold. This was because the engine lubricating oil then available tended to thicken and crystallize at temperatures of −10°F and below. Even then, although the warmed oil flowed freely in the sump area, the bearings, camshaft and tappets were oil-starved for quite some time after start-ups.

On the other hand, engines are frequently subjected to high running temperatures, particularly when for long periods the Weasels haul heavy loads at walking speed.

THE ANSWER TO THE TWIN PROBLEMS of providing adequate lubrication at extremes of heat and cold is now found in the extraordinary properties of Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil.

Laboratory and field tests, under wide temperature variations as experienced in Iceland and the Sahara, have demonstrated that this revolutionary new oil will flow at −30°F (20° colder than the temperature at which normal winter grade oil thickens and crystallizes) and yet Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil has all the 'body' necessary to provide proper lubrication for engines running at boiling point (212°F) temperature and above.

And so it is that the A.N.A.R.E. Weasels will be lubricated by Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil, the only four-grades-in-one oil that is 'never too thick, never too thin'.

This unique property of being 'never too thick, never too thin' makes Special ENERGOL Visco-Static today's outstanding motor oil—equally suitable for use in extremes of cold in the Australian Alps or the very high summer temperatures experienced in Central and Northern Australia. Wherever they operate, Australian motorists—particularly new car owners—will derive great benefit from its use.

In the long run and under the widest range of operating conditions—Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil—saves so much more than the extra it costs.

Photographs by courtesy of A.N.A.R.E.

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